The College Days of Michael Dukakis, by Victor Navasky

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Esquire

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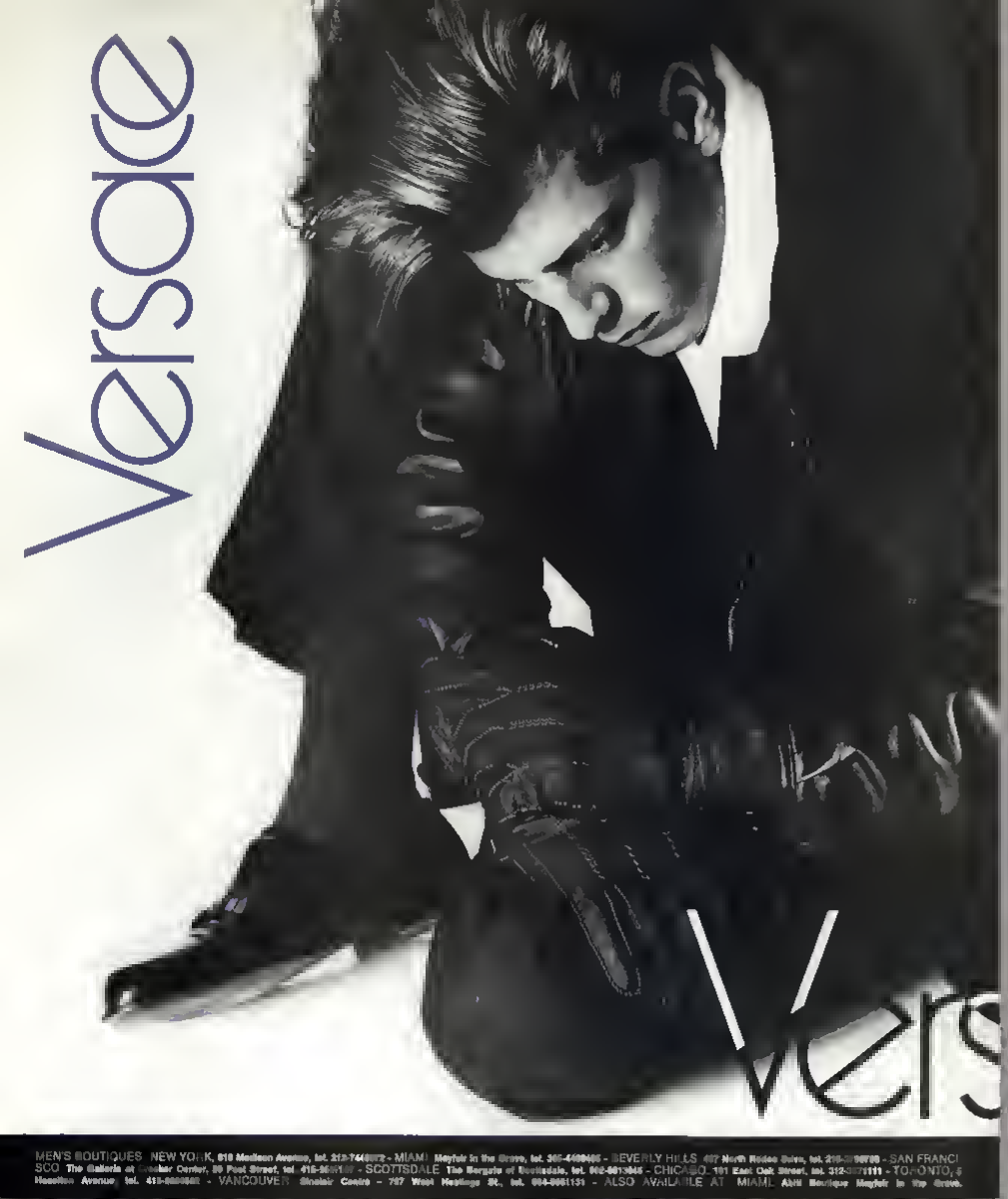
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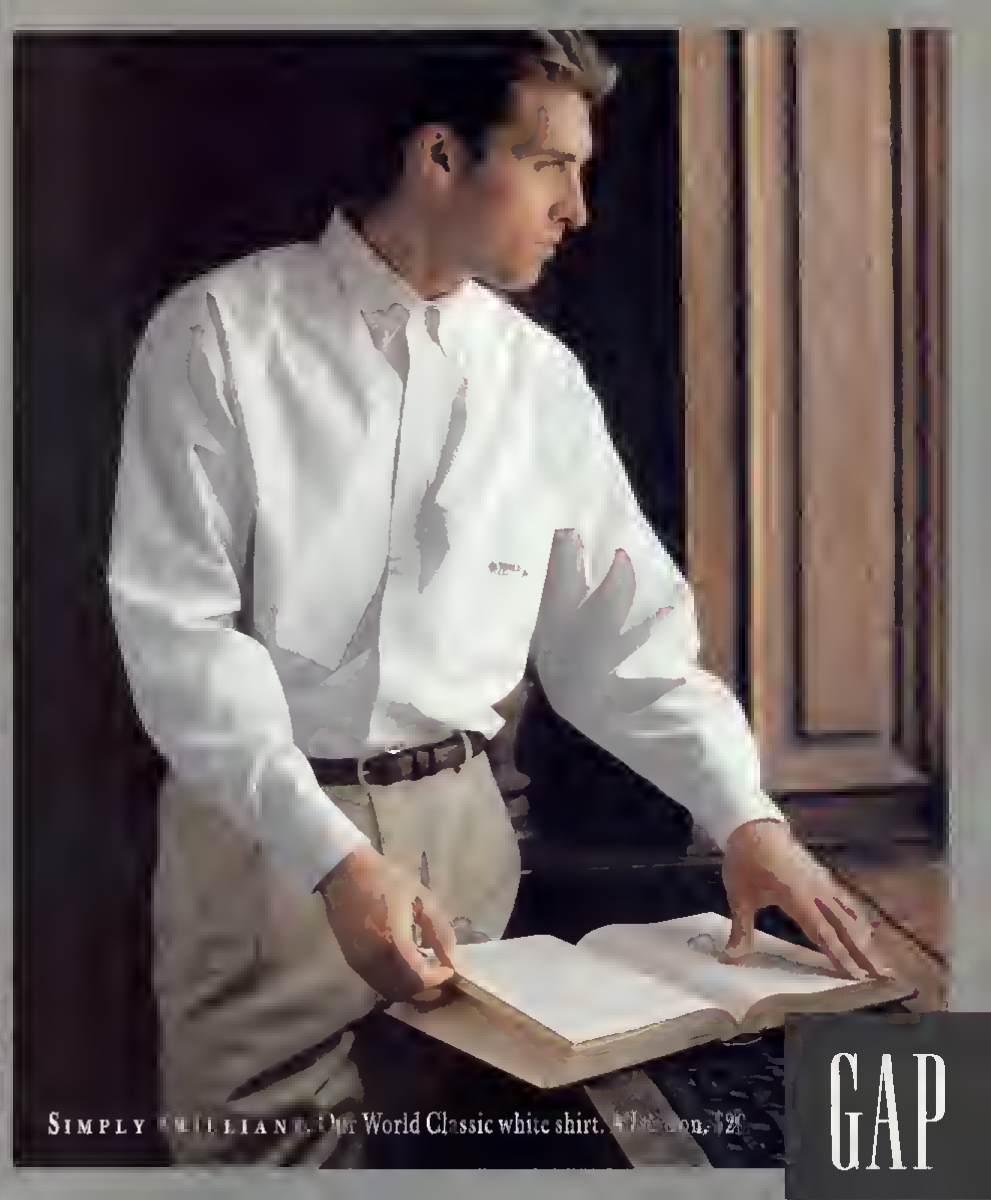
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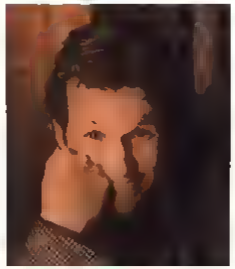
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PERRY ELLIS





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OPPOSITE DOUBLE-BREASTED GREY SUIT WITH MATCHING CLASSIC STRIPED SHIRT BROWN SILK NECKTIE WITH SMALL CASHMERE PATTERN VALENTINO UOMO

VALENTINO



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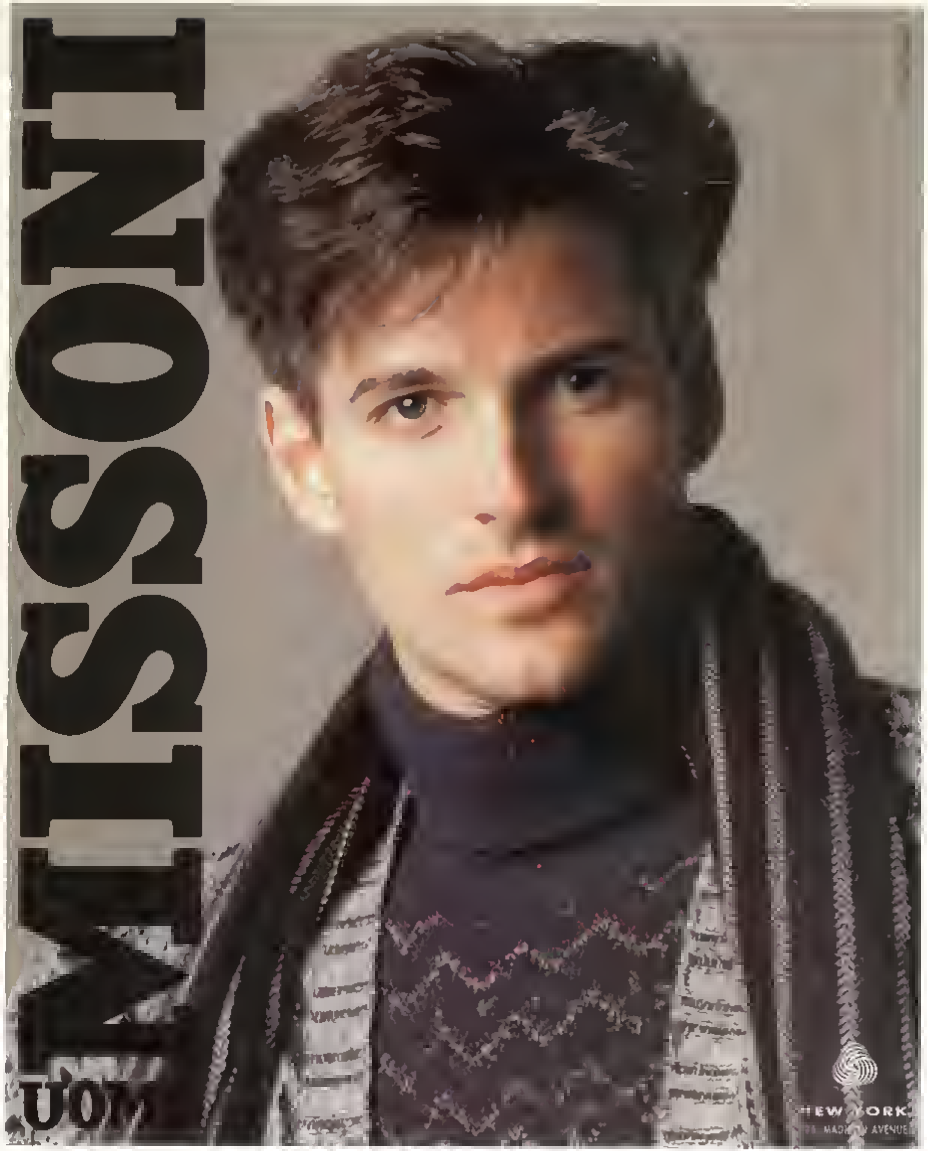
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BY WALTER CHIN

valentino UOMO

valentino COUTURE





Without it I felt naked.
But there are places where you have to forget time.

My Mariner SG® and I have climbed Mont Blanc and descended 100 feet beneath the Caribbean Ocean.

I swim with it, I play squash with it and I sleep with it. Until a few weeks ago we were inseparable.

The Mariner is that kind of watch.

If someone had ever suggested I could go an hour without being able to tell the time with a glance at my wrist, I would have scoffed at them

So you have to assume that something remarkable must have occurred to make me abandon my trusty timekeeper for 48 hours

Believe it or not it was a lady

Obviously no ordinary lady

After six months' serious courting she decided she knew me well enough to pass an opinion on my mental well-being.

"You need a break" she announced.

I explained that a number of important deals made that prospect impossible for quite some time

"Give me just two days and I'll fix you up like new," was her response.

Knowing that I would never be too far from a facsimile machine I agreed in principle to two days vacation of her choosing. But she had other surprises in store for me.

When the time came to jump on the plane for her remote tropical island she grasped my wrist and attempted to unlatch the smooth stainless steel clasp on my watch.

"No you don't," I warned

"You can't possibly relax to a schedule," she responded, "the watch just has to go"

I explained to her that my Concord Mariner went wherever I went.

And that this was no ordinary wristwatch, but a famous piece of Swiss craftsmanship that had become a talisman to me

But she couldn't understand how anybody could become so attached to a wristwatch.

So we made a deal. But that's another story

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LETTERS

The Smurfs

I applaud Andrew Kopkind's insightful article about Mario Cuomo ("Too Smart to Be President?" June). Governor Cuomo looks as tired as he feels—and clearly longs for the days of youth, energy, and appearance he once had and that someone like Senator Gore enjoys. His remarks about other Democratic hopefuls smacked of sour grapes. At this rate, Governor Cuomo's political bandwagon may never leave the barn for the parade. As for his decision on whether or not to run for the presidency, I am personally getting tired of the "blushing virgin" routine. I do look forward to the next political articles by Mr. Kopkind.

Miguel D. Wise
Brownsville, Tex.

Hearing Voices

I was a little surprised and quite pleased to find among the men included in "Voices" (June) Randy Shilts, a gay journalist, and Representative Barney Frank, a courageous gay congressman. I was surprised because most men's magazines don't think gay men deserve to be heard.

Timothy J. Archey
New York, N.Y.

Representative Barney Frank, a militant sodomite, is "the conscience" of Congress? Mario Cuomo, whose stubborn opposition to capital punishment forces every New Yorker to pay to support the likes of psychotic mass murderer David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz, is "too smart to be President?" You gloriously Studs Terkel, who condemns the liberation of Grenada from a Communist dictatorship, and then credit the lone conservative in your issue, H. Ross Perot, with the condescending label of "Patriot." Come on, guys. Perot's views are on a par with those of about 80 percent of the American people.

Todd A. Blodgett
Washington, D.C.

Okay, June issue. I am this short, dumpy, whiny, feminist type with an adolescent fixation on Rob Reiner as some kind of quintessential whole person kind of guy. When I hit his interview on page 140, a grotesque shriek escaped. So what does he talk about? Mental health. Thanks.

Leslie Jaqua
Monmouth, Oreg.

If Hal Riney is such a creative ad man, why did he and his staff have to "borrow" Tom Robbins's great line from *Still Life with Woodpecker*, "It's never too late to have a happy childhood"? Riney featured the line, without attribution, in his recent campaign for See's Candies.

Alex d'Avalon
Seattle, Wash.

Just a Hair Off

I have just read the article on Morgan Freeman ("In the Role of His Lifetime," by John Lombardi, June), and I was impressed. Here was a brother who had got it together. He was his own man—no Lou Gossett or Billy Dee Williams. Great actor, lover, husband, father, grandfather, sailor, and self-made man. A homeboy from the Deep South who made it up North. This is too good to be true. But then, alas, I saw his hair!

Thank you for a nice article.

Horace B. Brewster
Norfolk, Va.

Bad Dreams

I was so moved by "What if Your Worst Nightmare Came True?" by Jerry Adler (June). His descriptions of his feelings, his worries, his methods of coping enough to go on with his own life were beautifully expressed. My own seven-year-old son was born with a severe handicap. He is sweet and sociable and bright. He wants to play with other children. Yet time and again I have watched him cross the street, hope in his heart and a smile on his face, eager to play with the little girl who lives there, only to be told, "We're just going out" or "She has to take her nap now." Sooner or later he will realize that many people are unwilling or unable to interact with him, and I can only pray that he will also realize that this unwillingness or inability says more about the other person than it does about him. Adler has spoken for many parents. I am sure I also speak for many parents when I say thank you.

Marilyn Olivere
Phoenix, Ariz.

Heal Thyself

Perhaps the truest test of Michael Crichton's new age convictions ("Travels with My Karma," May) is his attitude toward psychic healing. Would the author, a Harvard educated M.D., seek the ministrations of a new-age healer if either he or someone that he loved had a serious disease?

R. A. Dousette
Richardson, Tex.

I have strayed to other magazines over the years, but I have always returned to Esquire for its versatility and spirit. I always rely on your magazine to provoke and entertain me. Both Michael Crichton's "Travels with My Karma" and Peter Freundlich's "O! How Like a God, This Mighty Organ" hit home—they were classic Esquire.

John Cardu
London, Ontario

Organ Interlude

Never have I felt more bonded to my unknown brother than when Peter Freundlich described his trauma. I could actually feel myself curl into the fetal position to protect my own genitalia while reading his hilarious account of the infamous visit to the internist. Congratulations on the funniest article of the year.

Rick Hutchins
Charlotte, N.C.

Peter Freundlich's piece on cystoscopy was brilliant—try having one the morning of a rugby game for an ultimate living experience!

Mark Winokur
Ontario Rugby Union
Toronto, Ontario

Rub Out

Mike Lupica, in addressing the alcohol/athlete connection (The Sporting Life, June), makes a common error by pointing out the extreme cases of Chris Mullin and Sam McDowell, thus reinforcing the misconception that heavy drinking turns into alcoholism "only in isolated individuals." The illusion of immunity is a popular minimalization. More accurate use of statistics shows that as many as 50 percent of those with frequent high volume alcohol consumption develop problems in major areas of their lives. The best men's magazine in the world could do real service to its readers by providing a closer look at the modern world of alcohol studies.

David Dannison
Former Director, Office of Alcohol and Drug Education
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

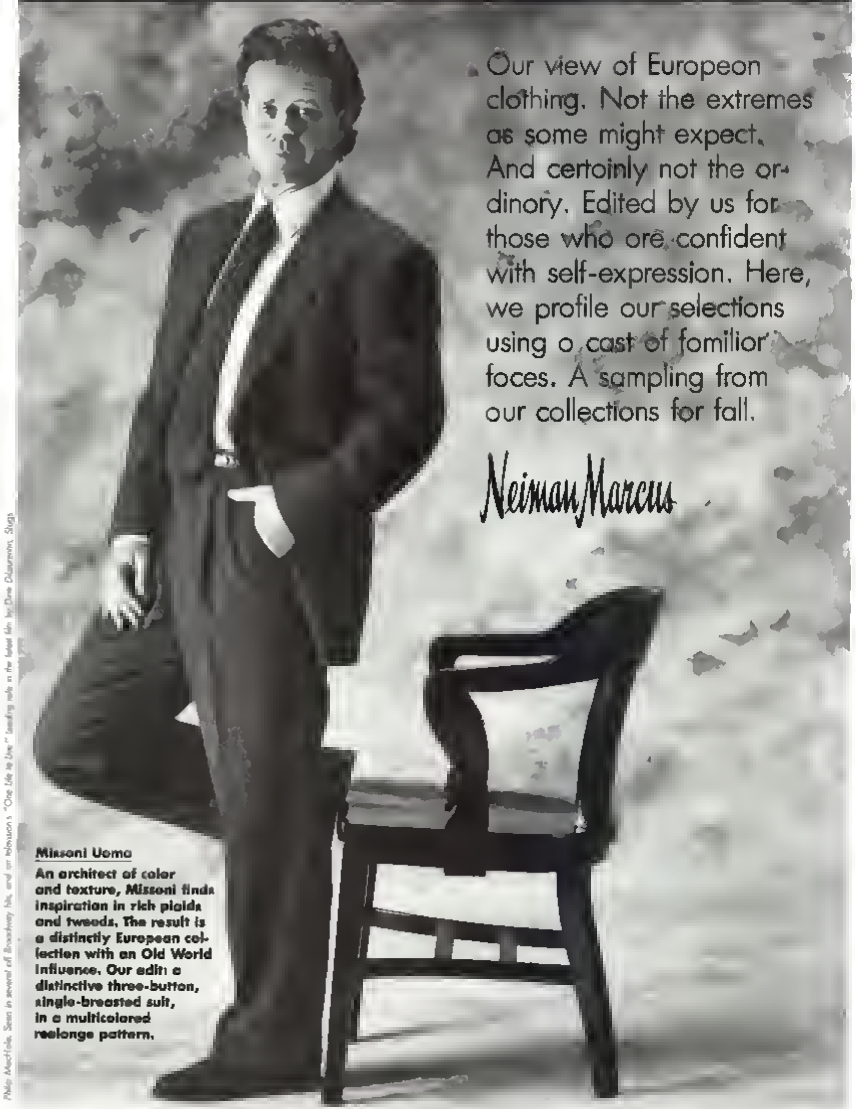
Mud in Your Eye

In your recent article on Truman Capote ("Musings on a Chameleon," April), John Knowles writes, "but I knew that he had died because he had used up all of the things he had ever lived for." What sort of romantic blather is that? From reading the article, it is obvious that Capote died of alcoholism, a decidedly unromantic way of dying.

Barry P. Mills
Saratoga, Calif.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

NM Edits DESIGNER COLLECTIONS



Missoni Uomo
An architect of color and texture, Missoni finds inspiration in rich plaids and tweeds. The result is a distinctly European collection with an Old World influence. Our edit: a distinctive three-button, single-breasted suit, in a multicolored rectangle pattern.

Peter Marchiafava. Seen in several off-Broadway hits, and on television's "One Life to Live," leading lady in the latest film by Dana Diamond, Steph...

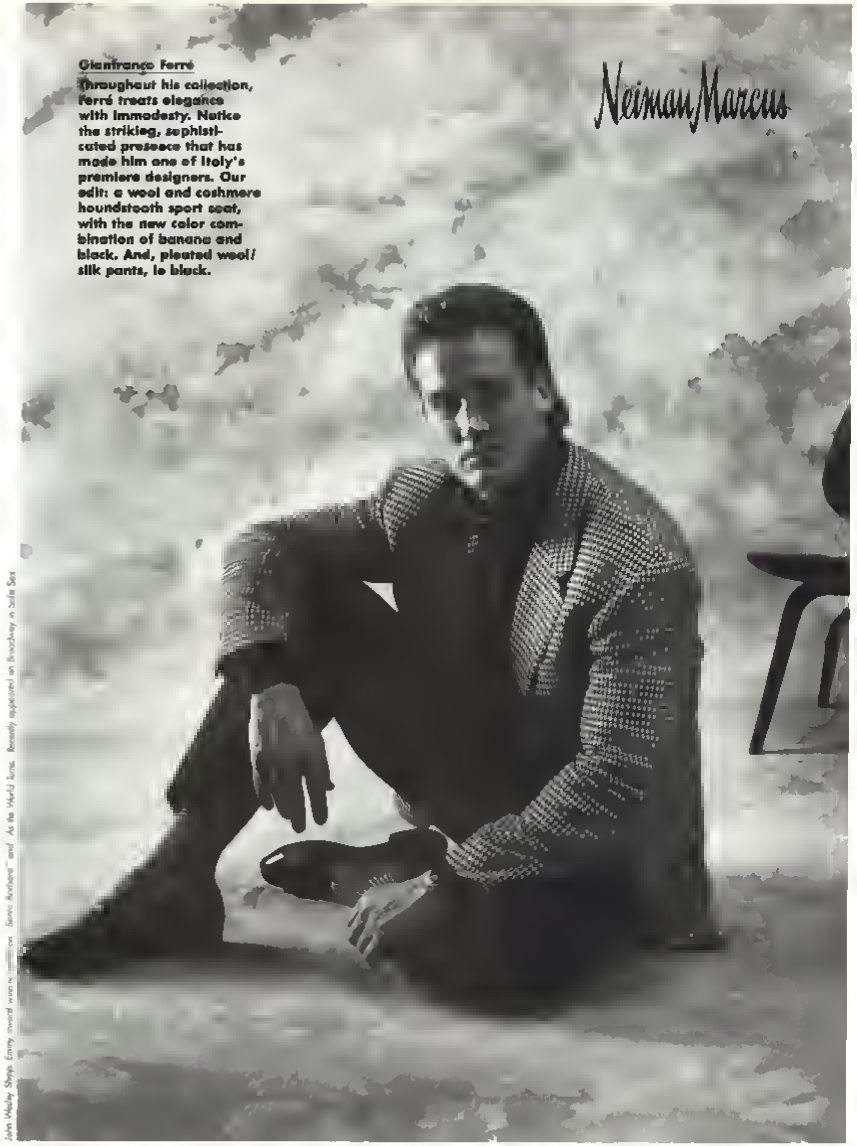

Neiman Marcus
Giorgio Armani
Soft. Distinctive. Exceedingly comfortable. The Armani look is distinguishable at a glance. It is confident but relaxed, conservative but far beyond traditional. Our edit: a single-button wool sport coat, in black with contrast over-stitching. And, wool trousers with inverted pleats, in olive twill.


Mani by Giorgio Armani
European artistry. An American attitude. The Mani collection is modern Italian artistry, tempered to satisfy the elegant style of American


Neiman Marcus
Krizia Uomo
A debut collection that, in detail and silhouette, is the refinement of Milanese style. An homage to the men of the nineties who will indulge in understated elegance. Our edit: a Chevron striped wool suit, with pleated pants and a ventless jacket, in grey/black.


Valentino Uomo
Magnificent Italian beauty, refined and subtly presented for even the most traditional, well-dressed gentleman. Only Valentino


Zanella
All the comforts of quality. From the most minute detailing to the overall fit, Zanella treasures demonstrate the impeccability of Italian engineering and style. Our edit: these pin-stripe-pleated pants in wool and silk, in a black and white plaid.


Gianfranco Ferré
Throughout his collection, Ferré treats elegance with immodesty. Notice the striking, sophisticated presence that has made him one of Italy's premiere designers. Our edit: a wool and cashmere houndstooth sport coat, with the new color combination of banana and black. And, pleated wool/silk pants, in black.
Neiman Marcus



Frank Decaprio's Isabel by Sonia Oparina. Depicted: one of the ten smartest men on skyscraper selection board. Cut entry coupons on Cruising Light



Avis Anderson. Appears on "One Life to Live" Various stage sets, including a spot in Two Gentlemen of Verona for The National Shakespeare Company



Photographed at Barneys New York. Clothes courtesy of Barneys New York

Christopher Lowfield. Above center: sauntering on Socrates Cliffs. Mt. North—and Witching Hour

The Clothing of the American Mind

BY LEE EISENBERG

HERE IS WHAT I REMEMBER about trying on the first spiffy outfit I ever had.

I am eleven. I am standing before a three-way mirror in the Jack Patrish men's and boys' shop in Philadelphia. Mostly I'm trying to avoid making eye contact with the multiple reflections of myself. I am, in a word, discomfited. Joining me in the mirror is a squat and balding salesman—or more exactly, lots of him—who is smoothing out my lapels. And there are numerous manifestations of my mother, who's looking on, looking on, looking on with intense and yet wistful pride.

I've got on charcoal gray trousers with cuffs rolled to my shins and a charcoal gray sport coat with windowpanes outlined in pale pink. Beneath the flannel I am dripping sweat. My physical unease is compounded by the indignity of the dweeby cuffs, not to mention the discussion taking place between my mother and the salesman. The matter at hand: Do I have enough room in the crotch?

After the tailor marks off the ensemble with slashes of chalk, we roam the store to choose accessories. I skulk about in the rolled-up pants. Our selections are hard won but apparently successful. My mother and the salesman are triumphant; everything gloriously matches everything else. The shirt is a pink oxford cloth with a button-down collar, the tie is a frenzy of pink and gray checks, the socks are gray with pink clocks running down the sides.

And then I am blissfully, mercifully, *outta there*.

MOST MEN NEVER ENTIRELY FORGET the scratch, the itch, and the drip of their first encounter with real clothing. (As for me, I'm over it now, much to the envious derision of scuffy pals who mistake my sartorial accomplishment for profound vacuity.) The fact is, most guys still tense up when walking into the men's department. They are the same guys who swing billion-dollar deals but turn into helpless stutterers if called on to identify anything more complicated than a primary color.



Most men's stores, I fear, don't make their lives any easier. Too often, ties and shirts are kept under glass, requiring men to stoop and point and stammer. Men prefer a sense of self-sufficiency. They want to compare and select ties with their bare hands. They want to turn a thing over and look at the price. So, show me a men's store that's arranged like a hardware store and I'll show you a shop with high volume.

Which brings me to where Esquire comes in. Ever since the day this magazine proffered its first suit of clothes to its readers, we have been committed to playing the enlightened middleman between the customer and the trade. It has been our aim to keep American men reminded of what constitutes timeless good taste, to point out the details of design and tailoring that determine first-rate clothing, and to bring the pieces all together so that the pants go with the jacket. We try to tell you more than just what's new in the world of fashion. We want to remove the glass that too often separates the man from the goods.

While the true lifeblood of Esquire remains its commitment to literary and journalistic accomplishment, we're mightily proud that two generations of men have come to rely on us for our advice on dressing. This is probably because we have treated you as neither the victims nor the slaves of fashion. Rather, you are men for whom the suit on your back is but one affirmation—among many—of a much larger commitment to a life well lived.

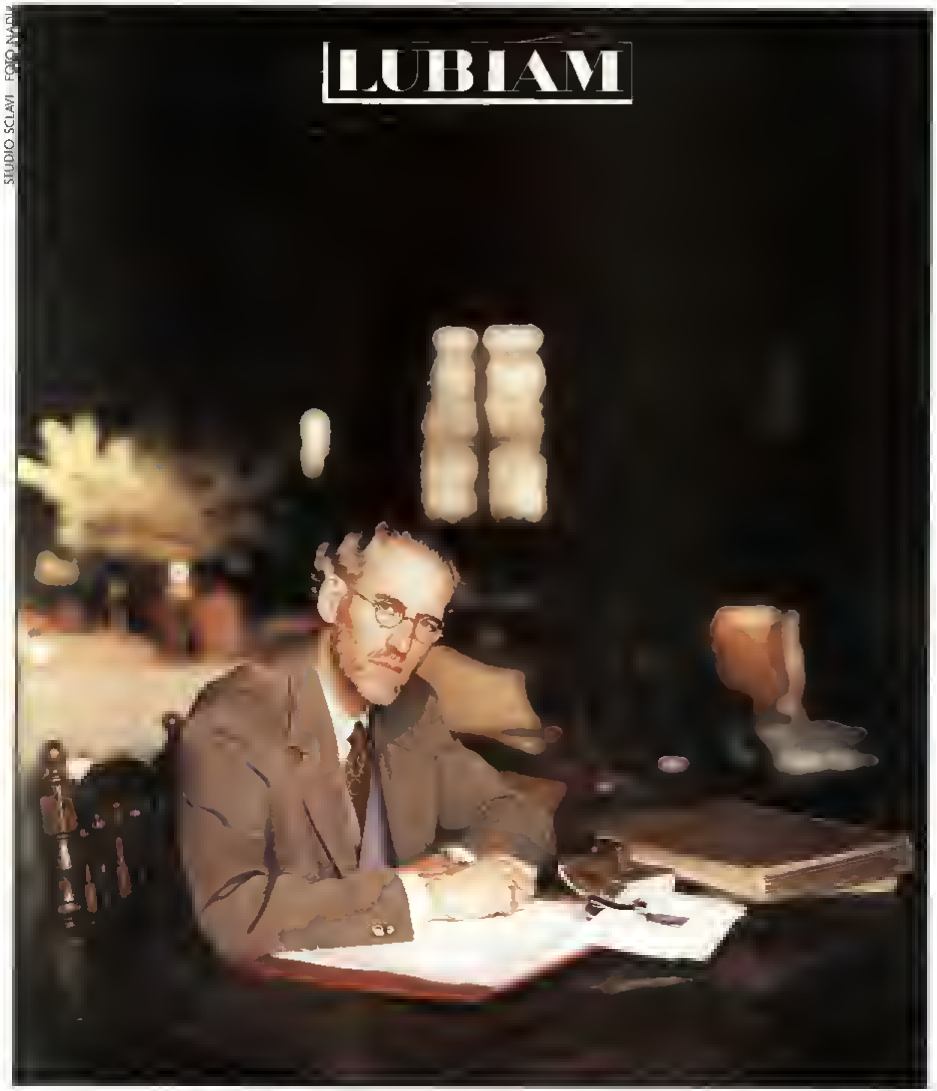
We hope that the issue you're holding in your hands is testament to the foregoing. For beyond the looking glass and the clothing that's in it is a reflection of another kind, writing that has been custom-tailored to be a full expression of an enlightened man's life. But as far as your socks are concerned, you're on your own. ◘

Lee Eisenberg is *Esquire*'s editor in chief.

JOYCE RAVID ONYX

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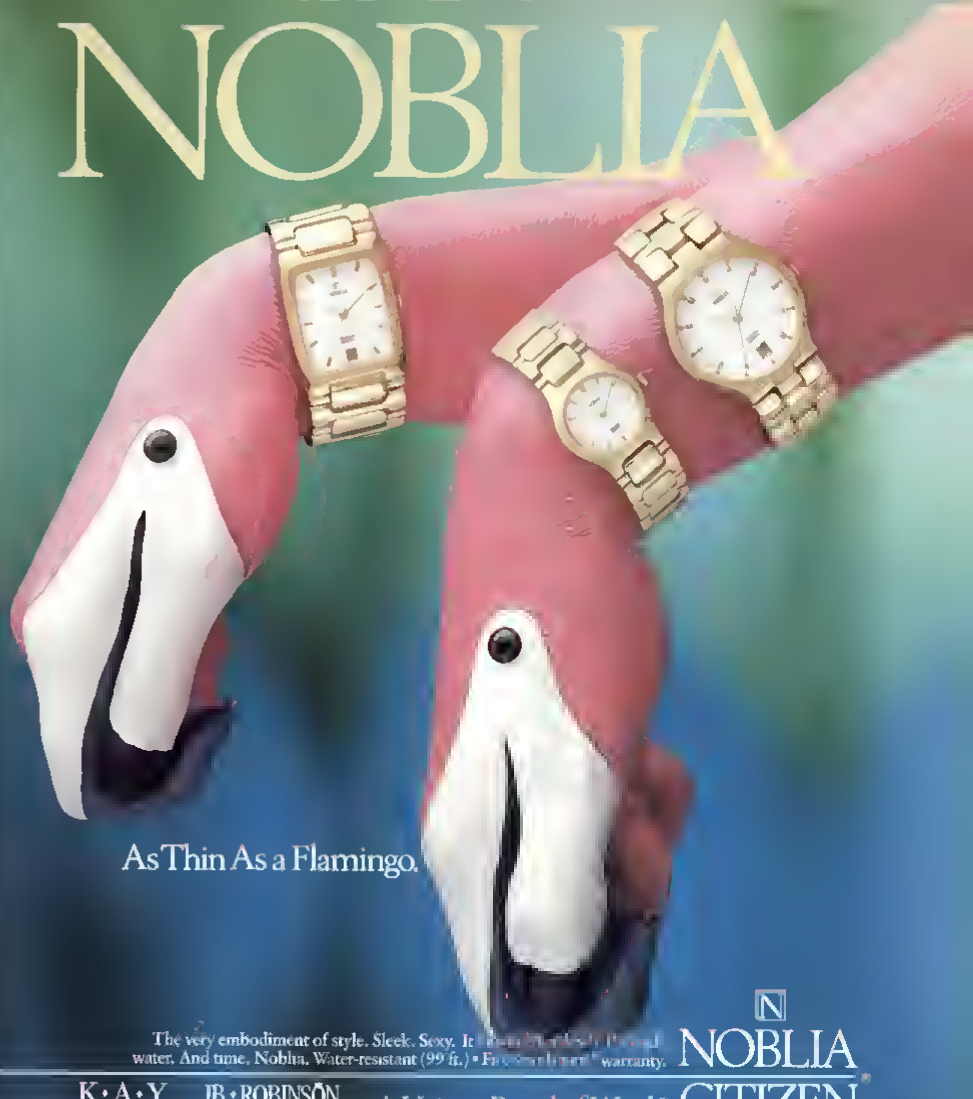
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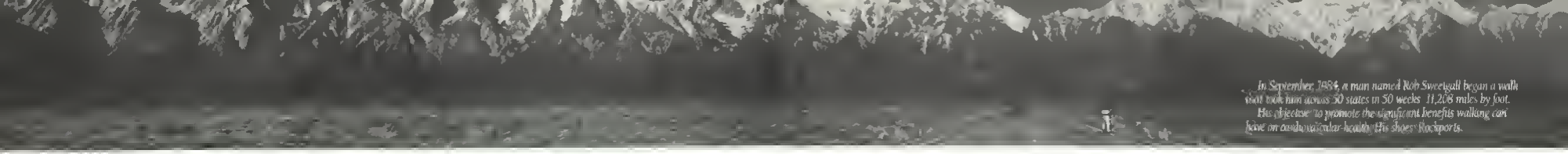
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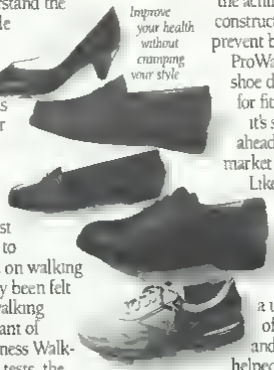
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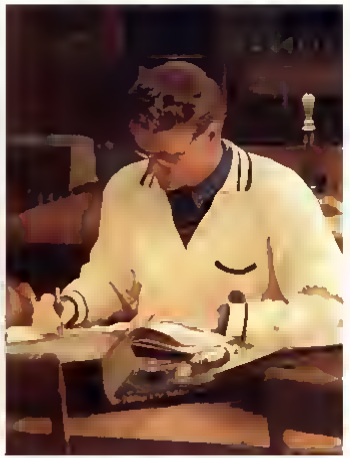
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THE SEASONED COOK

Righteous Beans

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

Red beans and rice is to New Orleans roughly as chili is to Texas: a local poor folks' dish that everybody loves. Like chili, it can provoke bitter arguments among cooks. Some believe in soaking the beans overnight before cooking, others don't. Families have broken up over the issue of whether to thicken the cooking liquid with flour. There is a no-meat school, a ham only school, and an any-meat-goes school. I will get to my own strident views on these questions in a minute, but first I want to admit the somewhat painful truth that red beans and rice is actually almost impossible to screw up. The disputes are faintly academic. If you put any kind of dried beans—navy beans, lima beans, black-eyed peas—into a pot with water, onions, salt, and pepper, and add any semi-indestructible meat product (a hock, a shank, a foot, a sausage), and simmer for three hours, you'll get a terrific, incredibly cheap trencherman's meal that's great over any kind of rice, or pasta, or just by itself. In other words, cooking red beans and rice is nothing like cooking a soufflé. Don't worry about it.

Everybody agrees that classic red beans and rice begins with red beans, sold in grocery stores as "red kidney beans" for sixty-nine cents a pound (a pound will feed about ten people). I do believe in soaking the beans overnight, which means that you rinse them, put them in a pot, and cover with a lot more water than seems necessary, by morning they'll have soaked up a surprisingly large amount of liquid. If you forget to soak the beans, though, you certainly don't have to forget about making red beans [illegible] you may encounter is that the beans will expand rapidly while they're cooking, shed their skins, and lose that most elusive and prized quality of a successful batch of red beans and rice, "good bean definition."

On the question of flour, I'm against it, taking my cue from the most authoritative source on New Orleans cooking, Rima and Richard Collin's *The New Orleans Cookbook*. If you cook the [illegible] right, [illegible] they'll release a natural thickening ingredient. Watery red beans and rice is tragic, but using flour to prevent this is cheating. The Collins' recipe is problematic for expatriate New Orleanians, though, because it contains three ingredients that are almost impossible to find in the outside world: baked ham, pickled pork, and ham bones. [illegible] stores is smoked, not baked, which means it's very salty. Pork fatback can be substituted for pickled pork, but it's very salty, too. Ham bones, which are crucial for flavoring (because of the marrow), simply don't exist in freestanding form even in old-fashioned butcher shops.

I have experimented with fresh ham, which isn't as salty as smoked, but it takes a very long time to cook. If you use it, you have to cook it and the beans separately or you'll lose your bean definition totally and wind up with a frijole-like gooey paste. Ham hocks are good for flavor but short on meat. I've settled on using half a smoked ham with the bone in, which is available in most supermarkets. Get the "butt half" rather than the "shank half" if you can, because it has a bigger bone. Then get the man at the meat counter to saw it into fist-sized pieces, so that it will be manipulatable in the pot.

Because the ham is so salty, you have to be very careful about winding up with inedibly oversalted beans. Here's my solution: I cut off a couple of slices of fatback (you can use bacon instead) and fry them in the bottom of a big, heavy pot. This releases a quantity of flavorful grease. Then take out the fatback and cook a cup or two of roughly chopped onion in the grease until it wilts, add a clove or two of finely chopped garlic and stir for a minute, then add whatever other chopped vegetables you want (green peppers, red peppers, scallions, leeks, celery—it doesn't matter too much, as long as the onions and garlic are there), and cook for another two or three minutes. Then add some black pepper (no salt, unless at the very end of the cooking you think you need it), cayenne pepper, thyme, [illegible] beans, and the ham, and enough water barely to cover. Don't be overgenerous with the water, because using too much will keep

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

ARNOLD ROTH

the beans from thickening properly You can always add more water later on

Then you bring the water to a boil, lower the heat to a medium low simmer, and cook uncovered for about three hours The one disaster that can happen in cooking red beans and rice is that the beans can stick to the bottom of the pot and burn But if you stir the pot regularly and keep the heat low, you'll be safe What you're looking for in the cooking is two things, both of which happen in the third hour

What you want to achieve is that most elusive quality, "good bean definition."

the ham will start to fall away from the bone and will flake when you poke it with a fork, and the liquid will thicken noticeably These should happen roughly simultaneously At that point turn off the heat and take out the ham bones and any pieces of ham fat that are in the pot If you finish cooking early, don't worry—like all stews, red beans and rice tastes better if you leave it to sit for a while and then reheat it, but leaving the heat on too long will cause the beans to disintegrate

For rice, just cook Uncle Ben's in a separate pot, spoon it onto the plate, and ladle the red beans on top New Orleanians like to squirt a little white vinegar on the finished product

The great temple of red beans and rice, Buster Holmes Restaurant on Burgundy Street in New Orleans, is sadly now defunct There they didn't put any meat in the pot at all, and a dish of red beans and rice cost (in the 1970s) thirty five cents If you wanted some meat, they'd put a hot sausage, a pork chop, or a piece of fried chicken on the side—and, as I say, this was the temple The worship of red beans and rice is not an exacting faith ■

CLASSICS

Cummerbunds

BY JOHN BERENDT



The cummerbund? I had always thought of it as Latin in origin, something that came to the tuxedo via matadors and flamenco dancers—"a touch of the hidalgo," as Bertie Wooster puts it in *The Inimitable Jeeves*

If you recall your P G Wodehouse, Wooster is the frivolous English gentleman whose butler, Jeeves, is forever devising complicated schemes to get him out of trouble Clothing is a subtheme in the *Jeeves* series Time and again, Wooster's flamboyant excesses run up against Jeeves's steely disdain Jeeves handles Wooster's purple socks, for example, "as if he were a vegetarian fishing a caterpillar out of the salad." Similarly, Jeeves recoils at the sight of his master's checked suit, his striped spats, his soft fronted silk dress shirts, and his pink tie. "I beg your pardon, sir," Jeeves murmurs upon seeing Wooster's scarlet cummerbund for the first time. "You are surely not proposing to appear in public in that thing?"

"Oh, rather!" says Wooster

Oddly enough, the passage of years has proved Bertie Wooster to be a little ahead of his time on some issues His soft-fronted dress shirts, for instance, would be quite acceptable today So would his pink tie His scarlet cummerbund, however, would still pose a problem

Colored cummerbunds do have historical legitimacy As it turns out, the modern cummerbund comes from the Middle East via India, not from Spain The word is derived from the Urdu-Hindu *kamarband*, meaning "loin band." In its original form, the cummerbund was a long, often brightly colored sash that was worn over a robe or atop a pair of billowing pantaloons. It was wound around the waist many times and usually had a saber slipped through it

The British military in India adopted the waist sash for the hot weather mess uniform because it was cooler than a waistcoat You can see photographs of British officers standing with their Indian menservants poised at the far end of an extended cummerbund, ready to wind it around. The exact choreography of the winding ritual is unfortunately lost to history—I cannot tell you whether the servant circled the stationary officer or the officer turned around in place In any case, the cummerbund had shrunk one layer by the time the official military dress code formally permitted its use, which it did very grudgingly in 1891 But even then, cummerbunds were still worn in various colors, each keyed to a specific branch of service: green for rifles, blue for artillery, and scarlet (like Wooster's) for staff

The civilian use of cummerbunds got its start in the sultry London summer of 1893 But propriety on the civilian side has *always* dictated that cummerbunds be black—not scarlet, not maroon, not checked, not plaid, not, that is, unless the civilian wishes to look like a jokester or a bandleader

To my way of thinking, we could all use a Jeeves of our own occasionally, especially at times when the temptation to wear colored cummerbunds becomes overwhelming In the end, Jeeves always manages to expunge the offending item He burns the pink tie and the striped spats, he gives the purple socks to the elevator operator, the checked suit to the gardener, and the cummerbund to "the deserving poor"—thus preventing his master from inflicting needless embarrassment upon himself To judge from the looks of things at a recent charity ball at the Waldorf Astoria, the demand for modern day Jeeveses would easily exceed the supply ■

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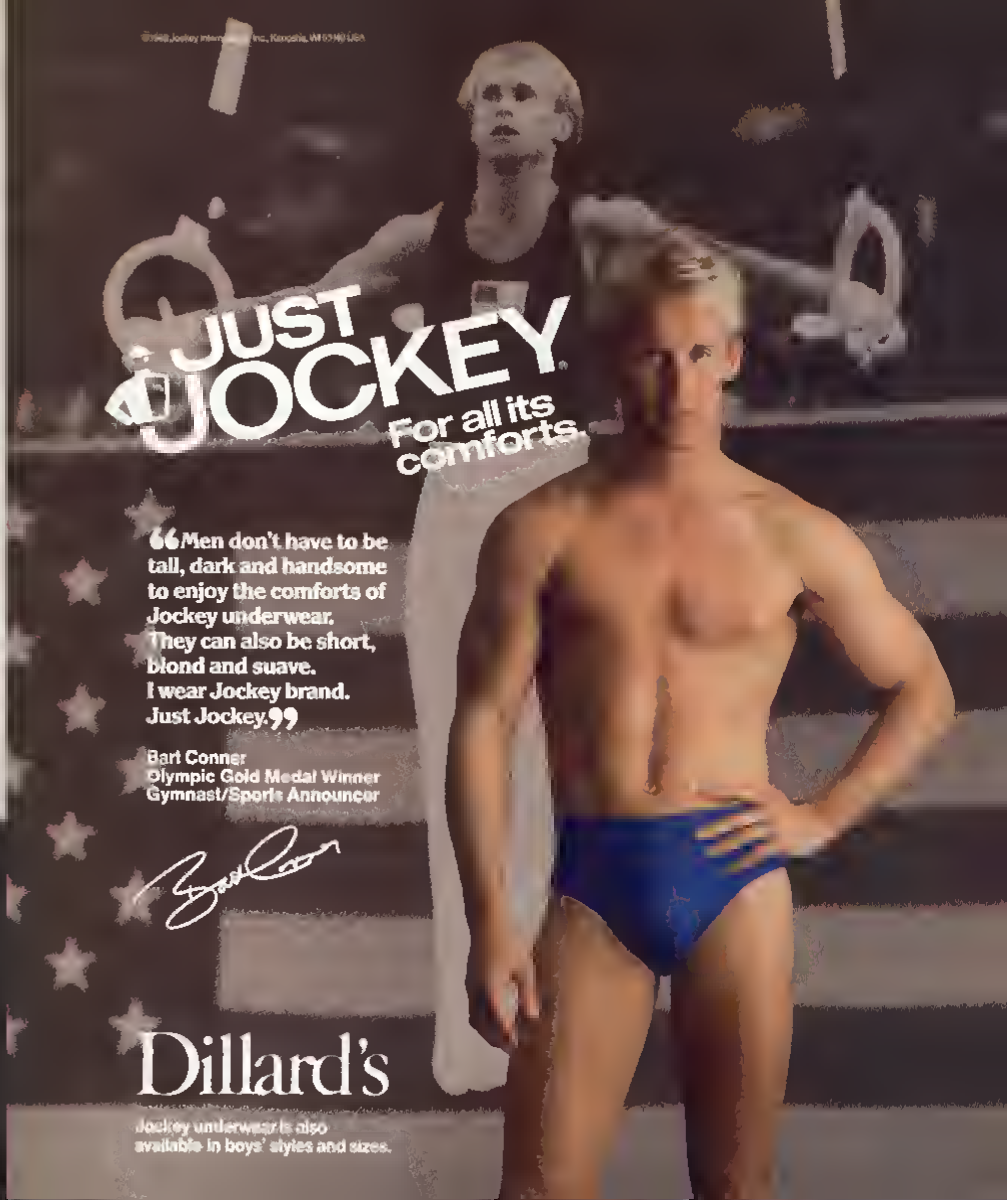
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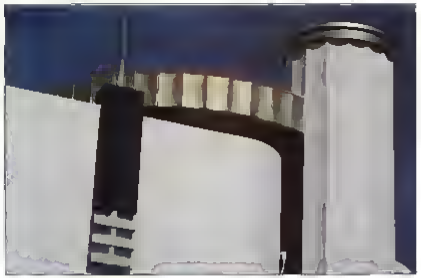


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THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Nights in the Sun

BY T. D. ALLMAN

Lauren Hutton's trying to get her beauty sleep upstairs. Sting's carrying on like a rogue locomotive downstairs. And just outside the Edison Hotel in the South Miami Beach Deco District, Miami Preservationist Gerry Sanchez and Attic Impresario Arthur Barron are circling each other like scorpions.

You see, the visiting Eurotrendies and New York notables staying at the Edison would like dearly to get some z's, but there's a problem. Back when no one believed the Deco District would *really* take off, Sanchez leased the Tropics International night club on the ground floor to Barron—and Barron's happy only when the music's so loud that it makes the adjacent Atlantic Ocean seem like a shrinking violet.

"Cut the noise!" shouts Sanchez, who, besides whole blocks here, has helped refurbish the Statue of Liberty and now wants to do "a really first class restoration job" on the Taj Mahal. Some Very Important People are trying to sleep."

"Get lost!" bellows Barron, who is, roughly speaking, to heavy metal what Sanchez is to building cranes. "Rock 'n' roll is here to stay."

Hurricane-force ego clashes are nothing new in Miami, but this one bespeaks an astonishing transformation. Until recently, the most interesting thing to do in the Deco District was get mugged. Now suddenly, it's the hottest, most loose-jointed scene in town. Everyone from the Mob to the Culture Vultures is squabbling for a piece of the action.

So this Friday night, in the course of a wander from the ne plus ultra Strand restaurant to the Terrace of the Carlyle, where everybody (and anybody) goes to see and be seen, I pass, among many others, a covey of eighty-ish Jewish men in prayer shawls disputing the Talmud, a Marielito transvestite, a *Miami Vice* starlet and a Florida state legislator walking hand in hand, and a proselyte of the Holy Alamo Christian Church ("Tony Alamo—Pastor, Presydent") who hands me a pamphlet exposing the papist plot to subvert the Constitution.

I also glimpse the famous Scull Sisters, Haydee and Sahara—middle-aged Cubans who always wear identical Cinderella costumes and, besides that, are famous for their magnificently kitschy murals, the most magnificently kitschy of which can be seen in the Puerto Sagua restaurant at Collins and Seventh. I pass some Anglo creatures, blond and blue-eyed as the American Dream, scoring coke in a BMW, then come around the corner to find Deco Militants orchestrating a candle-lit protest geared to climax just in time for the 11:00 news.

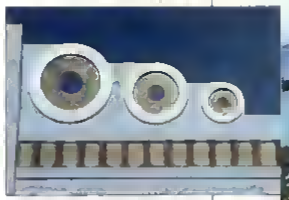
"Save Our Senator!" the protesters chant. "Save Our Hotel Senator!"—a classic deco edifice, which its owners, the Royalton Group, with the aesthetic values definitive of the speculator class, propose to replace with a parking garage. I arrived only this afternoon, but hype is infectious in Miami. So when Vickie Frazier, a stunning black TV reporter, sticks a microphone in my face, I not only give Vickie twenty exact seconds on The Need to Preserve Our Deco Heritage from Greed, I remember to hold up my book, *Miami: City of the Future*.

Soon as I get in, of course, I rush down to the legendary Joe's Stone Crab Restaurant's new takeout for some legendary Joe's stone crab claws. Then, around 8:00, under a ceiling fan, listening to Coleman Hawkins records, I eat a little dinner pretty as a picture at Cafe des Arts. But after my encounter with Sanchez and Barron, I feel it's 2:00 A.M. In between, I've partied at Woody's on the Beach (Ron Wood of the Rolling Stones, a part owner, sometimes plays there with friends like Bo Diddley, but tonight I see the real Woody, identifiable by his luxuriant moustache and amiable air). I've also checked out Mac's Club Deuce (y'er very interesting, but watch your wallet).

Now, as I watch the tangos wind down like a windup gramophone at Casona de Carlitos, it dawns on me: I'm starving. So I carry a *medianoche* sandwich back to the hotel and pour some of the room-temperature Chilean Riesling I bought earlier at the Italian liquor store into a plastic cup.

The window's open. The wind, ringed with cold, rattles the palm trees. Offshore, the lights of the big white cruise ships and big tan container ships twinkle in the Gulf Stream.

Others may come here searching for sun, sex, and a substance resembling confectioners' sugar that can destroy your life, but as I stuff down every last chunk of Cuban bread, I realize I'm on a carbohydrate high.





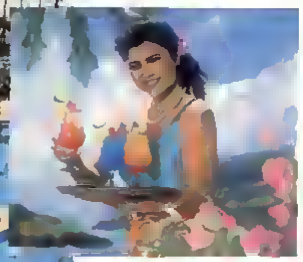
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Man At His Best

Next morning thousands of people are parading up and down Ocean Drive because it's Art Deco Weekend. Fashion models swarm the beach trying to look toasty, even though Miami in midwinter is not St. Bart's. Still, I discover during a sobering 9:00 A.M. plunge, the water's warmer than in East Hampton in August. By 12:00, I've put on a suit and pink flamingo tie because it's TV time again. Europeans are crazy about the Deco District, and a British program, *The Media Show*, is doing a segment on the interplay of American reality and fantasy in Miami.

I give my sermonette. Miami is the real America because America was founded on fantasy. But here's what makes the greed and great expectations we see coursing all around us significant: even in Miami we can never escape, because we can never escape Human Nature. So watch it. If you don't watch it, Miami will rip your arm off, just like the alligator I once interviewed in the Everglades, just like the Killer Mobile Sculpture I once encountered in Key Biscayne. Could you repeat the line about William Jennings Bryan saying Miami is the only place on earth where you tell a lie at breakfast and it's true by lunch?" says the sound man. Could you repeat the visual where you take out your flamingo-pink tie and show that the pastel essence of Miami never changes, it only migrates from form to form? says the cameraman.

By 11:00, the cafe where we've been filming has become a scene, and what makes this elan exotic isn't the out-of-towners.



It's these mod Miamians—young women wearing hibiscus halters and emerald anklets for breakfast, guys in flip-flops and $1,400 silk suits. Like most Cutting Edge people in Miami, this crowd is culturally androgynous, switching from Spanish to English, from being Latin to being American, as first is the Ecuadorian Indian outside, switches gears on the Porsches he parks.

"Last time I was here this place was a dump," says the show's producer. "Now it's the essence of eclectic chic."

Upscale funk is more like it. The Miami fashion magazines may tout the Deco District as a combination SoHo-Saint Tropez, but the best food is still ethnic, not nouvelle. The nightclubs still open and close faster than drug deals, and the hotels still come in only two flavors—unrefurbished (to be avoided) and Recently Tarted Up. Even at the best of them you have to carry your own bags to your room, where there is no refrigerator and no room service. In the new, fabulously fashionable Deco District, old people still pinch the avocados in the fruit stalls along Washington Avenue before they buy them. And young gentlemen from Philly with tattoos still hang out on street corners, because in the Age of Reaganomics, you see, even street gangs take winter breaks.

It's still 2:00 A.M. but twenty-four hours later. Today I've wandered around the new Arts District of Lincoln Road Mall—visiting the art galleries and Wet Paint Cafe, then watching the Miami City Ballet work out in the big picture window next door.



At sunset, I sailed with some friends to Fisher Island, the old Vanderbilt retreat. After a drink in the plutocrat-1920s bar, we watched the pastel essence in migration—the sun sinking into the Everglades, the sunset turning Biscayne Bay and the Miami skyscrapers pink pastel with a hard green edge, just like in a Wallace Stevens poem. Dizzy Gillespie drew the crowds to Ocean Drive earlier tonight, but now things are getting mellow again.

In Lummus Park, a Yuca (Young Urban Cuban-American) is courting an Anglo inge

Miami Advice

Even though Miami suburbanites have finally discovered it, the Deco District is usually much less crowded than it is during special events like Art Deco Weekend. During the week you will have the wide, clean, and well patrolled beach mostly to yourself, especially in winter, when only out-of-towners swim.

Liveliest scenes: The Strand, Terrace at the Carlyle, Tropics International, the outdoor bar at the Clevelander.

Hottest clubs. Woody's, Club Nu, China Club, but check before you pay to get in. All of these places can seem like empty football stadiums if the crowd's not large and lively.

Best hotels: Cavalier (by far the best managed and most tastefully furnished, fabulous breakfasts, friendly people); The Waldorf Towers, Clevelander, and Lesley, Edison and Carlyle (fun, if you can stand the noise). At all the restored deco hotels, rooms are small; it's worth paying extra for front rooms with full ocean views.

Best food. Joe's (legendary stone crabs), The Strand, Puerto Sagua (authentic Cuban), Villa Deli (power-elite kosher), Cafe des Arts (French, tranquil).

Essence of funk: Club Deuce, Club Beirut.

Best aerobic hangover cure (besides running on the beach): Miami Design Preservation League's walking tours of the Deco District.

Liveliest arts: Arts District of Lincoln Road Mall (days), Theatre at the Strand and contemporary art and theater at Ground Ø Gallery.

Prettiest street: Espanola Way.

Money-saving tip: On short visits, unless you want to run all over Miami, don't bother to rent a car. Almost everything in the Deco District is within walking distance; what isn't is a short cab ride away. Someone should rent bikes. ■

MICHAEL O'CONNOR



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WATERFORD
STEADFAST IN A WORLD OF WAVERING STANDARDS

nue "This place is wildet than Woodstock," he says "What's Woodstock?" she asks "You never heard of Woodstock?" he asks The Cuban is incredulous A preppy couple wanders by, whispering sweet nothings about cash flow, and a white '74 Toyota with buffalo horns on the hood, painted all over with cartoon graffiti—*Zoom! Pow! Skiiiiirge! Zap!*—cruises down Ocean Drive It's time to sleep again, and again, I don't want to sleep So I wander out across the dark, starlit beach and find shadows prancing in the surf. The prancing shadows are speaking French

The vacationing French are

These stars may seem white, but look up here, and they're deco too.

ecstatic about the Incredible Shrinking Dollar They are exclaiming that the Deco District is so *sympathique, amusant* and *bon marche* that, *tres tot* no one will go to the Cote d'Azur anymore They will all come here.

Most of the music has stopped by now, but at the Cardozo Hotel a reggae band is still playing Out here, you can't hear the words, but you can hear the bass line

Will speculators and tour promoters inherit the beach? Will greed strangle the pink flamingo that lays the pastel eggs?

Eventually the Forces of Plastic may triumph But while tomorrow's tomorrow, tonight's tonight I lie down, faceup, on the hard, dry sand, in order to examine the stars Elsewhere these stars may seem white, but when you look up at them here, you see they're deco too—pale blue, burnt umber, pink I tilt my head back farther, and the little pastel hotels shimmer into view They float there, just above my eyebrows and beyond the palm trees, upside down

LIVING QUARTERS

Fashion Plates

BY PHIL PATTON

Think of it as Fiesta ware for the 1990s

Colorways dinnerware is populist and popularly priced, playful and polychrome. Its shapes are familiar and functional—no tricks here—but its colors are brightly eclectic salmon and yellow and pink and turquoise. These are the hues of our time as much as were the burnt oranges and jaded greens with which Fiesta ware tried to cheer up the Depression table Like Fiesta, too, Colorways was designed to be mixed and matched, a kiln-fired counterpart to the all-American melting pot

Microwave and dishwasher proof, the stoneware is the joint product of California design and Japanese manufacturing The factory is in Nagoya, the company is a start-up called Lindt-Stymeist, located in Emeryville, California, the bayfront town sandwiched between Oakland and Berkeley

The company's founding entrepreneur, designer, and CEO is John Stymeist, a former color-field painter who got interested in ceramics about five years ago He made sketches of some shapes—he calls them "the sculpture"—that intrigued him A tall salt shaker, for instance, became an exercise in transition from cylinder to pyramid—with the result resembling a cartoon version of the Washington Monument The first items he turned out were accessories—a butter dish and salt and pepper shakers—intended as accents that would go with almost any sort of china But they were so popular that distributors pressured Stymeist to turn out a complete line.

Stymeist drew the shapes mostly from memory, he says, a sort of cumulative feel for dishes he approved of The process served to bring out something essential in each piece the very cupness of the cup, the mug shot of the mug And when he added color to the drawings, he chose his tones quite casually and experimentally, naively" picking bright ones, he says.

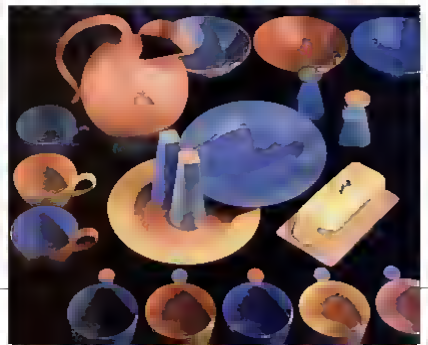
The result of combining classic shape and cartoon color is something like a diagram the changes in color come at the points the shape changes. One color lines the inside, say, of a cup, another the outside The combination may be reversed to another cup, it's as if the dishes could mischievously turn themselves inside out at will Other times the effect becomes as evocative as the household objects in the funny papers The salmon "baroque" pitcher is the quintessential pitcher for ice water or iced tea, its handle curves like the neck of a front yard flamingo, the lips of its spout smile like the flamingo's beak

And the colors themselves are intetnational Mediterranean meets Miami, Pacific rim coexists with Caribbean basin A kind of northern blue is infiltrated by the insurgency of Central American turquoise and yellow Best of all, the colors suggest an homage to—or parody of—the chic cuisines of our time Together, they jar and jibe, a visual cucina California yellow honey mustard on salmon, green kiwi fruit beside blue-corn polenta

Trying to run the business, acting as salesman and production boss, Stymeist often has little time for the actual designing Not long ago he ended up so close to a deadline that he holed up with his drafting board in a mountaintop resort near Nagoya Drawing after drawing piled up on the floor beside him while a maid slipped in to refill his teapot and his agent paced the floor, ready to run the designs down the hill to the factory

This way of working produced some curious results The handle of the "dot mug" is topped with an odd colored disc Stymeist had drawn a dot of color in his first sketches of the mug as a visual note to himself to somehow add a third color to the two the mug already had As the shape evolved, the dot joined itself to the handle to form a humorously ergonomic thumb rest.

Colorways is constantly adding new items to the line most recently platters, a version of the classic oversize French cafe au lait cup, and a caffe latte "tumbler" The line is available at some three hundred stores at prices beginning under $10



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REAL MUSIC

Boy Meets Girl Singer

BY DANIEL OKRENT

A girl singer is not merely a female person who sings. Ella Fitzgerald used to be a girl singer, but now she isn't, Rosemary Clooney, who's only ten years younger than Ella, never used to be a girl singer but now she is. No matter how the feminist language posse may resist it, the term (which faded with the passing of the big bands) is coming back into vogue. Happily, that's because the type is, too.

According to Okrent's dictionary of nightclub language, there are five requirements a girl singer must meet to merit the appellation and thereby distinguish herself from a thrush, a canary, or a chanteuse: A girl singer must be able to 1. Sing up-tempo numbers as well as she sings ballads, 2. Evoke the image of a swaying hemline when you're listening to her on a record, 3. Display a sense of humor in her phrasing, 4. Master a repertory that reaches from Youmans to Sondheim but doesn't stray into Lloyd Webber, and 5. Flirt with her listeners. If only he had a hemline, Michael Feinstein would be a perfect girl singer.

As with all scientific genera, this one divides into species. And although we've got ninety years of recording history and a growing wave of new talent to contend with, it's still possible to create a few primary classifications. To understand roots, turn to the records of Lee Wiley (especially *Night in Manhattan*, on Columbia), Mildred Bailey (*The Majestic Mildred Bailey*, Savoy Jazz), and Maxine Sullivan (*John Kirby and Maxine Sullivan*, on Circle, for the early Maxine, and *Together: Maxine Sullivan Sings the Music of Jule Styne*, on Atlantic, for her last work). To understand their descendants, try these paradigms:

The Girl as Woman: She's been around the block, she knows what's serious and what isn't, she depends less on vocal pyrotechnics than on the rightness of her message. When Clooney came back from her nervous breakdown and began recording again in 1977, she left "Come on a My house" far, far behind. Now, as she insinuates her way through classic numbers by the great songwriters, you can hear the tiniest elevation of an eyebrow in her every phrase. Of the many excellent records she's made since her comeback, *Rosemary Clooney Sings the Music of Jimmy Van Heusen* and *Rose Sings Bing* (both Concord) are the most arresting.

The Girl as Juggernaut: These are the singers capable of wiping out the back row in the largest room, women who could both teach the elements of rhythm at a drummers' convention and put the microphone manufacturers into bankruptcy. Diane Schuur's technical skills recall the early, boppish Sarah Vaughan, but it's her power—power that would've enabled her to go a few rounds toe-to-toe with Big Joe Turner—that engages. If her superb *Diane Schuur & the Count Basie Orchestra* (GRP) is any indication, she may be capable of bringing back the big band all by herself.

The wonderful Ernestine Anderson (look for *Be Mine Tonight*, on Concord) hasn't Schuur's sheer might, but Anderson *is* about to turn sixty, after all—even if she looks and sounds twenty years younger.

The Girl as Co-conspirator: This type thrives on intimacy—women like Susannah McCorkle, a dewy voiced archivist whose every new record unearths B-side treasures from the Thirties and Forties that no one's sung for years (the best is her Yip Harburg collection on Inner City), or maybe the birdlike Blossom Dearie, whose wisp of a sound brings you leaning out of your chair in anticipation of her every lyrical snort.

But neither gets quite so close to your skin as Shirley Horn. This singer-pianist, who used to gig around New York with Miles Davis in the Sixties, years ago disappeared into a self-imposed exile, sticking to the Washington, D.C., area while she was raising her daughter. Now Horn is touring again, and recording again, and on her extraordinary *I Thought About You* (Verve) she sings a version of "Nice 'n' Easy" that could be used as a sex aid.

The Classicists: They bring you to attention simply through purity of voice. If Barbara Cook had yet made the solo record of which she's capable, she would stand alone on this alp, as it is, you have to get Cook here and there, in the Lincoln Center production of *Follies*, say, or on the seven-record *American Popular Song* (Smithsonian Collection).

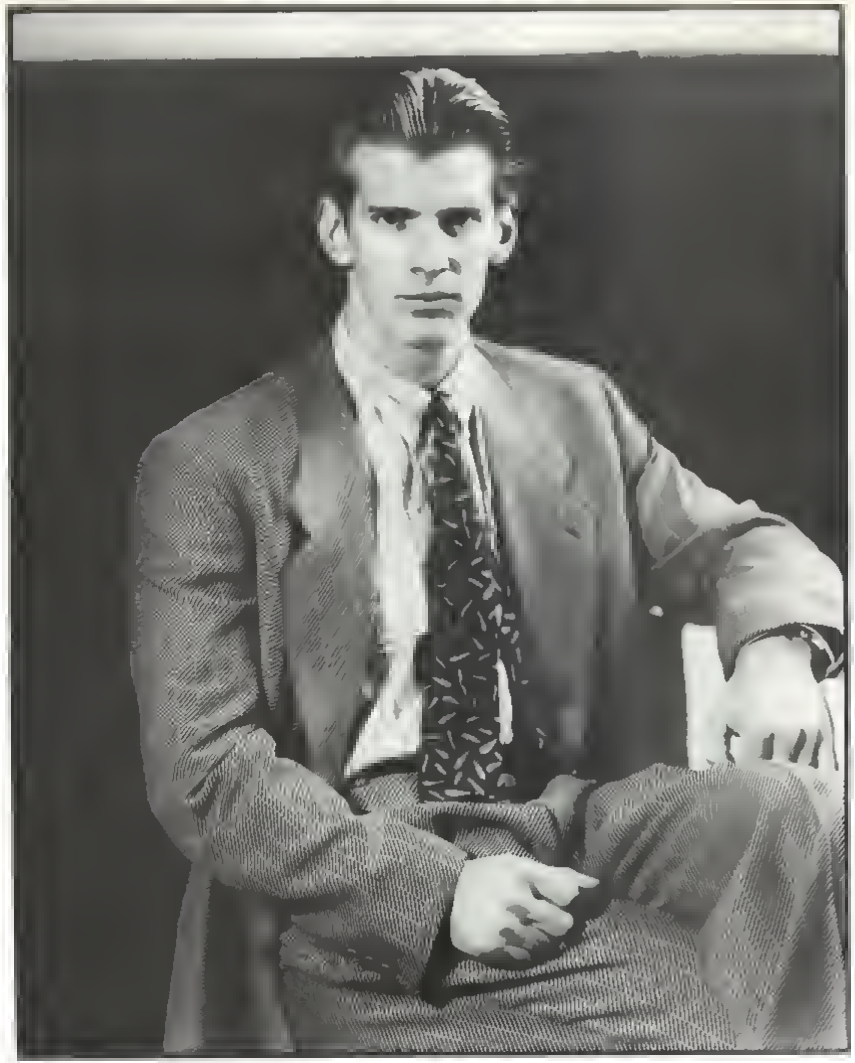
But Cook's time is passing, and Maureen McGovern's is coming. Having sunk with the *Poseidon* sixteen years ago, she has resurfaced like Venus from the sea, her luscious, silky tone glistening on every note. Notes especially "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me" or "Some Other Time," on *Another Woman in Love* (Columbia).

The Institution: So, you ask, what about Ella? Verse has just issued *Ella in Rome: The Birthday Concert*, a thirty-year-old live recording that showcases the playfulness she would abandon as she became a monument. But the girl singer Ella-to-beat-all-Ellas is on *Ella Sings Gershwin* (MCA), where she's accompanied by the ineffable Ellis Larkins. Do not confuse this with her oversluffed *Gershwin Songbook*. Girl singers take note: when you put on an evening gown and diamonds, it's tough to keep the hemline moving. E

ARNOLD ROTH



GIORGIO ARMANI



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Photographs Mela Fallai Produced by Groupe GFT and distributed by Giorgio Armani Parfums Corp.

GIORGIO ARMANI

The Man Who Wrote "Louie Louie"

BY BOB GREENE

A WOMAN WITH A SON in high school wrote me a letter. She said that her son was studying the history of popular culture, and that the current class discussion was about the song "Louie Louie."

Her son had come home and told her that there had been an animated conversation in the class about the lyrics of "Louie Louie." Were the lyrics dirty or not? The teacher had played the song over and over, but no consensus had been reached.

The woman thought that I might be able to come up with the definitive answer to this historical quandary. Was "Louie Louie" a dirty song? My assistance would be greatly appreciated.

(Do you think George Will gets mail like this?)

THE "LOUIE LOUIE" ARGUMENT, of course, has been going on for years. The song, as recorded by the Kingsmen, became a nationwide hit in the autumn of 1963. Almost immediately rumors started to circulate: the lyrics were dirty. Because the vocals were just about impossible to decipher, no one could be absolutely sure. Virtually every kid in America, though, knew that something was going on in that song. Among the lines reputed to be included on the record: *Every night at ten I lay her again. . . . She's the girl I've got to lay. . . . I tell her I'll never lay her again. . . .*

And now they are studying "Louie Louie" in high school classes. I thought it would be relatively simple to find the answer.

IT WAS WRONG. I had always assumed that the Kingsmen had written "Louie Louie." It turns out that they didn't.

I won't bore you with the details of how I found the man who did write "Louie Louie", suffice it to say that I did find him, and his name is Richard Berry. He is fifty-three years old and lives in Los Angeles with his mother and the youngest of his six children, a nineteen-year-old daughter.

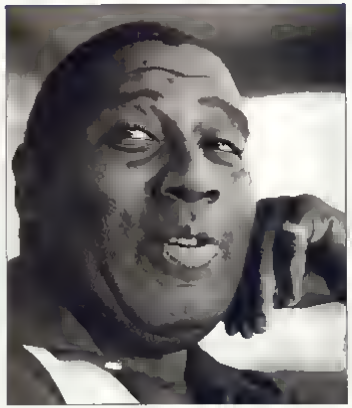
Berry said that he wrote "Louie Louie" in 1955. "I was performing with a Latin group in Anaheim," he said. They were called the Rhythm Rockets. They were a full Latin band—twelve or thirteen pieces.

"I was back in the dressing room waiting to go on, and I heard the Rhythm Rockets playing an instrumental. I heard the congas and everything, and I thought that I could write a really interesting song to go with that kind of music. The title 'Louie Louie' just kind of fell out of the sky. I didn't have anything to write the words down on, so I took a piece of toilet paper and wrote the lyrics on the toilet paper.

"The whole idea was that Louie was the guy the singer was talking to—the singer wasn't Louie. It's like that song 'One for My Baby (and One More for the Road).' In that song, 'Joe' is the bartender. You know—'Set 'em up, Joe.' 'Joe' is the star, but the singer is not Joe. The same with 'Louie Louie.' The singer is a sailor, and he's talking to Louie. Louie could be a bartender, a streetcar driver, a barber—anybody."

Berry saw "Louie Louie" as a love song. He recorded it on a local label called Flip in 1956. "Actually, it was the B side of the record," he said. "The A side was 'You Are My Sunshine,' which of course I did not write. I sang 'You Are My Sunshine' in a combination country/rhythm and-blues style."

In 1957 Berry was getting tired of the music business—too much work, too little money. He wanted to get married, but he needed some cash. So he sold the rights to "Louie Louie" to a record company owner. The price was $750. "Actually, the $750 was for the rights to 'Louie Louie' and four other songs," Berry said. "The deal was that I would sell the rights to five songs for the $750."



So are those lyrics dirty or not? Finally, the truth comes out

Bob Greene *is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine. The paperback edition of his book* Be True to Your School: A Diary of 1964 *has been published by Ballantine.*

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SIX YEARS PASSED Then Berry started hearing people say that "Louie Louie" had been recorded by a rock group up in Oregon.

"Some of my black friends had heard it, and they said, 'These white guys recorded your song, and it's awful. They really messed it up.' I didn't care at the time. I thought it was kind of interesting that 'Louie Louie' had become a white kids' record, but I wasn't curious enough to go out and buy it.

"It wasn't until about eight months later that I heard the Kingsmen's version. It was different. The Kingsmen sang it raggedy and real funky. If you listened to mine, mine was real smooth. But as to the Kingsmen's record, I didn't have any negative or positive feelings about it either way."

Berry was told that the Kingsmen had found a copy of "Louie Louie" in a record bin in the Portland area and had decided to perform it. Before long the rumors about the dirty lyrics began to circulate, and "Louie Louie" quickly moved toward the top of the record charts.

"No one really contacted me about it," Berry said. "I suppose when people saw the 'Richard Berry' writer's credit on the record label, they assumed that Richard Berry was one of the Kingsmen. I couldn't get too interested because I realized that I had made all the money I would ever make off 'Louie Louie' back in 1957 when I had sold the rights."

Finally, though, when he kept hearing the dirty-lyrics rumors, he got hold of a copy of the Kingsmen's record and played it.

"They were singing the same words exactly the way I wrote them," Berry said. "And they were not dirty lyrics. There was not one dirty word or suggestive phrase in that song."

This, of course, is the nugget of information that a nation has wondered about for a quarter of a century. I asked Berry if he would mind singing "Louie Louie" for me—very slowly, so I could write it all down. He said he would be more than happy to, just to set the record straight once and for all.

Here are the lyrics to "Louie Louie":

Louie Louie, me gotta go
Louie Louie, me gotta go

Fine little girl she waits for me
Me catch the ship for cross the sea
Me sail the ship all alone
Me never think me make it home

Louie Louie, me gotta go
Louie Louie, me gotta go

Three nights and days me sail the sea
Me think of girl constantly
On the ship I dream she there
I smell the rose in her hair

Louie Louie, me gotta go
Louie Louie, me gotta go

Me see Jamaica moon above
It won't be long, me see my love
I take her in my arms and then
Me tell her I never leave again

Louie Louie, me gotta go
Louie Louie, me gotta go

"When people couldn't understand the vocals, the rumors started," said Berry. "Then it snowballed."

IN LISTENING to the Kingsmen's "Louie Louie" after it was first released, Berry was absolutely convinced that the band had remained faithful to his lyrics. But no one wanted to believe it.

"A couple of radio stations banned the song," he said. "I even heard that the FBI wanted to get involved. It was ridiculous."

And something started to happen. "Louie Louie," because of the rumors, became more than a pop song. It became a cultural phenomenon.

"When the movie *Animal House* came out in 1978, 'Louie Louie' took on a whole new life," Berry said. "John Belushi and the guys who played his fraternity brothers sang it at that toga party in the movie, and all of a sudden at every university in the country kids were having toga parties and singing 'Louie Louie.' There is a whole generation of kids who probably think that 'Louie Louie' first appeared in *Animal House*."

Berry said that more than four hundred versions of "Louie Louie" have been recorded; some music authorities place the figure closer to a thousand. "It's been sung by everybody from Julie London to Rod McKuen," he said. "I have been told that the Kingsmen have sold more than twelve million copies of their version over the years. And someone told me that there have been an estimated three hundred million copies of 'Louie Louie' sold worldwide by different artists.

"I never could understand the popularity of it. It was a song with three stupid guitar chord changes in it. Every young musician I have ever met has told me that 'Louie Louie' was the first song that he ever learned. I can believe that, it's such an easy song to play.

"The marching band at my daughter's high school even plays it at half time of the football games."

IT WASN'T UNTIL TWENTY YEARS after the Kingsmen's release of "Louie Louie" that Berry met one of the Kingsmen.

"I met the lead singer, Jack Ely, in 1983," Berry said. "I asked him why every one thought it was a dirty song. He said that the Kingsmen had recorded it in this little fifty-dollar studio. The microphone was way up in the ceiling. So Ely's vocals couldn't be heard very clearly. When people couldn't understand the vocals, the rumors started. And then it snowballed."

SEVERAL YEARS AGO Berry received some legal help and was able to win back some of the rights to "Louie Louie." He is far from wealthy, but he says he is satisfied.

"Sometimes people will introduce me to their friends and say that I am the man who wrote 'Louie Louie,'" Berry said. "At first no one believes it. But then they start asking about the lyrics. When I explain to them that the words were clean, and I say, 'Yeah, the Kingsmen sang my straight lyrics,' they don't want to accept it. It takes away the mystery. They shake their heads and walk away disappointed."

I THANKED BERRY for his time and for the information, and I said that I had to bother him with one more detail. I told him that Esquire has a research department that fact-checks everything that goes into the magazine. So I asked if he could help me out with a seemingly minor question. Was there a comma in "Louie Louie"?

"A comma?" Berry said.

"Yeah," I said. "Is it 'Louie, Louie,' or is it 'Louie Louie'?"

"I don't know," Berry said. "I never thought about it."

"They're going to want to know, and they're going to drive you crazy until they find out," I said. "Could you look on the original song?"

Berry laughed.

"You must be kidding," he said. "That piece of toilet paper that I wrote 'Louie Louie' on fell apart many years ago."

That made sense. "Could you make a decision, then?" I said.

"Okay," Berry said. "'Louie Louie.' No comma." ◻

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How To Win The America's Cup. And Other Wing Tips.

by David Pedrick



David Pedrick is one of [illegible] most [illegible] co-designer of "Stars and Stripes", the 12-meter yacht in which Dennis Conner won back the America's Cup from Australia (No, the boat in the photo isn't "Stars & Stripes" It's her baby sister a 6 meter).

"Some friends and I were discussing the America's Cup over a couple of Swan Lagers the other night and it occurred to me

Designing a 12 meter, or any other yacht for that matter, is a lot like racing for the Cup itself.

Like an axiom of racing, there's a time to be conservative and a time to push the limits.

As it turned out, the Australian summer of 1987 was not a time for moderation. Not on the water Not on the drawing board

There was a "plastic fantastic" and another boat that had a rudder at each end and a "geek" instead of a keel Stars and Stripes had a radical hull and just about everybody had an upside-down keel sprouting winglets and even tiplets

Now it sort of makes you wonder Have we totally abandoned the classic? I mean, next thing you know, somebody will see if wings can make shoes work better upside down, too

As I quickly discovered when the people at Dexter asked me to be in this ad, that's something that isn't about to happen anytime soon"

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"Which leads me to one final thought In another 25 years, boats may not look like boats And that's exciting.

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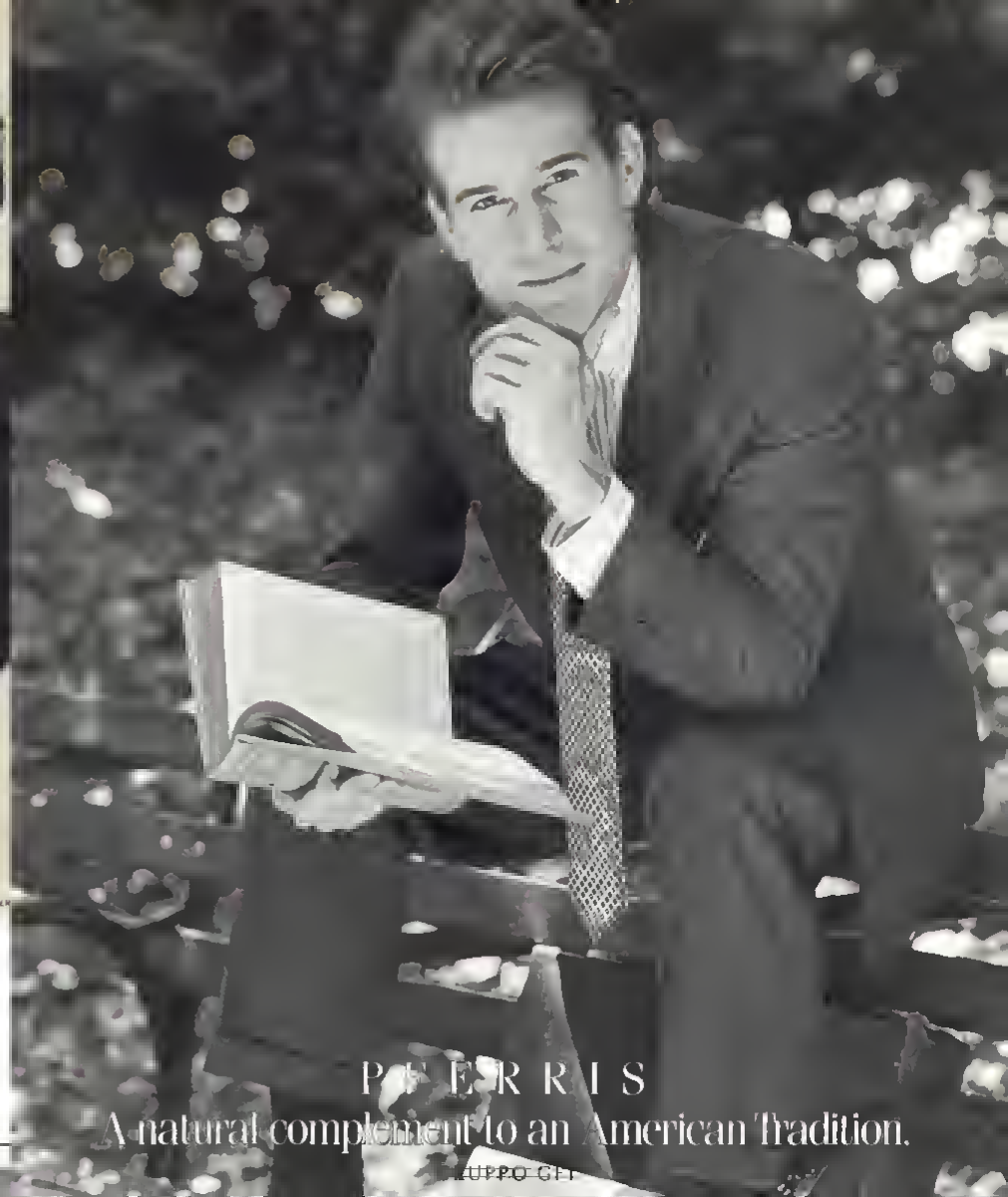
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Little Chrissie

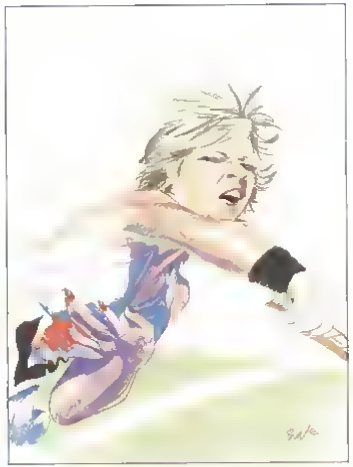
BY MIKE LUPICA

THERE CAME THE NEWS from Europe that Chris Evert had withdrawn from the Italian Open because of a foot injury, that she was flying back to Florida, taking a couple of weeks off before the French Open. There was talk again that this might be her last year as a professional tennis player, her last summer at the big ones. The stories kept coming back to the fact that Chris Evert was thirty-three years old, that it was time to say goodbye. And it occurred to me that we said hello such a long time ago that it seems she costarred with Elizabeth Taylor in *National Velvet*. It seems as if she has been around forever, engaged to Jimmy Connors or dating Burt Reynolds or Jack Ford the President's son or some rock person named Adam Faith, whoever that is. She married John Lloyd, divorced him, won titles, played what seemed like four thousand matches against Martina, watched other wonder girls like Tracy and Andrea come and go, won more titles, got engaged again, this time to the skier Andy Mill.

I have known her, liked her, half my life. I was at Wimbledon in 1974 when she and Connors both won the singles and were the Lovebird Double at the Wimbledon Ball. I was seated at a table in the Players Tea Room when John Lloyd asked her out for their first date. I once wrote a column insulting women's tennis, and then Chris and Martina played this *War and Peace* semifinal at the U.S. Open, and before Chris took her first question that day, she looked out at me and snapped, "That good enough for you?"

One time I even got to play four games with her. She was quite steady from the baseline.

I have seen her laugh a lot, in restaurants and outside locker rooms and in workout gyms and in a few saloons along the way, she is sneaky funny. I saw her cry one time after a hard loss to Virginia Wade at Wimbledon. She has had her bitchy moments after other losses. Mostly, I think, she has been terrific, serving for nearly two decades in an uncrowned capacity that tennis commentator Bud Collins calls "Chris America." The figure skaters show up, have their Olympic moment, then disappear into the ice shows with Mickey and Minnie. Women's golf is strictly cable, watched by slightly more people than *Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling*. Mary Lou Retton got some to's, did her Wheaties box, and off she went. But Chris never stopped being Chris, for the full run of the play.



She's almost happy at last

Now Chris Evert is thirty-three, and a sore foot had sent her to the bench. It didn't happen when she was the most famous high school student in America.

Young woman, old tennis player, down in Florida with her feet up. The injury would not heal before the French Open, where she would lose to a sixteen-year-old girl named Arantxa Sanchez in the third round. Even before it happened, she knew that this summer could be a series of curtain calls. Knew she was running out of great days. I wanted to know if being Chris Americe had been enough for her.

"WAS IT EVERYTHING you thought it was going to be?" I asked her just before she left for the French Open. "Yeah, but I was a little disappointed when I finally . . ." Chris Evert paused, like the first serve was a fault, second serve coming. "You dream about holding that plate up over your head and winning a Grand Slam, or Wimbledon, being number one in the world. And it's never what you think it's going to be. Because it lasts about an hour."

There is a laugh without any mirth in it. "You know, the feeling is just so fleeting. You think it's going to stay with you forever. But the sun comes up the next morning, and you still have responsibilities in life. You gotta worry about getting flights home. You gotta worry about paying taxes, just like everybody else. To train and *dream* about it, that was fulfilling. *That* was fun. That one hour after you achieve what you want

Mike Lupica *is a contributing editor of Esquire.*

PHILIP BURKE

and win a big tournament. But then, you know, you've got the next tournament, and the more you win, the more pressure you have."

Her first big win was in 1970. She was fifteen years old. She beat Margaret Court in a tournament in North Carolina. Court was the number-one player in the world then and had just won the Grand Slam. "For so long," Chris said, "every morning I woke up during a tournament, I'd feel the pressure. And you know, you say, pressure is putting food on the table. Well, that might be so. But if you build up a record like I have, well, I could never afford cheap, not cheap—*bad* losses. And I felt that for twenty years."

I asked her if she ever thought about how life would have been different without tennis. Chris said, "It's funny, as shy as I was, I always wanted to work with people. When we had to write essays about what we wanted to be when we grew up, I always wrote about being a social worker. Or teaching. That's why it's ironic that I ended up being a tennis player, because you have to be very selfish."

I said, "You ever wonder how your life would have been different if you and Connors had wandered off into the sunset?"

"*Ooohh, Godddd*." A big laugh here. "Oh, yes, sometimes I have. My life could have taken a lot of different turns. We were one month away from getting married."

"What year was that?"

"Well, '74, we both won Wimbledon. Boy, I'll tell you what, it would have been *really* interesting. Because he wanted children and I would have wanted to wait." A laugh. "We wouldn't have made it. Definitely not. We were so young. We had no idea what we were getting into. To buy a home? What if I had gotten pregnant? I would have stopped playing, we would have gotten divorced, I would have gone back to playing and had a twelve-year old traveling with me. Uh, honey, will you ball-boy for me?"

"I think a lot of the reasons I was a champion stemmed from something lacking in my life."

CHRIS EVERT has been to women's tennis what Jack Nicklaus has been to golf. Until the string was broken last year, she had won at least one Grand Slam tournament for thirteen consecutive years, something no man or woman had ever done in tennis.

She has always been a champion. She had to grow up in front of everybody, and she handled that. She was the first tennis starlet and could have turned out to be a little brat, and didn't. She was subject, as all athletes are, to injuries, and a changing body, and an assembly line of opponents, and age, and even a ticking biological clock. She wasn't made for fast surfaces, and she got over that. She just banged away with her ground strokes, like a blacksmith. Billie Jean King was her first big rival. She took care of King, and then Evonne Goolagong, and then Tracy Austin.

Finally, she and Martina embarked on a historic rivalry, as close as tennis will come to Bill Russell versus Wilt Chamberlain. There were some years in the early 1980s when Chris looked like nothing more than a sparring partner for Martina. But she picked herself up. After what had already been a remarkable career, she made herself get better. She got stronger. She made herself leave the baseline, come to the net more. She put a little more meat on her serve and really learned to volley for the first time in her life. A couple of weeks before we spoke, she beat Martina 6–0, 6–4 in the final of a tournament in Houston.

I asked if when Martina first came along Chris thought she would evolve into the player, and woman, she has. Chris said, "Martina needed somebody. Basically, Nancy Lieberman changed her. Martina would never have done it on her own. She doesn't do things on her own. But I always saw danger there if anybody took her under their wing, molded her, and sort of dominated her and created a certain—I body."

Chris stopped. "But I'll tell you. What's great about Martina, sure, she has a great body, but she's learned the mental part to go along with it. And you can't teach somebody *that*. You can tell somebody until you're blue in the face, but you've got to develop the mental part on your own."

Chris Evert always had the mental part. She had it in 1970 when she beat Margaret Court and changed everything. She told me once that she was driven not to lose by the thought of what her opponent's face would look like afterward. Connors has had heart like this, as different as they are, both willed themselves beyond their physical skills. Both have gone the distance. Billie Jean told me at Wimbledon last year that Connors would never wake up at the age of forty-five and say to himself, "What if?" Neither will Chris Evert.

"I wonder whether it's admirable, though," Chris said. "The hunger, the drive, a lot of that will stem from negative things, like insecurity, or wanting to get attention. I have to admit, when I started playing tennis, I was painfully shy. But I liked the attention. I'd go, God, people are accepting me because I'm winning. When you're young, you're very impressionable. So I think a lot of the reasons I was a winner and a champion stemmed from something that I lacked in my life."

I ASKED CHRIS EVERT if she is happy with her looks. She said, "My face just missed being pretty, I think. Just missed."

"Like a shot down the line that's just out?"

"Yeah. If it had just been another 10 per cent, I probably could have been considered pretty. I've never thought I've been pretty or a beauty or anything. I think I've had a great body in terms of, you know, I've been slim and toned and I'm muscular. I'm fit. I feel more comfortable with my body because I've had to use it every day for twenty five years."

"No bragging."

She giggled. "It's been used and abused. And it changes. But your face, unless you have plastic surgery, you can't [change]. I think I can look nice at times. But I think I'm pretty plain."

"You're perceived as being 'attractive'."

"Well, you know, attractive is, 'On a scale of one to ten, she's a six.'"

SHE SAYS THAT SHE WANTS to get off the stage soon. She talks about the strain of twenty years of being Chris, says that she was normal until the age of ten, and that even when she was twenty-five years old, "nobody asked what I wanted to accomplish over the next five years. They just all looked backward." She says that she enjoys her rest weeks more than she ever has, tells of how she gets up in the morning and her shoulders are loose and her neck muscles are loose, and the day stretches out in front of her like an open stretch of sky, blue sky, as far as she can see.

She said, "I can jump out of bed on those days and say, God, I can do whatever I want. I have the freedom, whether it's lying in bed all day or going to the store. Whatever I want."

I ask her this. If she wins one more big title this year, would she walk away?

"It's not like I'm going to hold up the trophy and say, 'Okay, you guys, you got your wish, I'm quitting, I'm retiring,'" she said. "I'm not going to do that. I'm going to

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play out the year. If I won a big one this year, I would probably retire at the end of it. And if I don't, I may still retire."

But a part of her does not want to get off. A part of her does not want to give up the skill that made her the most famous girl in America, now one of the most famous women. She has never expressed any burning urge to be a mother, even on the verge of her second marriage. She feels, despite the presence of Navratilova and the young assassin Steffi Graf and Graf's own foil, Gabriela Sabatini, that she is playing as well as she ever has in her life. She feels she could even have beaten Graf in the Australian Open final if the match had not been moved indoors because of rain. For all the talk about pressure and how holding the trophies up wasn't all she thought it would be, she likes the life. She likes being Chris.

"I'll quit when I want to quit," she said. "Not when people want me to quit. I go to press conferences and every day I get, Why are you still playing? And I feel like saying, Are you people *stupid*? Look at this lifestyle that we lead. Look at going to Europe every summer. Look at the money we earn. Look at the publicity we get. You know? Look at"—a big laugh—"the exercise that we get. And I'm still three in the world, and I'm still beating Martina occasionally and trying to beat Steffi. It's just amazing to me."

What she's saying is, Tony Bennett doesn't stop singing just because he can't be Sinatra. And maybe she's saying this: being Chris sure beats being normal.

I SAID TO HER, "What's the best day you ever had?" I told her that it didn't have to be at Wimbledon, or the French Open, or the U.S. Open, that it could have been taking that love set off Martina in Houston.

There was a long pause, and she said, "I don't know if it pertains to Wimbledon."

"That last French Open, in '86?"

"I'm trying to think."

Maybe twenty seconds of silence.

Chris said, "I'm trying to think."

"A great day," I said.

She laughed nervously.

"I'm, like, hedging, right? You must be thinking, this girl has had a miserable life."

"I know that's not true."

She didn't say anything. I told her she could have been on the beach in Hawaii when she had this great day, or in the backseat of a Chevy.

She said, "Um. Okay, let me think."

Another twenty seconds of silence. Then she talked about her first French Open. She talked about an epic French Open final against Martina in 1985, which Chris finally won, 7–5 in the third set. She talked about beating Margaret Court in 1970.

I said, "Who knew what you were starting?" "No, no. I've had happier days."

She paused again. "Ah, shoot. I just can't think of one that stands out."

So we small-talked a little more, and suddenly she said, "The thing that bugs me is, I can't think of a day."

I told her to call me later. I told her I had an answering machine. I told her I was going out to dinner, but she could call when she thought of her best day.

"Seriously," she said, laughing. "I know there's got to be a day. Go ahead. What's the number?"

I gave it to her. She said, "Isn't that funny. I have to get back to you. Like 'Chris, what day were you really happy?' And she replied: 'I'll get back to you on that.'"

I said, "I'll come home after dinner and the little light will be flashing on the answering machine."

Chris Evert said, "Keep the machine on. I'll call back with the answer."

When I came home from dinner, the green light wasn't flashing. Maybe there were so many days, she couldn't come up with one. Or maybe Chris Evert, at thirty-three, was off to Europe because she was still searching.

But the green light wasn't flashing. ◘

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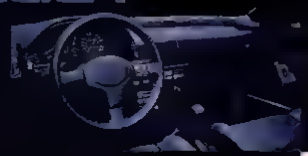
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The Telltale Heart

BY JOHN POPPY

A FIERCE ACHE just below my breastbone awakened me at 2:38 in the morning. Someone seemed to have driven a nail in there. This was not the sort of pain that lets you turn and stretch and go back to sleep, this was like the terrapin that, as they say in my lovely Julia's part of the South, chomps on you and won't let go until it thunders.

We had turned out the lights three hours before. Julia was sleeping peacefully, and I didn't want to wake her. I simply could not believe the pain was coming from my heart. So I lay there and watted and thought over what I had been learning that week about odd sensations in the chest.

As it happens, John M. Luce had been helping me look for ways to explain how to distinguish the trivial from the serious. Luce, a specialist in chest medicine, is chief of staff at San Francisco General, a county hospital famous for its trauma teams and emergency units. I remembered something he had said earlier that week. Take the chest pain that hits you in bed. You can get some clues from its timing.

"Picture a drunken Roman falling down on a pile of his dogs and waking up half an hour later with a burning knot in his chest," Luce had suggested. "Chances are, that guy's got heartburn. But if he goes to bed and wakes up just before dawn clutching his chest, he may have been to his last banquet."

The word *heartburn* is inaccurate but no exaggeration. It hurts like the devil right where you think your heart ought to be. It comes from a spasm of the esophagus, the muscular tube connecting the throat and the stomach, after hydrochloric acid from the stomach leaks back up. Stomach lining tolerates the acid, esophageal lining does not, and when irritated it goes into the equivalent of a charley horse in the middle of your chest. Reasons for the backwash can vary. Eighty-five percent or so of all Americans have some degree of weakness in the sphincter between esophagus and stomach. In any event, bending over or lying down may promote heartburn. They do not promote heart pain.

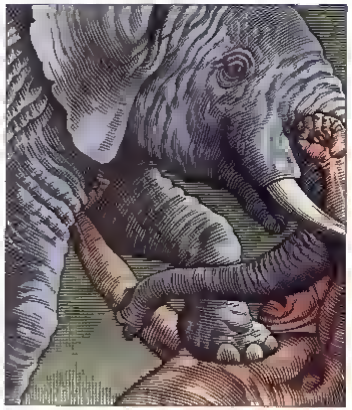
That is not to say you can't have a heart attack lying down. I couldn't help reflecting that I was lying there midway between the dogs and the dawn. I remembered Luce saying, "We're always interested in people who think they have heartburn, because sometimes it masks heart disease."

It can mimic the sensation of heart attack closely enough, in fact, that the advice a responsible physician will give you is this: If a pain in your chest alarms you—for whatever reason, whatever it takes to alarm you—take it to a doctor *while* you're having the pain. In an emergency room, someone will put you on an electrocardiograph. If your EKG is normal, they'll probably tell you to take an antacid. If it's abnormal, your caution will have paid off. Then you can look for proof that the problem is not in your heart.

About a million and a half persons in the United States will have heart attacks this year, and a third of them will die—more than three hundred thousand before they reach a hospital. The American Heart Association has pointed out that people tend to wait more than two hours after the signals begin, that period is when most of the deaths occur.

Of course, that leaves 240 million Americans who *won't* have heart attacks. The other things that give you a pain in the chest may bother you, but they won't make you drop dead.

It's elusive, deciding if you're "alarmed." I decided I wasn't. My pain had little about it to suggest a heart or lung problem: no pressure or squeezing behind my breastbone, no connection to exertion, no trouble breathing, no sweating or nausea. It was sharp and local, it didn't radiate to shoulder, neck, arm, or fingers. Heartburn is something I associate with nerdy guys in television commercials, so I won't admit to that. Whatever it was, Julia got a good night's



When chest pain hits, how do you know if it's the real thing?

John Poppy *writes this column monthly for Esquire.*

BILL SANDERSON

sleep, and over the next few days I got to hunt up some more information.

What about the next time? What about the times I don't hurt, exactly, but don't feel completely okay either?

John Luce sat down with me to scan the most common causes of chest discomfort, homing in on those that he would suggest paying the most attention to. He ran his tour from the outside in.

The chest wall. Say you hurt on one side only, and deep breaths make it worse. Think of muscles, bones, and cartilage, and any recent twists or blows. You can usually push on a musculoskeletal injury and make it hurt right under your finger.

A pain could be musculoskeletal (thus relatively harmless) if:

- A specific motion reproduces it. "That does not rule out your heart," Luce cautions. "You can get heart pain when you move. It just opens up the possibility of the pain coming from something other than your heart."
- You can locate it precisely.
- It is sharp rather than deep.
- Deep breaths aggravate it.
- You have no other symptoms such as sweating or nausea.

Luce suspects that if you were to add up all the pains that people report feeling in the chest, you would find that most of them come from the chest wall and the muscles attached to it. It's too bad, but they don't always fit the checkpoints; some are so vague that you can't figure out what reproduces them.

"I say that as somebody who occasionally gets chest pains," he adds. At one point he felt strongly enough about a pain to take an EKG. When it read normal, he looked for other causes and found that every time he went out for a run, he pumped his arms in a way that gave him a predictable pain in the left side. He changed his arm motion.

Nerve fibers. A sharp pain that feels at first like a heart attack can turn out to be the start of shingles—an acute infection of sensory nerves, usually those around the chest. Shingles is caused by herpes zoster, the chicken pox virus, which lurks from childhood in the roots of spinal nerves until something (stress is one suspect) reactivates it. A clue that you are not having a heart attack: it hurts on one side only. Another (small comfort) is a burning red line of skin over the affected nerves and, four or five days later, a row of blisters along the line.

The pleura. Two layers of membrane, separated by a film of lubricating fluid, enclose and protect each lung. Collectively, they are called the pleura. You can get pain in the pleura from a viral infection—pleurisy. It is a searing chest pain, often located on one side or the other, that comes on fast and mounts to a peak within a few hours, then it may come and go, increasing with deep breaths, and can become continuous. If you have pleurisy, you'll want to hold your side, the way you do when you get a stitch. The virus will probably give you the muscle aches and fever of a bad cold.

Everything involving the lungs, from the pleura in. If something hurts more as you breathe deeply, it is not in your lungs. There are no pain fibers inside a lung. You do have pain fibers in the airways leading down to the lungs—trachea and bronchi. They will hurt high in your chest, as you know from the last time you caught a cold or swallowed the wrong way and went into the uncontrollable coughing that is the reaction of pain receptors in the airways.

It is time to suspect your heart when you feel the classic vise squeezing around your chest. It might not feel like pain.

"My chest hurts, Doc. Do I have lung cancer?" people will ask Luce. "If I wanted to be glib and hurtful," he told me, "I would answer, 'If you do, you're dead.'" You can have a whopping lung cancer and feel no pain from it unless the cancer erodes into your airways or your pleura. By the time it causes pain, it has generally spread so far that you can't do anything about it.

The esophagus. Heartburn.

The heart. You can't feel pain in your heart, for the same reason that you can't feel it in your lungs. There are no pain fibers inside the heart muscle itself, the myocardium. If something goes wrong with it, though, you certainly might feel sensations ranging from discomfort to agony in your chest.

And elsewhere. The heart "refers" its pain. Like other internal muscles (that is, those not attached to bones), it is connected to nerve fibers through which it displaces pain to areas on the surface of the body. These areas get their nerve fibers from the same segment of the spinal cord as the organ causing the pain. For instance, the nerve fibers to the heart come from a few segments of spinal cord between your shoulders. Those same segments serve the skin over the heart and the midline of the left arm. So an event in your heart can show up as pain in your left arm.

It is time to suspect your heart when you feel the classic "elephant standing on my breastbone," or vise squeezing around your chest. It might not feel like "pain," as one would define what happens when you hit your thumb with a hammer, it might come across more as a kind of profound discomfort. It might stay behind your breastbone, or it might radiate from there as pain to other places, giving you a grabbing feeling in the throat, an ache in your left jaw or shoulder, between your shoulder blades, down either arm (usually the left), with tingling in the fingers. When you feel any or all of this, get your heart checked.

What's happening is that the muscular wall of your heart is demanding more blood—that is, oxygen—than the coronary arteries can deliver. The heart pumps blood through to the rest of the body, but we're talking about its own blood supply, the two coronary arteries that feed the myocardium itself—most critically, the "widow maker," the arterial branch that feeds the left ventricle, your high-pressure pumping chamber. Like any other muscle, the heart consumes energy with each contraction, the more work it does, the more you have to feed it. Normal coronary arteries can cope with increased demand. If deposits of fat and waste start to narrow their passageway for blood, though, you will start having moments at which the muscle screams for more oxygen.

What you feel is angina pectoris, medical Latin for "sudden pain of the chest." Angina is a gift—a warning to reestablish the balance between demand and supply. In the short run, stop doing what drives up demand. In the longer run, change your ways to improve supply.

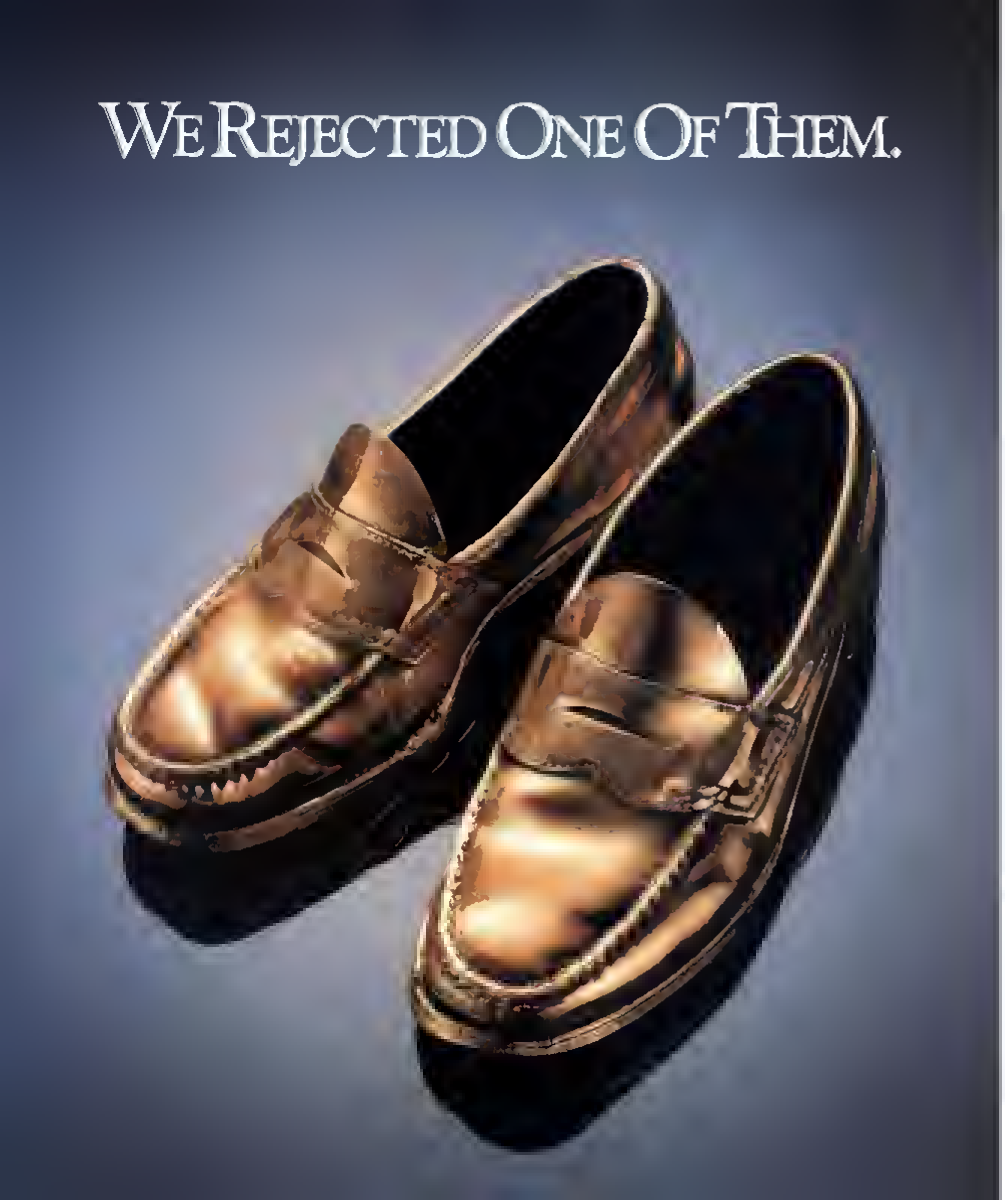
Classic angina begins with one of "the E's," as medical students sometimes learn them. You're digging up a stump, getting angry, or making love (especially with someone other than your spouse; studies link the anxieties of adultery with increased risk of coronary crisis). You can suspect your heart if pain comes with an E—exertion, emotion, eating, enduring extreme elements such as cold weather, or entercourse (okay, so you have to change the spelling). The pain climbs as the activity increases and declines as you stop.

The narrower a coronary artery gets, the less exertion you'll need to bring on angina. Still, at this point some blood is getting through, you're just weakening muscle cells rather than killing them.

Angina symptoms can last from a couple of minutes to an hour. If they last longer than five minutes after you stop doing what brought them on, or if they get more frequent, take yourself *(continued on page 87)*

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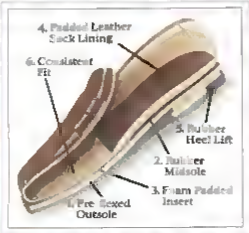
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If The Shoe Fits, Wear It, And Wear It, And Wear It.

6. Weejuns have always fit more than feet, they fit lives Now thanks to our *sixth* change, a new last that guarantees a precise consistent fit, Weejuns fit even better Which simply means if you know your



size and the color Weejuns you want, you can buy them without opening the box and rest as sured they'll fit. And guess what? If the shoe fits you can wear it and wear it and wear it.

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to a doctor right away. You may be close to a heart attack—the death of part of your heart muscle.

Here is what usually tips angina over into a heart attack: the crust narrowing the coronary artery gets so thick, slows the flow of blood to such a trickle, that blood stagnates and a clot forms. Now the artery is plugged completely.

John Luce has asked people having a heart attack, "What does it feel like?" and has seen many of them make a common gesture. They'll put a fist in the middle of the chest and squeeze as hard as they can. This, despite the fact that the heart sits between the left nipple and the sternum. They feel the pressure somewhat to the right of where the heart is, because of where the pain fibers go. If you feel like making that gesture, you ought to get to an emergency room whether or not you have the radiating pains, the E's, or the other common symptoms of heart attack: sweating, nausea and perhaps vomiting, shortness of breath, and anxiety.

Knowing what is important enough to get you to a doctor is more useful than ever because of angioplasty (the balloon catheter that can sometimes squash back enough of an obstruction to let blood flow through again) and clot-dissolving drugs such as TPA. Since 1985, studies have suggested that people who get TPA within an hour after the onset of a heart attack have a 50 percent better survival rate than those who don't get it at all.

Having a coronary artery plugged for even a few minutes sounds bad, and feels awful, and is deadly to brain cells within about four minutes. But the heart muscle is hardier stuff and does not die immediately. You can have a coronary artery plugged for twenty minutes, perhaps up to an hour, and you won't suffer permanent heart damage. That's why they want you in the emergency room for treatment within an hour. The window of opportunity stays open—for the lucky ones who don't die in the first two hours—for about four hours, the damage increasing with time. On the long end, you may be able to salvage enough muscle cells to allow a recovery.

We have our individual differences, and most healthy people don't run to the hospital every time they feel bad. You have to depend on your common sense. I guess I could say common sense turned out all right the night I didn't want to bother Julia. With what Luce taught me afterward, I still wouldn't wake her up.

But it's strange. I can't decide whether paying attention to all these things that can go on in my chest has calmed me down or made me jumpier. We'll see, the next time.



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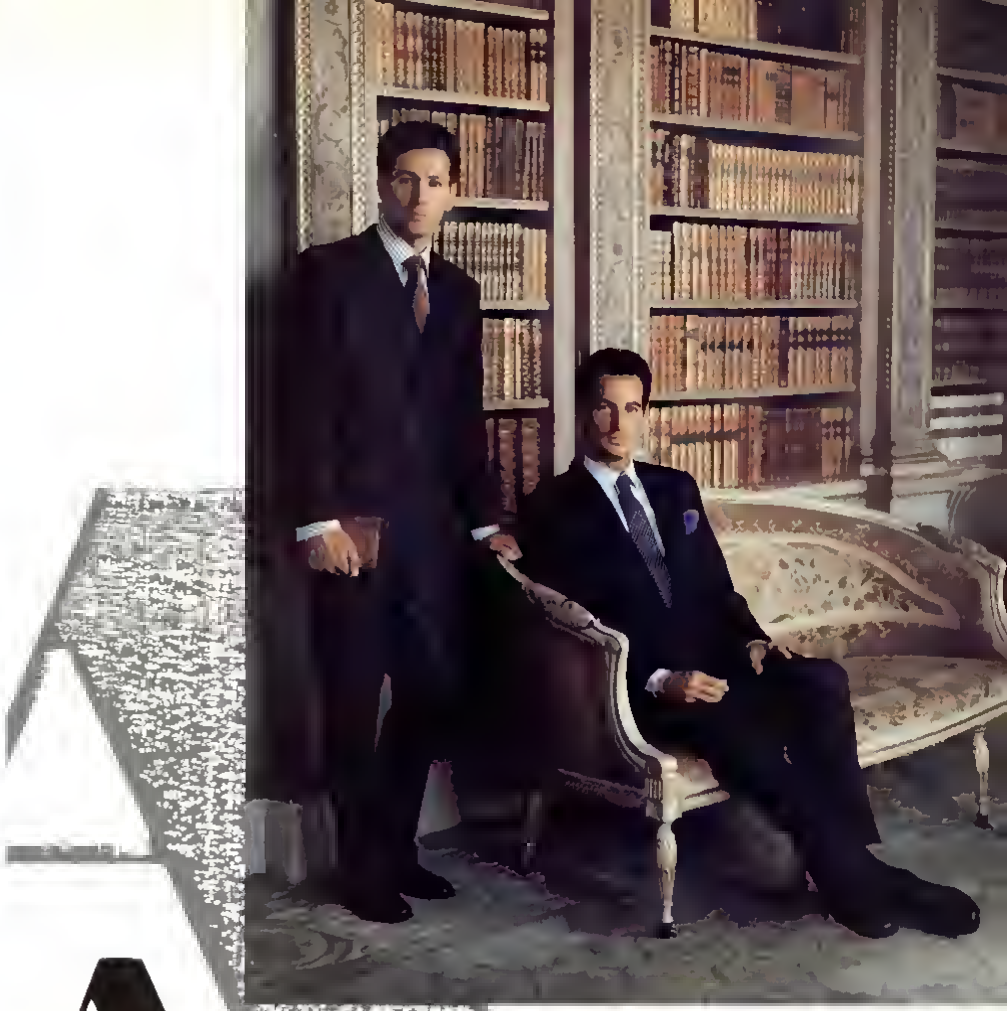
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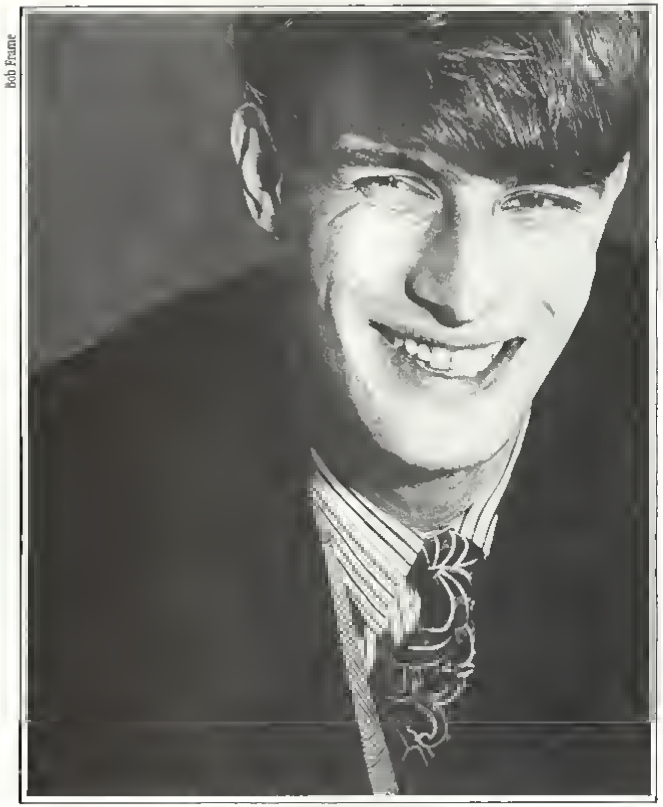
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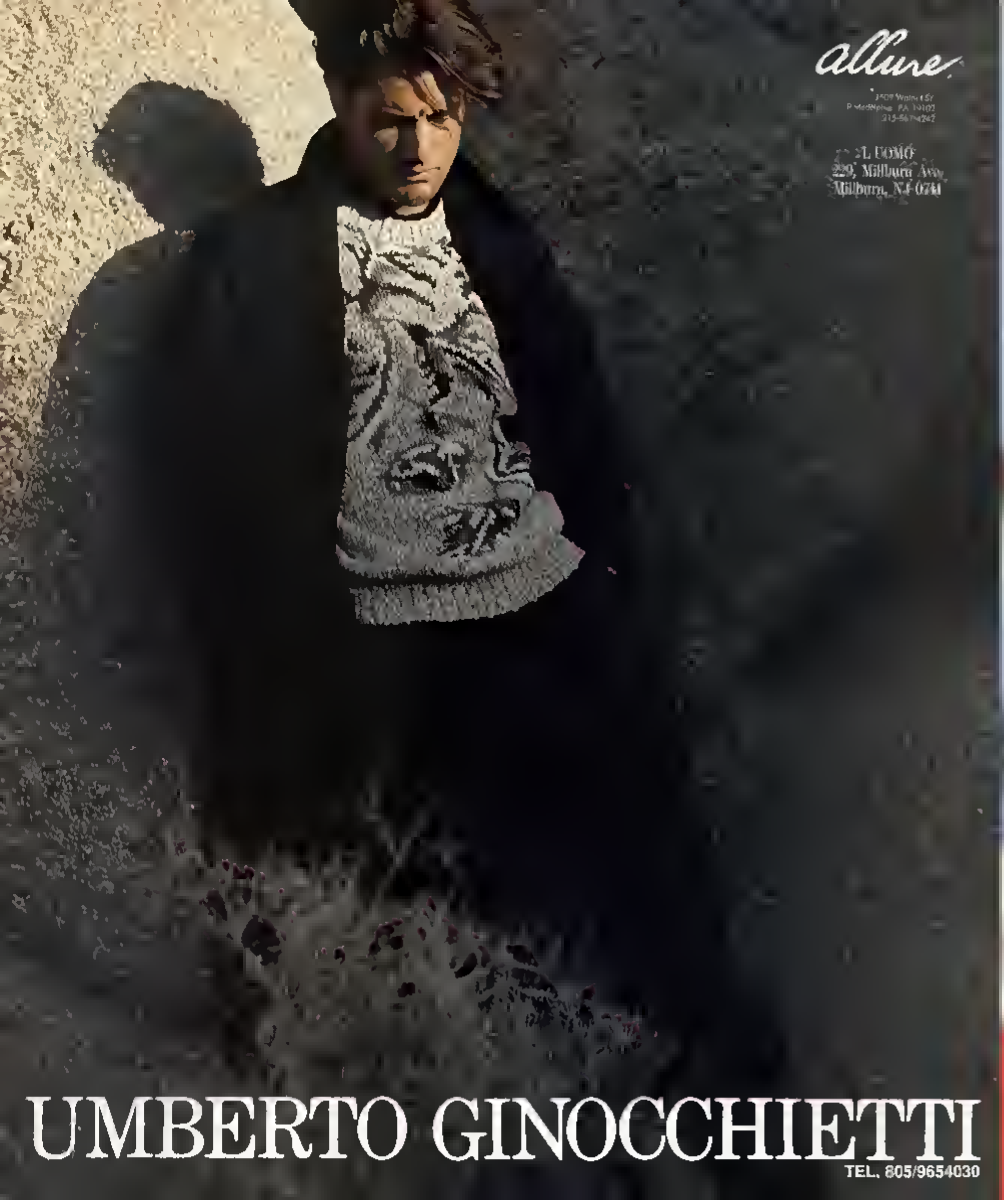


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THE INVESTOR

The Trouble with Bonds

BY DONALD R. KATZ

Written records of borrowing and lending money have been kept since the time of the Sumerians, but it wasn't until the Middle Ages that the contractual obligations called *bonds* came into existence. My indispensable *New Palgrave Dictionary of Economics* indicates that medieval deadbeats unable to meet loan obligations were actually bound over to the abused lender—with his or her goods placed in a "bonded" warehouse—until payments were satisfied. A certain nostalgia for this no-nonsense interpretation of the bond came over me recently while commiserating with my friend Barry over the thrashing he suffered when his small portion of the nearly $3 billion in LTV Corporation bonds went down the toilet. What if the chairman of LTV, who quarterbacked the company's descent into default and bankruptcy, were actually bound over for a time to my friend Barry instead of being allowed to remain in his plush office in Dallas as if nothing much bad had happened at all?

What did happen began the day Barry told his broker he wanted to find a safe place to keep his particularly hard-earned $25,000.

"Bonds," the broker said.

Unlike stocks, which could in theory lose all value, bonds, Barry knew, were sacrosanct. Slightly boring, perhaps, but safe—austere and banklike in their solidity.

"High-yield bonds," the broker continued. "We like LTV bonds yielding between 13 and 14 percent."

So Barry contributed to the vast pool of debt being accumulated at the time by the Dallas-based, would-be conglomerate builders, a management team that proceeded acquisitively and with such suicidal urgency into two graveyard sectors of the economy—steel and energy—that the corporation went into orbit like the water after you flush. LTV moved into default on all its many bonds and then into bankruptcy in 1986.

A bond trader friend got Barry out before the end, but not before $15,000 of his $25,000 fell down the pipe. If Barry had only taken a second to check the published debt rating on LTV, he would have known that the bond watchers at Moody's Investors Service (and their competitors at the other big rating firm, Standard and Poor's) had given LTV a "B" rating for creditworthiness at the time.

While a "B" might be a decent grade in school, there are actually fourteen better gradings available if you use all the pluses and minuses. A rating of "B" is in fact below an investment grade rating. Specifically, a "B" means that "adverse business financial, or economic conditions would likely impair capacity or willingness to pay interest and repay principal." The "B" on those LTV bonds meant that Barry bought himself $25,000 worth of junk bonds, a realm that he now sees is best left to the gamblers and the pros.

It's interesting to note that only a thousand of the nation's twenty thousand businesses can even get an investment grade risk rating anymore. During the first business quarter of this year

It started when Barry told his broker he wanted a safe investment.

alone, S&P downgraded the debt ratings on 127 companies—$75.3 billion worth of bonds—and many more bond issues wear the dreaded letter "D," for default, than at any other time since the Depression.

Since 1970 changes in the types of packaged debt offered by financial inventors have been complemented by an equally profound change in the riskiness of bonds and the way that risk is assessed. The ability of similar issuers to pay out began to mean less in an era of finance in which creative business maneuvers such as spin offs, asset stripping, LBOs, fancy recapitalizations—leverage leveraging leverage everywhere—were changing the traditional, plodding way in which the potential future value of a bond was assessed.

The seriously rich and controversial Californian Mike Milken began to raise money via bonds, which sophisticated investors analyzed like equities instead of like "AAA" utility issues designed to be held till they come due. By 1982 the high yield, higher risk bonds had generated only $2 billion in debt, but by 1986 they were up to $120 billion. Currently, 60 percent of the industrial debt outstanding is rated in the high risk, speculative categories

In recent years, as interest rates stabilized and the economy and its markets ran smoothly, the more aggressive bond people pointed out that very few junk-bond issues went into default. Pension funds and insurance companies began to include the high yield paper in their portfolios, and individuals poured money out of fixed-principal money funds paying 6 percent into "high yield funds" paying 11 or 12 percent. Two years ago some of these bond funds yielded 25 percent returns, because falling interest rates so enhanced the market value of the underlying portfolios.

But the default rate still crept upward, and major companies with billions in outstanding bonds began to default and even went/claimed to be (choose one, with much skepticism) bankrupt. During the twenty years after World War II, less than one tenth of 1 percent of the outstanding corporate debt went into default, but by the mid 1980s the rate had moved to well over 1 percent. In 1986 $3.3 billion worth of corporate debt was in default. In 1987 the figure had jumped to $9 billion—this with interest rates still low and the economy still humming along.

So much debt had joined LTV, Manville, Nucorp, and the others in the dumper that the mucky twilight market in busted bonds experienced a revival not witnessed since the rapid trade among nostalgic nobles in pre-revolutionary Russian bonds.

Bankrupt bond players these days do nothing but weigh the skeletons of dead companies for salvage value. Though Barry ate his losses before the price of his bonds went down to ten cents on a dollar of face value, specialists profited from speculation about eventual bankruptcy judgments and liquidation values. The price of some LTV debt went from 25 cents on a dollar to 11 and then back to 28 1/2 just during '86. At the end of '87, you could have picked up LTV bonds due this year for 21 cents on the dollar, bonds that more recently traded for 31 cents.

As Barry learned the hard way, and as insiders and sophisticates have learned rather more simply and profitably, the act of buying and holding bonds has changed profoundly. Even investors going into bond funds where the principal values can change (at least the default risk is hedged by these funds' diverse portfolios) should think always in terms of "total return" instead of yield. New SEC encyclicals on mutual fund advertising will help you understand that a pool of bonds that pays out an average of 12 percent to fund investors via yield may actually yield nothing at all, because market forces diminish the value of the underlying bonds.

That the popular acceptance of this newly volatile world of riskier debt investments has occurred during a time of low inflation and relative economic calm is disconcerting to many individuals who watch trends in the large economy. The ratio of debt to equity held by American companies has ballooned from three to one in 1980 to more than six to one today. Last fall's market crash cooled off junk bonds quite a bit, but the advent of a post-election recession should test the ability of many outstanding bond issues to meet commitments, even as the relative casualness of defaults and bankruptcies will make the option look ever more attractive to corporate mismanagers.

Which brings me back to my friend Barry, LTV, and the historic origins of bonds. Most people know that we are now a debtor nation and that our companies and even government are in the business of attracting huge quantities of wealth to finance our debts. If enough Japanese investors decided that our companies are cavalier with lent money and too eager to go belly-up, the effects could be disastrous.

What if modern managers were actually enslaved like defaulters of old?

So let's curtail the trend in defaults and sloppy financial management before it gets out of hand. This is a time, after all of creative sentencing, when bad landlords are sentenced to inhabit their own slums and white-collar swindlers are sent to live in homeless shelters. Think of the possible effect on dilatory modern managers if Mr. Raymond Hay—the chairman of bankrupt LTV—were actually enslaved for a time like defaulters of old at my friend Barry's house in Los Angeles. *Think of it.* Corporate officers irresponsibly gathering war chests with risky debt issues would pause to watch the key to Hay's chains handed to Barry on the evening news. Companies would fly out of receivership in response to Barry's shackling Mr. Hay to the railing near the patio and handing him a bucket and brush. All over the world investors would nod approvingly—because for the first time in quite a while, it would appear that some Americans had actually remembered that borrowing other people's money is something more than a game. ■

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

Un-loading Real Estate

In the good old days when making money was easy, getting into real estate limited partnerships meant paying up to 22 percent in fees and commissions. No one much minded since the idea was usually to shelter money, not to make it. Now, post-tax-reform, post-crash real estate is shaping up. Two investment companies, Goldome (800-542 0007) and T. Rowe Price (800-322-5869), offer RELPs directly to the investor, bypassing the broker's commission (as high as 7.5 percent) and bringing total fees down to an acceptable 2 percent. These "no-load" RELPs save money by investing conservatively in finished properties that should generate a 6- or 7-percent annual return over the life of the partnership, usually seven to ten years. A RELP won't make you rich (unless you were to begin with), but keep in mind that real estate has traditionally been a good hedge against troubles in the stock market.

How to Talk to Your Money

Relive for a moment the nightmare of October when you tried to call your mutual-fund company to redeem your shares and the line was busy.... for hours. Since the crash, virtually every fund company has tried to upgrade its capacity to withstand another stampede of orders, but only three institutions have the sophisticated circuits to let you switch monies within a family of funds or to redeem shares (electronically depositing the money in your checking account) twenty-four hours a day, over your home touch-tone phone. Baltimore-based T. Rowe Price and Boston-based Fidelity Investments pioneered telephone-access systems, now Chase Manhattan Bank offers it with its new family of eight no-load funds, the Vista Mutual Funds. (You don't need a Chase bank account to invest in Vista—call 800-64-VISTA.)



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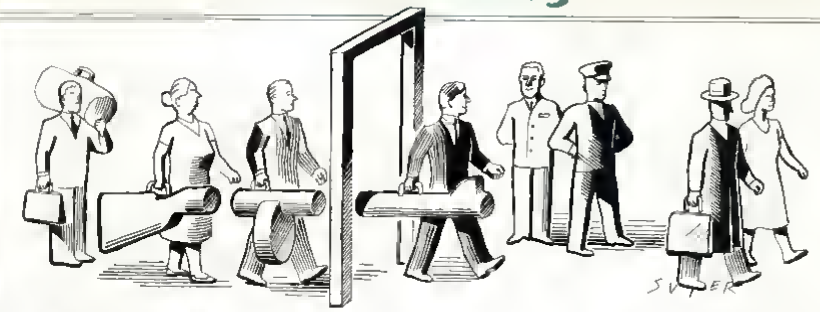
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THE SUSINSSS TRAVSLES

Airport Security and Other Oxymorons

BY GLENN EICHLER

Airport security is one of those topics that you never want to hear about, because when you do it usually means something's gone wrong. Quite a lot of people have unfortunately, heard quite a lot about airport security these past couple of years. In May 1987 we had news of a General Accounting Office report faulting the nation's airports for lax security. This past March we got word from Secretary of Transportation Jim Burnley that the department was creating a task force to look into reforming the Federal Aviation Administration's policies, and that one of the things to be reformed was the FAA's policy of declaring airlines carry on security checks adequate if they caught three out of five guns in tests. That's right, for a while the FAA wasn't bothering to fine airlines until they had already let two guns through and then missed a third. The agency now claims it levies a fine for each and every slipup.

The worst indicator by far of security problems was the crash of a PSA jet last December. A former employee had managed to get aboard with a gun and shoot up the cockpit, the crash killed forty-three people.

What's going on here? Some of it has to do with the FAA's regional structure, which leads to discrepancies in the way supposedly national standards and regulations are interpreted. Some of it has to do with the FAA's funding, or the lack thereof. Some of it has to do with the fact that the responsibility for airport security is also divided: local airport authorities handle general security, while the airlines are charged with handling gate and boarding security. The FAA watches over all of this, and the GAO watches over the FAA, so security responsibility is not only divided, it's divided in a way that almost encourages infighting. Put elected officials into the picture and you get a situation like the one last year, when confidential sections of the May 1987 report came out in House hearings and everybody got to look bad.

Are you depressed enough yet? No? Then let's talk about plastic handguns. New technology allows guns to be made with an increasing number of nonmetallic (plastic or ceramic) parts. This scares many in Congress who want to ban these guns from the country altogether. *That* scares the National Rifle Association, which says such a ban unfairly penalizes collectors. The NRA, of course, is one of the most skillful lobbying groups in history, so you can bet that even though eleven bills have been introduced in Congress to address the issue, the one that passes will not be an outright ban on plastic weapons.

There is actual good news about security, and it comes from Atlanta.

The smart money is on a compromise bill calling for at least 3.7 ounces of metal in any gun manufactured in or imported into the United States. That bill has already passed the House by a vote of 413 to 4, and even the NRA supports it, which may or may not make you sleep easier.

There is actual good news about security, however. It comes from Atlanta's Hartsfield Airport, where a new security system is in place that some predict will become the standard for airports worldwide. Using technology developed by Kodak, the airport authority has issued new wave identification badges to thirty-eight thousand individuals. The badges, containing magnetic strips with computer-generated "photos" of their owners, are virtually impossible to counterfeit. Using scanners, security personnel do a visual check, badge against wearer: no match, no entry. What's particularly nice about the system is that if an employee quits or is fired and doesn't turn in his badge, hey, no problem—just erase his image. The practice of borrowing a friend's badge for access is also rendered useless.

Atlanta is implementing the system gradually as it works out bugs, but Los Angeles has already purchased the system, and other airports around the world have called Atlanta with inquiries. None of this does anything about the people at the metal detectors, unfortunately, but it's a step in the right direction. If more domestic airports adopt the Atlanta system, an effective plastic-gun bill is passed and signed, and the FAA manages to shore up and standardize gate-security procedures, then we'll see some real improvement in airport security. My instinct is to add that if pigs had wings we'd see some real improvement in their ability to fly, but I'm trying to be reassuring here. E

DAVID SUTER



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INSURANCE

What to Do with Your Dividends

BY PETER D LAWRENCE

I **have two** disability policies from the Guardian insurance company. The oldest one paid a dividend of about 30 percent this year, but the newest one pays nothing. For my wife's term life insurance, Equitable bills her a total annual premium then mails her back a dividend as a refund. Yet my very first life insurance, a $10,000 straight-life policy bought almost twenty years ago, has never paid a dividend and never will. So what determines whether a policy pays dividends, and how important are they when comparing one policy with another?

Only two types of insurance pay dividends: disability and life. And the number of companies paying dividends on their disability policies is dwindling. For instance, Guardian no longer pays dividends on new disability policies, which is why only the older of my two policies pays dividends. With life insurance, only participating policies (both permanent life and term) pay dividends. Nonparticipating policies—which is what my old policy turns out to be—do not pay dividends, instead, they usually have lower premiums.

But just because a policy pays dividends does not make it better than one that does not. Nor is a nonparticipating policy with a lower premium necessarily cheaper in the long run. Just as it is never wise to buy a stock on the basis of its dividend alone, you have to try to gauge an insurance policy's bottom-line cost.

Both life and disability dividends represent a return of premium, or surplus, not needed by the company to cover its expenses. As such, they are not taxable, no matter how you take them. With a disability policy you don't usually have an option as to how the dividends will be used: they will almost always automatically reduce your premium. But with life insurance, there are options. Which you should choose depends on your age and your insurance needs.

1. You can take your dividends as cash. In later policy years, when the dividends start mounting, this can be attractive—particularly if the dividends reach the point where they exceed your annual premium.

2. You can use the dividend to automatically reduce the premium. Unless you tell a broker or agent otherwise, many will start by showing you policy illustrations that utilize this option.

3. You can use them as savings. If you choose to leave your dividends with the insurance company, you should expect a rate of return competitive with money market funds. While the dividends themselves will still not be taxable, the interest on them is.

4. Another way of using the dividends is to buy single-premium (paid-up) units of additional insurance of the same type as the underlying policy. Since the additional units increase both your death benefit and cash value, it's a way to protect your death benefit from the inroads of inflation. Also, if you've ever been offered a vanishing-premium policy—one for which you pay premiums for only a certain period—and wondered how this magic works, the answer is dividends. Over the years, the dividends from both the initial insurance and the paid-up units grow until they are enough to pay the policy's entire annual premiums.

5. Finally, there is the term option, whereby you can use your dividends to buy one-year term insurance. This is often used to protect the beneficiary should you want to borrow against the main policy's cash value. Say the cash value is $50,000 and you want to borrow $25,000. If you died before paying back this money, your beneficiary would get the policy's total benefit *minus* the $25,000 loan, and *minus* any interest due on this loan. But you could use your dividend to buy an additional $25,000 worth of one-year term insurance, which would cover the debt. You can cancel or amend the policy the following year, should you pay back the loan.

If you choose the option of using dividends to buy additional paid-up insurance, it's best to arrange this from the start. The company will automatically do this, irrespective of your health. Even if ten years down the road you have a heart attack, it must continue to sell you the extra insurance. You can always switch

A policy that pays dividends is not necessarily better than one that does not.

to receiving your dividends as cash, but you can't usually switch the other way around without proof of insurability.

One last point: while companies may indicate what they think their future dividends will be, there are no guarantees. Prior to the 1970s, they usually exceeded their projections by as much as 20 to 40 percent. In the early 1980s, they continued to exceed projections, although by less. In recent years, however, dividends have usually been closer to actual projections. ■

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

The Book of Life (Insurance)

Life Insurance, How to Buy the Right Policy from the Right Company at the Right Price **(Consumer Reports Books, $12) answers your insurance questions, the important ones at any rate. The book, written by Trudy Lieberman, is an expanded version of a prizewinning series of articles that ran in *Consumer Reports* magazine last year.**

What Is This, Lloyd's of Luggage?

American Express has come up with another service for travelers, along with the usual long-winded name for it. The Baggage Delay and Loss Protection Plan offers reimbursement to those cardholders who charged their tickets on American Express: up to $200 when luggage doesn't reach a passenger within six hours after his arrival, or up to $500 for luggage that is lost, stolen, or damaged. Additionally, there's a $500 maximum reimbursement for property that is lost or stolen during a hotel stay immediately after a covered flight. The service is available for $4.75 per ticket purchase (covering all legs), or a flat $39 annual fee.

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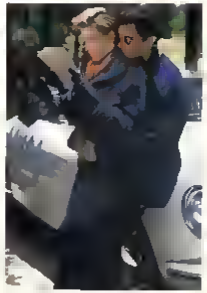


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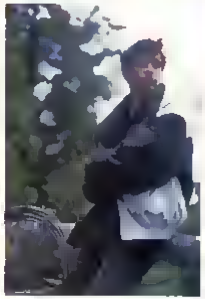














Opening Page and Top Left—Her: Fleece-lined faded ivory cotton jacket with matching high-waisted ivory cotton trousers and flannel shirt. **Him:** Black rubberized canvas parka with olive wool collar and quilted lining. Red wool-blend crew-neck sweater with pleated faded ivory cotton trousers and plaid cotton shirt.

Top Right: Her: Steel-gray sanded gabardine fitted jacket with matching straight skirt and plaid flannel shirt. **Him:** Long eggplant soft-wool jacket with olive suede collar. Charcoal-gray pleated wide-wale corduroy trousers with striped cotton shirt and wool-blend striped sweater.

Middle Left: Her: Striped viscose-and-cotton double-breasted fitted blazer with matching pleated trousers and cranberry viscose shirt. **Him:** Multicolor plaid wool blazer with olive pleated gabardine trousers and striped cotton shirt. Watch by Timex.

Middle Center: Black and gray wool-blend crew-neck sweater with plaid viscose-blend shirt and houndstooth wool-blend pleated trousers.

Bottom Left: Ivory treated poplin parka with quilted satin lining.

Bottom Center: Tri-colored cotton bomber jacket with green pleated washed cotton corduroy trousers and plaid viscose shirt.

Bottom Right: Her: Mustard treated poplin bomber jacket with gray flannel pleated trousers and white and grey wool-blend crew-neck sweater. **Him:** Dark purple soft-wool bomber jacket with New Man blue jeans and plaid flannel shirt.

See Reader Service Card after page 198



Long eggplant soft-wool jacket with olive suede collar. Olive pleated corduroy trousers with striped cotton shirt and wool-blend striped sweater.

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Hot Wow. I was running down the Thruway in my underwear, and one of those diesel trucks with the humongous bonnet was looming up to crush me and eat me, and the hood ornament was the head of Moronic vice-president of planning, and it was screaming, screaming a lust for my destruction in its malevolent little eyes. Brother. That was worse than last night's even, the maze, trying to run away from that horde of angry vendors with those snakes around my ankles. What am I doing awake? In a couple of hours I have to get up, for Christ's sake.

Next week there's a retreat in Sausalito. Someone will have to take care of my tropical fish, since my wife refuses to deal with the air filter. I love those fish. If they die, I'll be sad.

There was a goodbye luncheon last week for Arnold Hochheiser, and I wasn't invited. It was in a private room at Lucerne. All the real hitters were there. True, I never worked with Hochheiser all that much, and we didn't really like each other. Okay, there were only eight whole guys at the stupid lunch. Still, I should have been invited. Maybe I'm slipping.

Come on. What have I got to worry about, really? Life is great! I have everything! My wife is suddenly into a big fitness thing, and my kids are healthy.

Then why are you awake?

The numbers. Down 3 percent and the parent corporation is looking for growth in the high single digits! Have to sell something. Company shrinking. Looking for ways to cut. Worse. Big investment in hardware coming up in the near term. Parent has to spend that dough or start thinking about alternatives. Could be sold. Bought by Japanese or Germans or . . . Carl Icahn. Carl Icahn.

And what about those goddamned fish, goddamn it.

I wonder what Les thinks of me, actually. I know he's the chairman and has to maintain a regal distance and everything, but does he like me? I'm a pretty likable guy. I try to be jocund as hell when we're not into the nuts and bolts. I think he appreciates that. On the other hand, maybe he thinks I'm a buffoon. I am not a buffoon!

Of course you're not. Relax. What's the matter with you?

They say there are grubworms in sushi. I eat a lot of it. Maybe I ate a grubworm recently. How would I know?

Remembering. A lifetime of anxiety. Used to lie awake when I was maybe eight years old and worry about upcoming physical fitness test next day when I would be called upon to do push ups, pull ups, then run a quarter mile, head back into the locker room, and heave. Worried then. Worried now. Only natural. Every day a fitness test.

How am I going to come up with the money to send my children to the grade schools of their choice?

And meanwhile I see Mark Navatsky is famous and making, what, maybe eight hundred bills a year. Knew the guy in college. Studied hard. Got B's. Who would ever have thought it would be Navatsky living off the interest? What a world.

Maybe I should just get up and hit the fridge. No! Too fat! Try counting backward from ninety-nine. Ninety eight. . . .

Why are my gums bleeding? I know, I know. Should just start flossing and stop talking about it. Just, God, please let me never do it in public.

And what will I do if Annette retires? She's the best secretary a man could have. Basically dead in the water without her. Don't treat her near well enough. Get flowers. Bottle of Amaretto. Something.

Maybe she'd take care of my fish.

You're pathetic.

And why can't I have a bigger office?! There's one with infinite southern exposure right around the corner from Les, but Kozol seems to be saving it for the second coming of Our Lady of Fatima. Gotta get him off the dime. That space has my name on it. Lobbying starts tomorrow.

Got a big day planned, huh? Think you can handle it? Sure you do. For thirty-something years you've handled everything asked, and they haven't found out about you yet.

Found out what?

You know. That you're an impostor.

It just occurred to me that I left my most proprietary disk-ette, the one with my resume and outside feelers on it, in full view on my credenza! Suppose Barry Barber comes in looking for some kind of documentation and pops it into his compatible? My ass will be grass!

Hey.

And the deadline on the Warschevsky deal! And the bogus outyear projections in the strategic plan! And my fish! Ach!

Look, man. We could all be howitzered tomorrow. Worry about the things you can change. The rest, leave to the great machine of the universe.

Yes. It's expanding, I hear. And falling together or something.

True, babe. But you won't be around to see the outcome.

Yeah. I'll be dead. Wow. I guess in the long run we're just subatomic flecks in the incomprehensible chasm of being.

Yawn. . . .

I know! I'll ask my mom! She loves my fish!

Zzzzzz . . . ■



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Putting the Byte on Japan

BY ADAM SMITH

IF THEY STILL MADE MOVIES about scientists the way they made the old black-and white ones, about Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas Edison, Madame Curie, they might make one about Carver Mead. He is not exactly a household word, but as the author George Gilder has written, "No single individual has exerted a more profound influence on modern human productivity than [this] visionary physicist." Mead is a controversial Caltech professor who is a renowned architect of semiconductor design. He is also a superb teacher whose textbook, *Introduction to VLSI Systems* (for very large scale integration), has trained a generation of students.

The transistor was invented at Bell Labs in New Jersey in 1947. Some twenty years later Mead predicted the million-transistor chip. At the time, this was thought to be a design task akin to creating a street map of California that would include each stoplight and list its timing. Today that vision is a reality.

Mead's contributions to semiconductor technology are acknowledged everywhere, but he now finds himself at the center of a controversy about how best to encourage American technology and how the future technology ought to be shaped. Not surprisingly, Ronald Reagan is one of Mead's fans.

I might have gone unaware of Mead but for Ronald Reagan's appearance at a broadcasters' convention where I was to moderate a panel. Addressing the convention, the President spoke warmly of his own days in broadcasting. He said he was going to talk to Gorbachev about missiles—and he quoted Carver Mead. The Industrial Revolution had enhanced productivity by a factor of a hundred, Reagan said; microelectronics had enhanced it by a million—and this was just the beginning. Carver Mead had said of the future, "We're not going to need the federal government to come in and bail out all our electronics. We're going to do just fine, thank you."



Can U.S. technology rebound from the threat of foreign competition?

In fact, that message is a subject of debate. Silicon Valley has become part of American mythology, but much of it is now beleaguered by Japanese competition. A while back, the semiconductor industry went to Washington to make a pact with the Japanese that would stop "dumping"—the sale of Japanese chips in the U.S. below cost—which resulted in restricted sales. American computer makers, particularly the American writers of computer programs, have done well, but the Japanese have completely dominated the market for memory chips. When there is a shortage of chips—as there is now—the fear grows that Japanese chip producers deliver to their classmates from Keio and Tokyo rather than to the *gaijin* in Santa Clara. Even beyond the chip business, there is growing national concern about the Japanese and technology; we seem to come up with inventions and major innovations like the videotape recorder or the integrated circuit, and they cash in on them by bringing their superior manufacturing technology to beat on the market. According to the prophets of Western decline, the Japanese target our technological industries, undercut them, outsell them, and destroy them. In the end we will become a farming colony that sends beef, citrus, and soybeans, while the Japanese send us the products of advanced civilization—robots and superconductors and computers with artificial intelligence. Mead, however, believes new developments will soon produce a creative explosion in the United States that will reverse this tide.

So I went to Caltech to meet Carver Mead. Mead has a moustache and goatee. He describes himself as a "backwoods Californian," a native of Big Creek who came to Caltech for an undergraduate degree and stayed. He built the first commercially successful gallium arsenide transistor in 1965. Later he learned computer theory and envisioned the advances possible in chips. Today megachips are commonplace, and many have been designed by Mead's former

Adam Smith is *the author of* The Money Game, Supermoney, Powers of Mind, *and* Paper Money.

ROBERT GROSSMAN

students. I asked Mead why he was suddenly attracting so much attention.

"I think people are tired of hearing gloom and doom," Mead said. "There are a group of us who have been doing something positive to innovate our way out of the problem."

Mead believes new design tools called silicon compilers will transform the semiconductor industry. Like the templates on a printing press, silicon compilers will permit the makers of telephones, computers, autos—practically anything—to design their own chips. A semiconductor factory designed for the mass production of general purpose chips currently costs a hundred million dollars or more. In Mead's analogy these chips are the paper, not the book. The book is the information written by the author. Who cares who manufactures the paper? Silicon compilers, in effect, give each author the ability to produce his own book.

In Mead's scenario, if you had a specific application for a chip, you would sit down and design it. If you were building an automobile engine, for example, you could design a chip to control the fuel mixture in the piston. Then you would send the design out to a silicon foundry, and your personal chips would come back in weeks the way your film and prints come back from the photofinishers. Soon, Mead says, there will even be desktop foundries where you can make the chips yourself. The result will be an explosion of creativity—and an atmosphere especially suited to Americans.

"Americans have a frontier mentality," Mead explains. "We always feel that around the next bend is something startling. We work well as individuals. I would hate to see us adopt the Japanese methods of government help, big bureaucracy, and teams of people."

"But the Japanese have succeeded."

"They have succeeded at manufacturing our ideas. I don't deny them what they're good at. But I'm talking about breakthrough innovations. Our system is chaotic, built for surprise. Innovations always come from a place you're not expecting."

"It takes so much money to set up in this business, are you saying you can't plan?"

"You can plan the predictable innovations, those along the same curve. But you can't plan the jumps. From the vacuum tube to the transistor was a jump no one saw. From the transistor to the integrated circuit. From random logic to the microprocessor."

"How does a jump come about? With the national future at stake, I would think governments would try to create the atmosphere for just such a jump."

"First, you have to realize that the establishment—whatever establishment there is, science, government—wants things to keep going the same way, because it understands that way. But the jumps come because somebody looks at the problem a different way. A new paradigm, a new model. You need the vision to start something new.

"Research breakthroughs take place in little places and are done by individuals or small groups of individuals. Technology will find the places where it wants out."

MEAD'S VISION VERY MUCH FITS what we like to believe. Two guys in a garage start Apple Computer and it grows up to be a multibillion-dollar company. But critics say Apple was an abertation. A more common scenario runs like this: Tom, Dick, and Susie work at Hewlett-Packard, an enormous company that has patented many start-ups. They have an idea for a new widget. They form a new company, get some money from venture capitalists on Sand Hill Road in Silicon Valley, and produce Model 001 of the widget. It is successful. But at a sales level of $50 million or so—when Model 002 is necessary because competition has already produced a *cheaper* Model 001—the money runs low, some of the staff peels off, and troubles abound.

Critics call these start-ups "vulture capitalism." The entrepreneurs have used their Hewlett-Packard experience and the potential of the stock market to capitalize a company, but it isn't yet a real company. After they have skimmed off some of the best ideas from a major company, Tom, Dick, and Susie sell to the Japanese or the Japanese appropriate the technology, improve the manufacturing, and take over the field.

"The U.S. semiconductor industry," writes MIT's Charles Ferguson in the *Harvard Business Review*, "often functions as a public service organization for its foreign competitors. Many companies have licensed technologies to the Japanese giants, disinvested, and exited. Then downstream industries [like computer makers] switched to Japanese suppliers while the U.S. semiconductor industry lobbied for protectionism." Ferguson sees chaos and fermentation in the industry as a problem. It is chronically entrepreneurial, he says, chronically fragmented. "Big Japanese companies license—or steal—the intellectual property of little U.S. ones."

Ferguson thinks the government needs to be involved. Mead thinks it doesn't, much. Both agree that good ideas aren't well enough protected in the United States.

"We do need intellectual property protection," Mead says. "The government doesn't do a good job protecting software and chip design. We need to be able to copyright designs. You need to protect the information, not, as in a press, the actual

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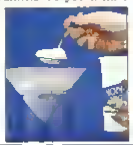


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template that makes the impression.

Mead and his critics, however, agree on another crucial issue—the need to stress American education. The fact is, Japanese society is more literate than ours, especially in technology. The first goal of Japanese parents is to have children who excel academically; the first goal of American parents of high school children is to have children who are popular or athletic. The differences in the depth of education are making a difference in our entire culture.

CARVER MEAD SITS DOWN at a machine in his cluttered lab. He picks up an electronic stylus and begins to sketch with a light beam. On the computer screen, stacks of multicolored cubes appear, changing positions and patterns. "Let's try it this way," Mead says, wrist and fingers moving like a Sunday-in-the-park artist, but the computer screen looks more like *Star Wars* than Seurat. Jimmy Stewart could have played this role in the old black-and-white movie, the favorite student with the nervous Adam's apple standing by saying, 'Gosh, Professor, this will change everything!'

Will it? All the engineers I talked to are excited. Once again, Mead's students will be in on the next wave of chip design, and even skeptics say that chips specific to a given application will have an impact. It's stimulating to be at a place like Caltech, with everyone—faculty members, graduate students, and undergraduates—working on projects that are on the frontiers of science. But Mead has been at Caltech for thirty six years, and I think his vision of America is patterned by it. Caltech has no varsity football team, no prom queen, the entering freshmen have math SATs of 760. Everyone is desperate to learn.

If the United States generally were more like Caltech, if we had eighty Caltechs and hundreds of thousands of students clamoring to work in them, I wouldn't fret about Hitachi and Fujitsu. But the Japanese graduate twice as many engineers per capita as we do, and I have no doubt they read Mead's papers as quickly as the students in Pasadena. The energies of American entrepreneurs may be superior, but the Defense Science Board says that of twenty-five microelectronics technologies surveyed last year, the U.S. led in only three and was gaining in only one. As of 1985 Japan accounted for twice as many integrated-circuit patents as the United States.

So I'm sure Carver Mead's custom chips and desktop foundries will create another revolution. But to keep world leadership in technology in the long run, we need more than a Carver Mead. We need to "design" for ourselves the right students to populate and pioneer our future frontiers. ◻



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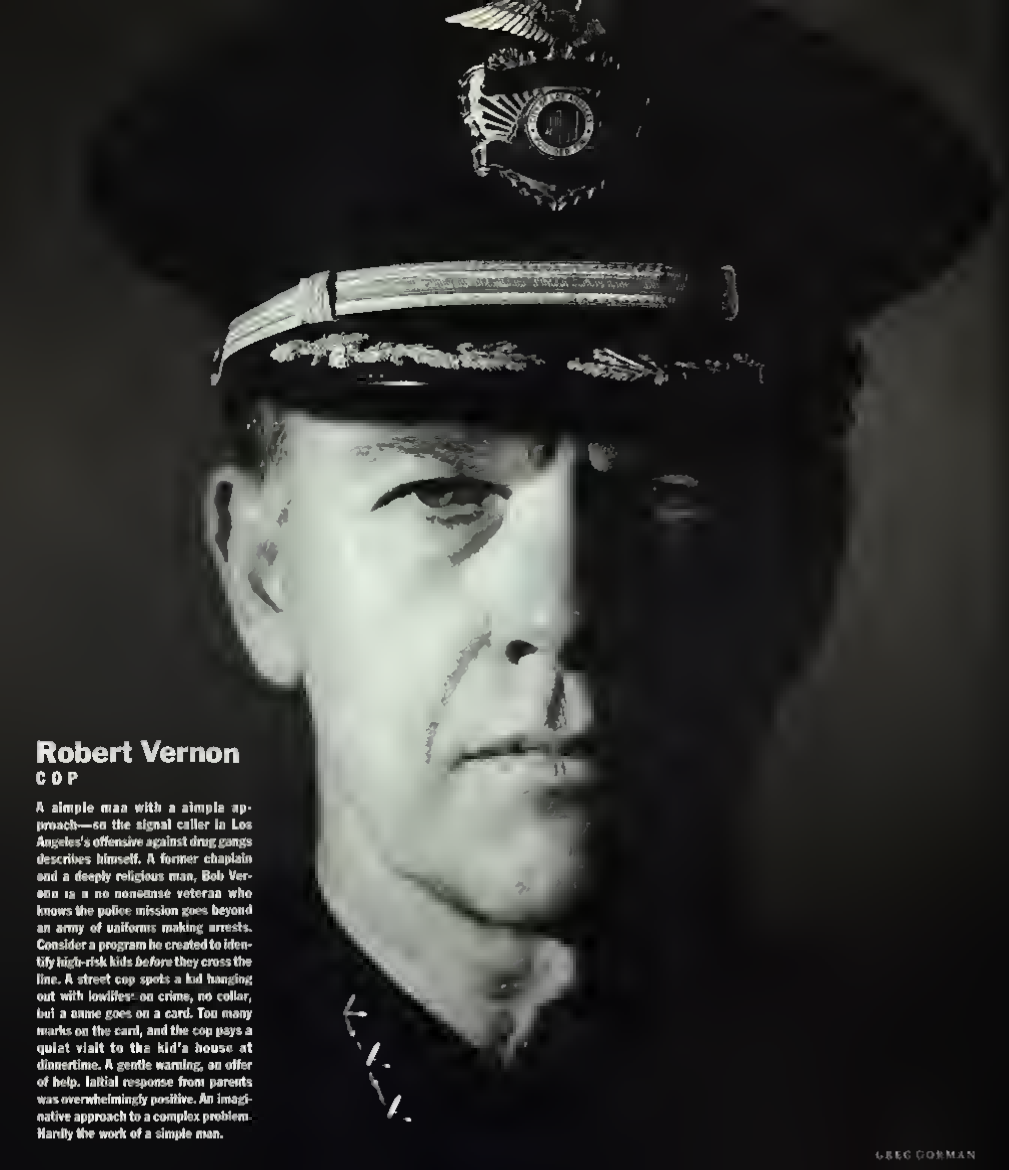
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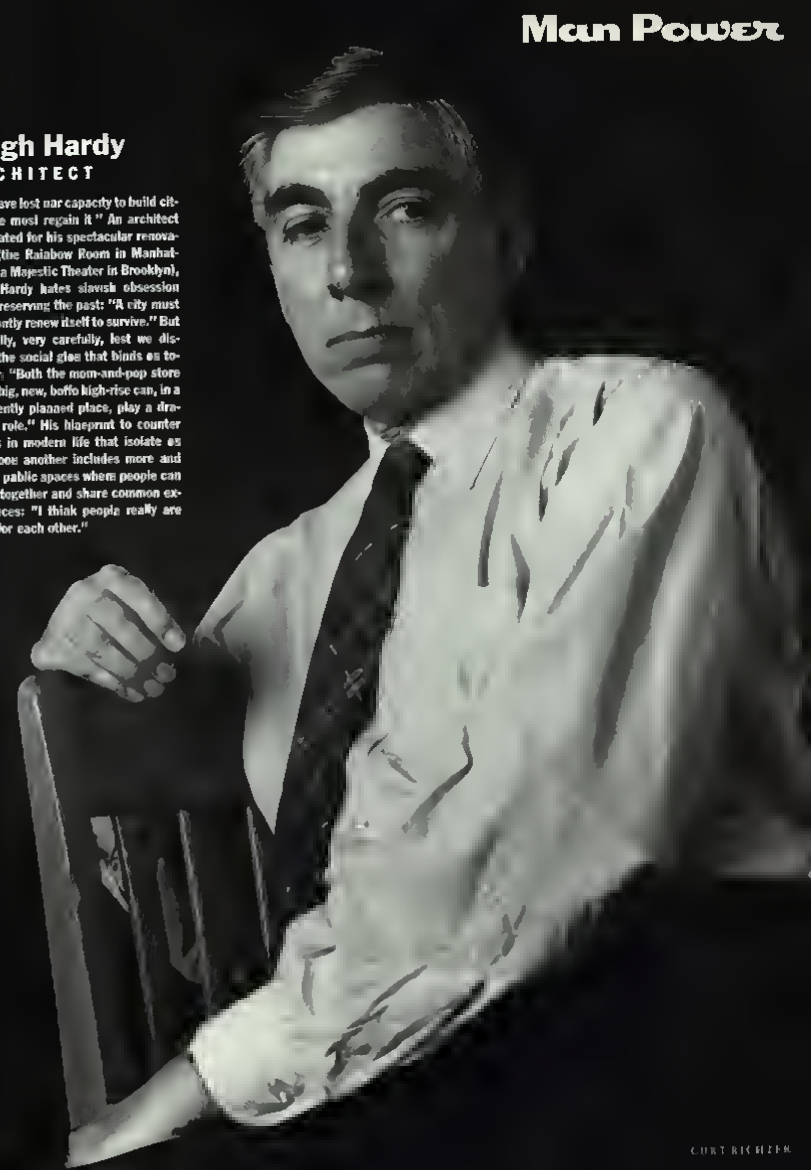
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BIG MIKE ON CAMPUS

Of course Dukakis was likely to succeed. By the time he got to college, he was a fully grown-up little guy

By Victor Navasky

More than a million words have been written to explain how this "son of Greek immigrants," as Michael Dukakis likes to refer to himself, came to be the Democratic party's candidate for President of the United States of America. We have been told about his supportive parents—Euterpe, the schoolteacher, and Panos, the Harvard Medical School–educated doctor; his role models, Senator Joseph McCarthy (negative) and John Fitzgerald Kennedy (positive), and his painful loss and moving rebirth as governor of Massachusetts. Yet virtually nothing has been said about the place he entered as a possible premed student and emerged a fledgling politician: Swarthmore College, the Quaker matchbox eleven miles southwest of Philadelphia, twenty-five minutes on the West Chester local. "In terms of my career, who I am, what I believe, I don't think there's any question that Swarthmore was the important thing," he told me in a cross-country airplane conversation two days before the Oregon primary. "Maybe it's because I was in a sense coming of age. It's certainly where I decided that seeking elective office was something I would do. And in those days, you know, there weren't many people who thought about that."

Victor Navasky *is the author of* Kennedy Justice *and* Naming Names, *which won the American Book Award in 1982. He is the editor of* The Nation.

The Hallowed Halls

It's altogether fitting and proper that the Swarthmore College of the Fifties should be credited with shaping the values of a candidate so often criticized for placing competence and managerial skills over substance. For Swarthmore, like other elite colleges in those years of post-WWII exhaustion, seemed to put a premium on form over content. In literature, the new critics focused on explicating the text. In philosophy, instead of searching for the good, the true, and the beautiful, the positivists took the position that nothing nonverifiable was meaningful.



C. F. PAYNE

In psychology, Professor Henry Gleitman delighted in informing those students who said they wanted to major in the subject because they were interested in people that "here we're more interested in rats." Economics was moving in the direction of econometrics, and in political science, survey research was rearing its quantitative head (the "if-you can't understand-them-count-them school," as one sardonic professor used to refer to its proponents).

But for Swarthmore students of that era—I entered in the fall of 1950, a year ahead of Dukakis—that was only one part of the environment. Though anti-intellectualism was in the air, it wasn't found at old Swarthmore, which in 1952 supported "egghead" Adlai Stevenson against the military man, Dwight David Eisenhower. Intellectuality was the meat in Swarthmore's hoagie. In the early Fifties, it seemed that the college was constantly being pronounced the country's top school in some category or another. "The professors loved us for our brightness," remembers Judith Livant Rapoport, a classmate of Dukakis's who is now chief of child psychiatry at the National Institute of Mental Health. "It was an intellectual community. The fact that there was no graduate school meant we were where the action was."

But something else about the college was particularly influential. As Dukakis himself said, "Another thing that was very important about Swarthmore was the whole influence of the American Friends Service Committee—the very strong sense of our responsibility in the world that permeated the place." Nobody sat around talking about how to make money. Once, on hearing that the commons store, where students bought their morning coffee and doughnuts, was losing money, Murray Stedman, who taught Dukakis introductory political science, said, "That's because Swarthmore students have an antibusiness bias. Turn the store over to two City College students and in three months they will be making money hand over fist." We were called the silent generation, but looking back it seems clear that at Swarthmore we were more quiet than silent. It would be a mistake to underestimate the influence of the Quakers in the Cold War years when academic and other freedoms were no longer held to be self-evident. We were at war (euphemistically called a police action) with North Korea, but the college opposed housing an ROTC unit on campus because its presence would violate Quaker values. Tail-gunner Joe McCarthy was in the headlines throughout our college years, but the Quaker ethic—including its notion of the inner light, which translated into respect for private conscience—couldn't abide much that he stood for. It was a source of pride that Swarthmore's faculty and students supported members of the University of California faculty who had refused to sign a loyalty oath.

Dukakis had chosen the place rather casually. "I wanted a coed school, and in those days most of the Ivy schools were not. I wanted to play some college athletics if I could, and you know, I was okay, but I was not a star. It was my brother, who was at Bates, who actually told me about Swarthmore. I had never heard of the place. So I applied to Bates, Oberlin, and Swarthmore." For Dukakis, Bates was too familiar, Oberlin a little far away (at least for one whose sole means of transportation was his thumb). "And then I visited Swarthmore when my high school and Radnor High School in Pennsylvania had one of those exchanges for a week." Whether it was the wisteria cascading down the walls of Clothier, where the whole college gathered on Thursday mornings, a pep talk from the track coach, the proximity to Philadelphia, or the fact that he won an Open scholarship (the most generous Swarthmore has to offer) that carried the day, he really can't recall. "Without a great deal of detailed analysis I said, 'This looks interesting. I sent them my ten bucks or whatever it was at the time."



Mike Dukakis

Boston Mass. Political Science honors. A man of ideals teaching himself how to apply them; self-confident wants to see and do things himself; hitchhiker par excellence; 14-day round trip to Mexico City with Schiller by foot; distinguished political adviser and campaign manager; loves a hot controversy; unpopular with local barbers; originality; natural leadership thrives on Greek



Graduation day, June 1955. From left: Dukakis, Frank Steverts, Bill Bruce, Chuck Cooper, Paddy Imbrie

No Habla Español

Much, indeed too much, has been said about how Dukakis's failure to win the renomination after his first term as governor made him a warmer and more sensitive person, not to mention a more careful politician, the second time around. But how many people know about his freshman-year encounter with General Physics, which, from the perspective of thirty seven years later, he told me was "a great learning experience." He got a D. "Here I was," he says, "I never had any problems academically. I mean, if something came a little harder, I just worked harder, you know? In the meantime, Steverts [his roommate] was knocking off 95's working an hour a week. I'm sitting there poring over this stuff and I don't know any more after I finished going over it than I did when I started." So he gave up the idea of medical school and ended up majoring in political science, with minors in economics and history. With that decision Brookline lost a doctor and the Democrats gained a front-runner.

Another great failure came between his junior and senior years when he applied for a Social Science Research Council grant in

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association with Professor Gerard J. Mangone (It was Mangone's campaigns for public office—first for comptroller and then for Congress in Delaware County—that had brought out Dukakis's interest in a political career.) Much to Dukakis's disappointment, he was turned down by the SSRC, and Mangone suggested that he apply for one of the newly funded Amos Peaslee fellowships to study at the University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru. But when Dukakis objected that he didn't speak Spanish, Mangone told him, "You could, you know." Dukakis applied, and with a little help from Mangone—who was on the Swarthmore selection panel for the fellowship—he got it. He went home for the beginning of his summer "vacation," worked at a construction job by day and studied Spanish language records from the local library by night. A few weeks later he hitchhiked to Miami, where he caught a reduced fare plane, and the next thing he knew he was living with a Peruvian family in Lima. "That happened to be the year when Ambassador Peurifoy was overthrowing the Guatemalan government right out of the American embassy in Guatemala City, something everybody in Peru seemed to be aware of but very few people in the United States seemed to be aware of." On his way home he got to spend time in Bolivia, Chile, Panama, and Batista's Cuba. As a result, he acquired his "lifetime interest in Latin America" and learned a quick lesson in American imperialism. And more to the point, he learned Spanish, which probably made the margin of difference for him in his Super Tuesday primary victories in Texas and Florida, victories that knocked Senator Albert Gore out of the race. ("I discovered when I got there," he recalls, "Greek and Spanish are almost identical, so if you speak Greek, it's a lot easier to speak reasonably well-accented Spanish.")

There's one other Dukakis failure: his thwarted career as an actor. In his junior year he played the role of the Originality Peddler in a one-act allegory on the perils of McCarthyism called, with what some might pompously regard as undergraduate pretension, *The Shopping Hour* (Schopenhauer, get it?). It was written by Frank Aram Oski, now chairman of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, and me. In that admittedly minor capacity, he delivered his peddler's pitch with all the nuance one might expect from such lines as

"Yeah, you heard me right: the first time I'm selling originality. I've been peddling the same originality for the past ninety years. Mine is the original originality so don't get taken in by some cheap imitations. What do you think gave Freud the idea of libido or Einstein his theory of relativity or Hollywood the idea of sex? You guessed it, mister, my originality elixir."

Perhaps Dukakis felt that the review by a professor of English literature—who described his performance, along with everyone else's, as "lively and always in part"—was insufficiently enthusiastic. At any rate, it was his first and last known appearance on the legitimate stage. It was also the last play Oski and I wrote, but I know I speak for both of us when I say that we blame our failure to fulfill our early dramaturgic promise on the press of other duties and bear Dukakis no personal grudge.



Dukakis with mother, Euterpe, at Valley Forge, 1951



Dukakis's interest in Latin American politics was sparked by the summer he spent on a fellowship at the University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru

Roommate with a View

February 1953. A typical evening in the Dukakis Stevens room on the third floor of the Wharton dormitory for men: Peter Bart, editor of *The Phoenix* (the Swarthmore College weekly) and now a Hollywood executive, arrived out of breath for an emergency meeting with Dukakis's roommate, Frank Stevens, a reporter for the paper. The president of the college had recently resigned. In the early hours of the morning before, some college hoaxers had substituted a false front page on that week's *Phoenix*, headlined ADLAI PREXYP with an "exclusive" story reporting that Stevenson, who had lost the U.S. presidency a few months before, had accepted the invitation to be Swarthmore's next president. The hoax had been carefully planned. Earlier in the week the Philadelphia papers had been "leaked" the false information that Adlai was under consideration. The Board of Managers, whose search committee was in delicate negotiations with a number of candidates (none of them Adlai), was up in arms. The campus was swarming with press. TV cameras were in the quad, and Bart had bounded upstairs to take refuge and seek advice. "Frank had just come back from Crum Woods [the college trysting-place]. I don't know what he was doing there—but his clothes were soaking wet. Mike was working. Frank was saying pardon me but I can't stand these squoosby clothes. So he was disrobing while we discussed what to tell the press about this bizarre prank. To me it was a great crisis since we were being blamed for it and we didn't even know who did it. Mike was sitting there with his back to us, working, and every once in a while he would call over his shoulder some semi-joke or ask a question. But it was clear he wasn't going to waste ten seconds of his time either commiserating with his roommate over the mushy clothes or talking

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about what was after all merely a prank. He was a bottom line person. He had that built in. I respected him for this machine-like thing he had that differentiated what was important and worthy of his interest and what was not. But he may have missed out on a certain amount of frivolity."

Playing the Fields

The Duke's athletic career was distinguished not by the number of times he finished in the money as a long-distance runner (the yearbook said that he ran "as if he were chased by Republicans"), but rather by the number of other sports he played—in addition to varsity track, tennis, and baseball, he played J.V. basketball—and by the fact that he did double-time as a sportswriter for *The Phoenix*. His friend Dick Burtis, now a physician in Brattleboro, Vermont, recalls the glee Dukakis got from seeing how many sports clichés he could cram into one paragraph. And when he wasn't playing, he did sportscasts—shades of Ronald Reagan—for WSRN, the Swarthmore radio network. Remind him of it and he will pipe right up. "Tonight's basketball game is brought to you by Michael's College Pharmacy in the ville, this week featuring the fifteen cent ice cream soda."

Revenge of the Nerds

Swarthmore's great social divide was between fraternity and nonfraternity men (sororities had long before voted themselves out of existence). An overlapping divide was between the grinds (found mainly in the honors program) and the jocks (found mainly in the fraternities). Nobody actually lived in the frat houses, but Swarthmore was a dry college in a dry town and somehow the fraternity houses always had beer. Karl Ingebritsen, who later joined the CIA, tried without success to recruit Dukakis for Delta Upsilon, one of the sports-oriented fraternities. "He would have none of it," says Ingebritsen, because he objected to the discriminatory clauses that the national fraternity still insisted on."

What was unusual about Dukakis and his pals was that they bridged the divide. His buddies Chuck Cooper and Billy Bruce were the only members of the football team not in fraternities. Frank Stevens won his letter in varsity wrestling. The fact that they were nonfraternity men in honors led his former classmate Jay Levine to observe, "If Dukakis, an 'independent,' beats Bush, the quintessential preppy, it will be the ultimate revenge of the nerds."



The 1954 cross-country team. Dukakis is second from left in boat-neck sweater. Despite the Harriers' 1 and 4 record, they ran "with an admirable vigor and esprit de corps."



Dukakis researches the origins of the library.

Dukakis's social life consisted primarily of visits to the library, walks to a movie in the ville, late-night bull sessions ("I've never had talks like that before or since," recalls Billy Bruce), and cross-country hitchhiking between semesters. Dukakis's friends, in an effort to dispel his stodgy image, tell tales of when he returned from a hitchhiking trip to Mexico, picked up a guitar, and belted out "La Bamba" (on another occasion he sang "Fuggin' in the Riggin'"), or the night a co-ed group of Swarthmoreans illegally camped on a New Jersey beach (it was left to Stevens to explain to the police what they were doing there). Paddy Imbrie Moore, whose politics were to the left of Dukakis's, nevertheless was a part of his social set, and her madcap memory is of the night she and Michael and a handful of friends lifted some trays from the dining room and used them for sleighrides down the college hill. Oh, yes. He did spend one midnight in Philadelphia with the lights out with one of the girls from the May Queen's Court, Swarthmore's equivalent of the Miss America contest. It seems he invited Kate Sasse Popenoe, the attractive daughter of an Episcopal minister from Arizona, to the Easter service of a Greek Orthodox church at midnight. "First they turned off all the lights, then they lit the candles one by one until the whole cathedral was lit up," recalls Popenoe, now married and an admissions officer at Princeton. "Michael translated the Greek liturgy into English for me. It was thrilling."

JoJo Black, the daughter of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, remembers, "You could set your watch by him. He arrived at breakfast, the library, the same time every day." On the other hand, Chalmers Sullivan, the class poet, remembers, "I would socialize with his roommates outside of the library. Michael was always inside, but he always seemed to be up on the fourth floor, asleep."

Mike for Anything!

Dukakis served on the student council, where he anticipated his reputation as a technocrat by coming out in favor of such innovations as a new cooperative system of room cleaning, designed to eliminate paid help in the dormitories, and a proposal that some of the slack in *Phoenix* finances could be taken up by increasing the number of non-student subscribers. He was elected president of Students for Stevenson and then president of Students for Democratic Action, and he used to lead a small band of Swarthmoreans into Philadelphia on Monday and Thursday evenings to ring door-



bells for Joe Clark, the mayoral candidate who went on to replace a corrupt Republican machine that had dominated Philadelphia politics for sixty seven years. As a proctor, he apparently had some responsibility for enforcement of the college's parietal rules. Norman Hilsenrad, a year behind him, remembers the day Dukakis showed up on an inspection tour. "His job was to make sure we didn't have any beer in our rooms. I lived in Mary Lyon, which was sort of the bohemian dorm, where it was expected that students would have beer and worse. Ours was the last room he looked at, and so far, he had found no beer. But when he opened our closet, he found the reason. In our closet we had stored all the beer for the entire dormitory. He took one look at our case upon case of beer and threw up his hands and said, 'I can't handle this.' And thank God, he didn't."

Getting to the Head of the Class

In the darkest days of McCarthyism, Dukakis and Jonathan Fine, a Brookline friend, signed up one out of every four students on the Swarthmore campus as members of the American Civil Liberties Union. "Civil liberties is too important a problem to be laughed off," they wrote in a letter to *The Phoenix*.

In his sophomore year, Dukakis and fifteen others (including me, I was happy to discover) jointly signed a public letter to incoming freshmen alerting them to the significance of the decision whether or not to join a fraternity. As freshmen, the letter said, the signers had been told "there is almost no social life outside of the fraternity lodges," and now they wanted to set the record straight.

> Those of us who didn't join mostly stayed away on principle, because we didn't like the idea of exclusive social clubs, or the idea of supporting a group which pays dues to a national organization which has clauses in its charter barring Negroes and Jews from membership. But we still had a feeling we were going to miss something vital, and that it would be easier if we had gone along. We were wrong.
>
> What we have found out, and what we want you to know, is that your four years here can be wonderful without going to a fraternity meeting every week.
>
> We don't hold any "un-rushing" parties, so please come and talk to any of us on your own, at any time.



The class officers, 1955. The young politico is second from left.



According to folklore, Dukakis began cutting hair for political reasons—when the town barbers refused to cut the hair of a Nigerian student—but he himself is murky on his motives. Barber Mike (right) gives an egalitarian flattop to Jack Finkelstein.



The student council, with author Navasky in the back, Jon Fine directly below him, and Sieverts to Fine's left. Dukakis is center row, far left.

Once, Dukakis was standing on the lunch line waiting to get into the dining room when a young woman came up and spit in the face of the man standing next to him, the embattled editor of *The Phoenix*—presumably it was her comment on that week's editorial about how the hard Left was intellectually bankrupt and should stop following the Communist party line. "My roommate was ready to beat her out," the editor told me. "But Dukakis smiled his smile and said, 'Well, some people are good with their spittle and others kind of spread it around a bit.'" His bad joke defused a potential confrontation.

According to the folklore, Dukakis's life as a barber was basically a political act. When the barbers of the town of Swarthmore declined to cut the hair of a Nigerian student (on the spurious ground that they "lacked the skill"), Dukakis took up his shears. In fact, Dukakis—who jokes that he is "never one to pass up an opportunity to combine my strongly held political philosophy with economic opportunity" (he charged fifty cents a cut)—is himself murky on exactly when he went into business, and the boycott of town barbers was started by Jon Fine, now head of Physicians for Human Rights. (For his trouble, Fine had ice water poured on him while he slept and the words KKK—YOU DIRTY NIGGER LOVER written on a sign posted on his door.) But whenever it was that Dukakis started cutting, his main motive soon became to help his Nigerian friends (he recently received a letter from one of them, Layiwola Ogunsiji Shoyinka, who wrote that he has been made a chief). The episode is interesting because it captures the style of Dukakis's politics and morality. Sylvester Whitaker, a black student who conducted his own barbershop sit-in and now is dean of the Division of Social Sciences and Communications at the University of Southern California, says, "I was all for Dukakis, with his instinct for fairness and his sense of decency. At least he cared. But to me that didn't exhaust the moral issue. I thought the college had an obligation to live up to its ideals and confront those who were practicing exclusion in our community."

Whatever its origins, Dukakis's emporium had side benefits for some of his clients. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, now senior book reviewer for *The New York Times*, took time off from studying for an economics exam to visit Dukakis's chair. "Michael covered me with the sheet and asked what I was up to," he remembers. "I told him and he asked how it was going, and I said I was having trouble with Karl Marx's theory of surplus value. He proceeded to set forth how it worked with such lucidity that I end-

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ed up with an A on the exam."

Janey Woodbridge Steverts, who directed Michael in *The Shopping Hour*, adds, "He was actually quite funny. Whenever anyone's name came up, he'd start off with what kind of hair they had—whether it was hard or easy to cut."

Mr. Mike Goes to Washington

Dukakis spent the first half of his senior year in Washington as part of a cooperative program called the Washington Semester, a nuts-and-bolts complement to the more theoretical scholarship in which he was steeped at Swarthmore. There, he wrote a fifty-five page thesis on the staffing of congressional committees and survived some ribbing from his Washington Semester colleagues, who gave him a hard time because he knew (or said) too much. Carol Elkins, a Swarthmore classmate also in the Washington program, says, "Michael knew the voting record of every member of Congress. He used to rattle them off the way people would rattle off baseball statistics. He'd do it socially. Every time he opened his mouth some congressman's voting record would come out. All these people from all these little college towns started to laugh at him. He became the clown. Eventually he began to laugh at himself."

It was a propitious time for this congenital optimist to be in the nation's capital, because he was able to watch the age of unreason associated with McCarthyism begin to right itself. "We'd go to the McCarthy rallies, you know, with three thousand people chanting rhythmically," says Dukakis. "What a time to be in Washington. And you know, the McCarthy business so colored all of our experience that to see him go down made it a great last year." In an article he wrote for *The Phoenix* called "Fuzzy-Head Liberal Crashes National Rally for McCarthy," Dukakis wrote that as a loyal Bay Stater he "hid his chagrin at the Massachusetts banner—'Mass Thanks Wisconsin for Senator McCarthy.'" He went on to write about a song called "Nobody Loves McCarthy but the People, and We Just Love Our Joe." He was in Washington the day McCarthy was censured.

His firm rejection of Cold War dogma may be gathered from a contemporary entry in Carol Elkins's journal:

> On the way home [from Jenner Committee hearings on the communist menace] Mike and I had a long argument about liberalism and its relationship to communism. I admire him for being firm in his opinions but don't see how he can be so sure of himself at his age. I told him to read *Witness*, since that was the book which first convinced me of how little I know, but without having read it he could already refute it. He believes communism in the U.S. is an economic and social problem whereas I believe it is emotional.



The summer before his junior year, Dukakis and classmate Dick Burtis spent four weeks hitchhiking across the country with only $150 between them. Dukakis (above) just west of Laramie, Wyoming.



Malnourished but triumphant as they near the end of their journey, the duo pauses in Appomattox, Virginia.

On His Honors

Dukakis returned to Swarthmore and resumed his place in the honors program. Any assessment of the impact of Swarthmore on the man who would be President must take into account that he was in the elite program of what was conceded to be among the best if not *the* best of academic institutions in the country. In recent years the school has modified the program to take account of criticism that it was too elitist. But at the time, Dukakis was chosen as one of the privileged.

As an honors student, he took no courses and had no exams during his junior and senior years at Swarthmore. Instead, he had two seminars a semester, each of which met weekly for three or four hours, usually in a professor's home. Dukakis's seminars included Political Theory, Public Law and Jurisprudence, Finance and Fiscal Policy, Monetary and Banking Theory, International Economics, and Problems in American History. Students had to write a five- or six-page paper every week, although Dukakis once got carried away and turned in a paper on the Fed that was thirty-five pages long. Carbon copies of all papers were routinely distributed to the other half dozen members of the seminar and were read aloud and critiqued. (George Bush could do worse than unleash his researchers on the faded carbons of Dukakis's old seminar papers. For example, in a paper he called "The Infant-Industry Argument" for his International Economics seminar, he considered and rejected the argument that the way to nourish new industries was through protective tariffs. Instead, Dukakis suggested that "a more logical policy would be the granting of subsidies or bounties rather than the imposition of duties on foreign products.") At the end of two years in the honors program, a battery of "outside examiners"—professors from other schools—would appear and administer two weeks' worth of written and oral tests. If you passed, you would graduate with "honors," "high honors," or "highest honors." The theory was that since professors had no actual grades to confer, no students

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would be angling to impress them, and instead the quest for knowledge would be a cooperative enterprise

In fact, of course, it wasn't quite that high-minded. Competition was keen. Occasionally one would hear of a nervous breakdown, and there was even a legendary suicide by the daughter of a renowned Harvard psychologist. Professors were rumored to be rooting for their favorites and would hover outside the rooms where orals were held, like stage mothers anxiously awaiting the news of how their darlings had done.

In the spring of 1955, Chuck Cooper, a Rhodes scholar finalist, fell asleep in the middle of his International Economics honors exam. The annoying snoring notwithstanding, his fellow students seemed content to let him nod off. But "Coop" heard someone telling him to wake up. He looked up, and there, spending a precious minute of his own time—having traveled across the room to sound this private reveille—was his friend and fellow candidate for top honors in social sciences, Michael Dukakis.

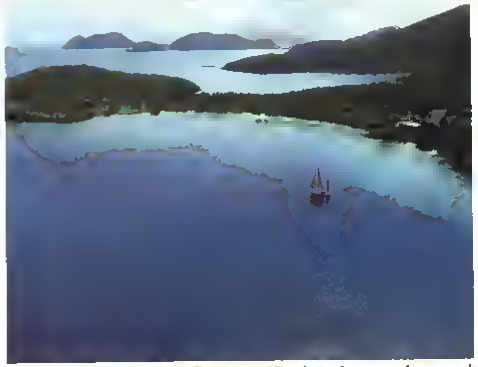
As it turned out, Dukakis himself had little to worry about. In a class of 210 men and women—which included, in addition to Cooper (an economist who wound up on JFK's Council of Economic Advisors, in LBJ's White House, and on Henry Kissinger's National Security staff), a future Rhodes scholar, a future Nobel laureate in genetics, and various other geniuses and luminaries—only five emerged with highest honors. And Dukakis, who also made Phi Beta Kappa, was one of them.

"I didn't expect it and neither did the faculty," Dukakis told me. He was a steady but not a brilliant student, and he attributes his success to the fact that one of his visiting examiners "was very impressed with an analysis I had done of the voting records of the members of Congress. I had come to the conclusion that if you took the southern Democrats out of the mix, you had a remarkable degree of party consistency in the Congress. Of course things are different today, but I could never understand the point of having parties that had people from the Right and the Left in [illegible]. I mean, so why vote for a party?"

The Homecoming

Forget the bitterness, sit-ins, and protest politics that divided Swarthmore and the rest of the country in the intervening decades. Dukakis returned in April of this year. At his side was Christopher Edley Jr. (Swarthmore '71), his issues director and the first

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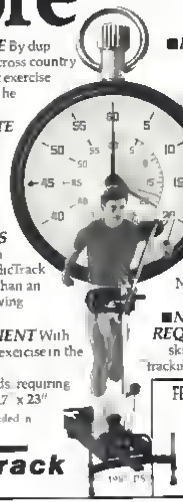
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black editor of the *Harvard Law Review* in thirty years, among other accomplishments. Dukakis was greeted by an entire college, for which he still appeared to symbolize the Fifties belief that liberal reform can make a radical difference. "It was an unbelievable night," he says. "I mean it was like the prodigal son come home. I think it was after Wisconsin but before New York, wasn't it? [It was.] The place was not only jammed, but the place was just electric. They had pictures of me blown up, you know, from *The Halcyon* [the college yearbook]. My old cross country coach, Jim Millet, was there. It was a great evening. Very emotional."

W. H. Auden taught English composition to a Navy V-12 unit at Swarthmore during World War II. While he was there, he wrote a poem called "A Healthy Spot," presumably inspired by his surroundings. It was about people "*Who have never, one is convinced, felt a sudden/Desire to torture the cat or do a strip-tease/In a public place. . . . Have they ever, one wonders, / Wanted so much to see a unicorn, even/A dead one?*"

Personally, I'm a believer in looking for the unicorn. But that's not what the people at Auden's "A Healthy Spot" do and that's not what Michael Dukakis does. Not does he want to torture the cat. "For our generation, passion meant Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Adolf Hitler, Joe McCarthy," says Judith Kapp Davison, who was at Swarthmore with Dukakis and now directs the Joint Economic Committee of the House and Senate. "Dukakis's talent lies in defusing misplaced passions and his politics consist in rationally resolving conflicting passions." The Michael Dukakis who emerged from Swarthmore was optimistic about the world. He saw reformer Joe Clark win, demagogue Joe McCarthy destroyed, and during the spring of his junior year, the U.S. Supreme Court hand down its historic desegregation decision, *Brown v. Board of Education*. He studied among philosophers, but he was a doer. He cared as much about means as ends. He was highly motivated and ambitious in the Fifties manner—freighted by his immigrant parents with great expectations—but on the testimony of all who knew him, he was never opportunistic or ruthless in seeking his fortune. He is informed by the Quaker ethic of service rather than the business ethic of profit. He is a Fifties liberal, but he comes without the usual Cold War baggage. He is an internationalist by belief if not experience. He will give you an honest haircut. His mother was right, what you see is what you get. And now, we may add, what he is is what he always was. ◘

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First Person

MY LIFE INSIDE

By Bernard Farbar

In the years before he became federal prisoner #03602-016, Buzz Farbar enjoyed the kind of exciting and frenetic life that is possible on the ample fringes of the New York literary world. He edited, he wrote, he acted—a little bit of everything. He was the intimate friend of many celebrated writers, including Norman Mailer, Gay Talese, and George Plimpton. He socialized with them in the bars and restaurants of Manhattan and in the cool summer houses of the Hamptons. ■ In November 1982 that life suddenly vanished when Farbar was arrested for his involvement in smuggling hashish into the U.S. After a jury trial, he was found guilty, and in December 1984 a judge sentenced him to six years in prison. Farbar was forty-nine. ■ The case has generated controversy in literary circles because the Drug Enforcement Agency apparently believes that Norman Mailer was involved with Farbar in the smuggling scheme. Farbar has steadfastly denied this allegation. Farbar's friends are convinced that his jail term—reportedly a long one for a first offender—stems from his refusal to implicate the author. They proposed in a letter to the *New York Review of Books*, published in July 1987, that the government was pressuring Farbar through a long jail term in order "to 'get' Mailer." The letter was signed by an impressive roster of literary talent: Plimpton, Talese, Nora Ephron, Bruce Jay Friedman, Peter Matthiessen, Nicholas Pileggi, Jack Richardson, William Styron, and Joy Williams. ■ Farbar has nonetheless remained in prison in Loretto, Pennsylvania, since March 4, 1986. On March 29 of this year, he went before the parole board for a second time. Again, parole was denied, and he will remain incarcerated until at least 1990, the resident of a world that he, like most of us, would never have dreamed himself a part of. —*The Editors*



He always ran with the in crowd. Now he's so inside he can't get out

The images fade in and out; memories of the outside grow dimmer each day. Faces, places are no longer clearly seen, sometimes a blessing, for if you go too far with them, those same memories that sustain you can also push you even deeper into the bottomless pit of depression.

My reality is an 8' x 13' cinder block cell in which I am counted five times each day, with a sixth count added on weekends and federal holidays, when most escape attempts occur. The count times are 5:30 A.M., 4:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M., 12 midnight, 3:00 A.M., the extra weekend count is 10:00 A.M.

My door is a solid oaken slab, 1 3/4" thick with a 6" x 16" wire-reinforced window in the top third; it is through this window that a bright flashlight is beamed into your eyes at the midnight, 3:00 A.M., and 5:30 A.M. counts to make certain that you are in your bed. If your head is covered, the guard enters the room, pulls the covers off your head. The 4:00 P.M. and 9:00 P.M. counts are "stand-up", you *must* be standing (not sitting or lying down) so that the hacks will not be fooled by a cursory look at a bed containing a dummy. There are lights burning in the passageway, shining through the door window, twenty-four hours every day.

In the room are a double-decker bunk bed, two small beige-colored steel lockers placed one on top of the other, two pressed-plastic and chromium legged desks with attached bulletin board and shelf, two gray steel folding chairs, a small open closet, and next to the large window, a sink with a mirror above. The cinder-block walls are painted blue, the floor is a brownish gray tile atop six inches of concrete. The window looks out over fields and trees in rural central-western Pennsylvania. As prison accommodations go, this is an excellent room.

I sleep, as I have since my incarceration Tuesday, March 4, 1986, in the bottom bunk, because of luck, age, length of sentence, and the "force of my personality." In the heat and humidity of the summer, I lie close against the stone-block wall for whatever coolness is left in it, in the fierce cold and dampness of the long winter, I try to avoid any contact with the wall.

My number is 03602-016.

I am fifty-two years old.

The average age here at Loretto is thirty-three, I am called, by those new inmates who don't know me, Pops, Old-Timer, Bit Time, or Sir.

The average stay is somewhere between eight and twelve months (according to which hack you speak with). Time here has so far seen me through five cellies. The first two were rats. I forced out the initial one (who was also a prison snitch) by not speaking a word to him for almost three months, extremely dull-witted (but obviously very *cooperative*), he eventually got the message, went to his "counselor," and I was rid of that one. The second assigned to room with me had the exact same guidelines as I do: forty to fifty two months. But he was out on federal writs three times, where, one supposes, he rolled over nicely, giving up anyone and everyone he knew, he was released after serving eleven months in prison, much of it "on the road" to testify.

My third cellie was a Wall Street inside trader, a bright Harvard M.B.A. filled with remorse about his past. Consumed with fear of the future. The fourth a professional volleyball player cum smuggler from a Middle Eastern country, nabbed near our nation's capital. The fifth, my first older roommate, an Ivy League–educated lawyer from the sailing capital of New England.

TIME HAS SO FAR SEEN ME THROUGH FIVE CELLIES. THE FIRST TWO WERE RATS. THE THIRD WAS A WALL STREET INSIDE TRADER. THE FOURTH A PROFESSIONAL VOLLEYBALL PLAYER CUM SMUGGLER. MY ROOMMATE NOW IS A LAWYER.

I have survived, outlasted them all, and wonder: how many more are yet to enter and leave before I do.

Good news today. I have been given a physical examination, all inmates over the age of fifty have the right to one per year. After nineteen months, I exercise mine. I know, except for my knees and left wrist, both arthritis-ridden, that I am in fine shape. In truth, I am in remarkable condition: my blood pressure is 98/52, on a most sophisticated EKG machine, my heart rate is fifty-nine beats per minute! The technician and I are both astounded, a check comes up with the same numbers. I have the pulse rate, the heart, the blood pressure of a marathon runner in his late twenties or early thirties. It is true that when I work out each day, or play ball (volleyball, softball, basketball, flag football), I never tire, I either become bored or my knees ache too much, so eventually I stop.

I have, however, lost another half inch in height, six or seven years ago I was 5' 10 1/2" tall. I have shrunk to 5' 9". I weigh 175 pounds.

It seems to me that I am like a bear, whose blood pressure, heartbeat, and bodily functions all slow down during hibernation. In a name book I remember reading when a young boy, "*Bernard* brave and strong as a bear, child like, innocent."

My winter is forty-six months.

In the nineteen months preceding this examination, I have consumed no salt, pepper, or sugar, since I drink no coffee, tea, or sodas in prison, I have had no caffeine, I have never smoked, take no drugs, drink no alcohol, live perforce a celibate life, reading in my bed until 10:30 P.M. each evening, awakening at 6:00 A.M. each day. I exercise an inordinate amount. I eat very sparingly, very carefully. I have not had even one asprin in all this time. I am a monk. Who, in many cities around the world, would ever have thought it? Buzz Farbar, a monk.

In the beginning of my "bit" I was very outgoing and energetic. I captained an over thirty eight-year old softball team, as well as the regular young men's team, captained an intramural basketball team, a flag-football team, and the championship volleyball team. Against all odds, I worked to start, organized, coached, and played on the varsity volleyball team, playing against outsiders, free men who came here to play against us for an evening's entertainment. I organized the Loretto Film Festival, whereby I had feature films sent in from Penn State, briefly introduced them, showed them, then led a discussion period afterward. Won the Poetry Prize both times there was a contest. (Although in true government style neither prize has yet been given me.) Taught ABE (Adult Basic Education) and GED (General Education Diploma) classes. And more, much more.

Now I stay in my room a great deal, reading three or four books a week, writing, reading magazines, newspapers—lonely beyond any normal comprehension, yet craving solitude. I have become extremely reclusive, can go for days with almost no conversations, even the limited ones, which are most common.

Where once I used to have dinner with Norman or Gay or Nan or Rip or George or Candida or Rust or Joy or Bill or Jack, now it is with men called Light-Bulb, Hoots, Troop, Bippity-Bop, Rooster, Flipper, Coco, Turk, Lulu, Mouse, Rocky, Lunch Box. It seems as though we all have nicknames, noms de guerre. And whenever possible, y or ie is attached to all names, Johnny, Bucky, Paulie, Frankie, Tommy, Mikey, Sally, Maxie, Sammy, Ronnie, and even, for a very short period until I put a quick, final end to it, Buzzy, which no one had ever called me.

I think all this must be as close to a term of endearment as we can come to in here, the only warmth one can permit or project. It is the only way we can replace the lack of love each one of us must feel each waking moment of each long day.

We work slowly here, in the classic prison manner, for there is little to rush to and shuffling along does seem to kill the time more quickly.

Sexual longings are, if not completely forgotten, at least greatly sublimated in jail, not by any chemical means but simply because when one is generally depressed and sees the same five or six hundred ugly male faces day in and day out, one's libido is soon and understandably diminished.

At the start of my bit, in New York City's Metropolitan Correctional Center in March 1986, I did have a wet dream and was actually not exactly proud but at least somewhat surprised at the occurrence at my age, I have had none since.

Among the younger inmates, "fiend books" abound: magazines, I assure you, far beyond the likes of *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Hustler*. These young men might tell you something different about their onanistic habits.

Probably the most chilling remark I have heard was in a conversation between two inmates at Otisville. "Your shit on my dick or your blood on my blade." Some of the homosexuals nickname themselves after current female pop icons (Madonna, Brooke Shields, Whitney Houston), they seem to spend the bulk of their days wash-

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BY BENARD HOLTZMAN

ing and ironing clothes and evenings washing and ironing their han

In prison, inmates ask of each other continually, "How are you today?" 'How you doin'?' And to varying degrees they really mean it In passageways, bathrooms, mess halls, gyms, "Do you feel all right?" For only another inmate can know the cyclic lows, the deep troughs of despair one slogs through while incarcerated. As often as not, the answer is, "Not too good today." So you stop, try to talk, cheer him up a little

SEXUAL LONGINGS ARE, IF NOT COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN, AT LEAST GREATLY SUBLIMATED IN JAIL. NOT BY CHEMICAL MEANS BUT BECAUSE ONE IS DEPRESSED AND SEES THE SAME FIVE OR SIX HUNDRED UGLY MALE FACES EVERY SINGLE DAY.

with whatever *you* have left

And each of us knows that tomorrow we will be "one day shorter," one day older, and that much closer to home

Several of the men have their wives, their families, rent houses to live nearby, not only for easier, more frequent visits, but also, I think, just to feel their closeness, to know that while we are indeed *inside*, they are right there with us, *outside*, and to gather what strength one is able to from simple proximity For what is going on out there makes one's bit either easier or infinitely more difficult.

It is 5:00 P.M., a Sunday evening in September 1987 walking after dinner (we eat about 4:30 PM) on a sort of rough up and down track, one third of a mile long, that circles the softball diamonds At the far end, the western end, you pass within forty yards of a house, someone's home, bought cheaply, as property values rapidly plummet around a prison Four young girls and a boy, aged, perhaps, nine to twelve or thirteen, are playing in front, waiting, I imagine, for their more civilized dinner hour It is misty, drizzling I am on the track alone.

"Oh, here comes one," squeals a young girl They grow silent, I walk by, smile wanly, wave a greeting. They stare, give a half wave quickly, from waist level, as though they don't want their parents inside to see I walk on, further saddened I circle the track again This time, the boldest, oldest of the group, wearing blue jeans, a soft white cotton polo shirt, her little breasts pressing against the soft fabric, shouts, "Hi, Mister! Hi!" and waves her hand excitedly and in my eyes in a most friendly way above her head "Hi, Mister! Hi!" I give her my best smile, my strongest wave, and for just one moment think that I must be violating some rule before I say, "Hello Hello to you!"

They all giggle and wave and chatter, and I think of my three daughters when they were those ages and continue walking the track, alone

It is very difficult for me to watch television here, for several reasons the large-screen sets are in windowless, airless concrete-block rooms (mercifully, no smoking is allowed), the volume turned up high because of the bad acoustics, and what with the sound bouncing off the walls, reverberating around the room, along with the shouted comments of the majority of viewers, one is assaulted with noise, cacophony, bedlam "Take that, you bums!" "Fuck you, Jets" "Them Browns ain't shit" "My grandma can pitch better than that"

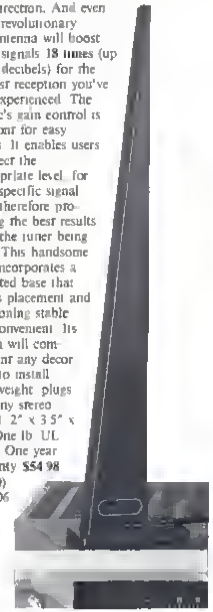
The worst event to watch is a boxing match, everyone in jail is an 'expert" and is not shy about letting this fact be known

In all this time I have watched television three times the Larry Holmes versus Michael Spinks heavyweight title bout, part of the New Jersey Giants Super Bowl victory over the Denver Broncos, and most of the movie *Heartburn*, which, starting at 8:00 P.M., was interrupted for twenty five minutes by the 9:00 P.M count

MTV videos are on twenty-four hours, blasting away in the small hours before dawn for those inmates who cannot sleep or choose not to, as well as for those men working a night-shift job (12 midnight to 7:30 AM) Soap operas are also watched

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with dull regularity. Evening programs are chosen by some sort of vote, I think, but generally, numbers and muscle determine what will be on in a particular room.

Walking by one of the rooms recently, I heard the beginning of a familiar song, went in, and watched an old video: "Dancing in the Dark," Bruce Springsteen's energetic rendition and stiff dancing reminding me not only of my dancing days but also of the times and places I once saw this same film clip in New York and Amagansett.

Even if one were disposed to watching television and could put up with the noise, I wouldn't do so, simply because of the cues to the memory, the painful, slight shock of recognition, the *outsideness* even the dumbest commercials bring *inside*, where such thoughts don't do any good.

The food is so bad, so vile, prepared and served under such filthy conditions (I worked for twelve months in the kitchen) that it belies description. Virtually the only nutritive value comes at breakfast, when we may eat dry cereal and 98 percent fat-free milk, for nothing can be done to that, and occasionally at the "salad bar" when there is fresh spinach and tomatoes. Of course, if one were forced to eat twenty one meals a week, month after month, year after year, at, say, Lutece, seeing the same depressed faces each day, one would become awfully tired of that too. Although at this juncture, I would certainly like to try it.

An example: wretched, frozen, grease-laden "hamburgers" are served, but not eaten, at lunch. They are reground, packed and shaped into the next evening's "meat loaf"; *those* leftovers become, with the addition of good old water and free government-surplus butter (shipped from Lewisburg in sixty seven-pound cartons), the *next* day's "meat loaf soup." Wiser inmates take even the worst offerings just to toss them, to preclude seeing them again in another guise.

The theme is, let them eat cake, as two- and three day-old small squares are put out for dessert, in order, along with bread and potatoes, to fill the men's stomachs. Were it not for the commissary, a prison store run at a shockingly high profit margin, one would get little or no fruit or juice, to say nothing of the multivitamins one is forced to purchase in order to stay healthy.

Coming out of the mess hall once this past summer, I had two peaches, a pleasant, rare treat. Rock hard, one had been given to me by another inmate, and I intended to let them ripen on my desk.

Hack stopped me outside the door. "One piece of fruit is all you can take out."

"But," I said, "it's hard as a rock. So and so gave me his."

"Eat it or throw it away."

"It can't be eaten and I can't throw it away."

"Stop the bullshit. Just get rid of it," he said.

Seeing another inmate coming out with our his peach, I handed him one of mine. We walked through the door, he handed it back to me.

"There. That's how you do it," said the proud little hack.

"Don't you realize you are encouraging duplicity, teaching inmates to lie?" I said.

"Get the fuck away from here," he screamed, enraged.

I think it was *duplicity* that angered him.

That there is no such thing as "rehabilitation" is a foregone conclusion. What is being done here is warehousing men, like so many pieces of wood or lengths of pipe, then, reluctantly, letting them go back to the street, even less prepared in the vast majority of cases to make an honest living than they were when they came to jail.

When Cool Breeze, a nineteen year-old Philadelphia black, was leaving after an eight-month "skid bit," he came to say goodbye to me with tears in his eyes.

"Buzza, I never met a white man like you. smart and cool and you can run the court and treat black dudes right. I'm gonna miss you."

I had been speaking with him days, weeks, before his release from a heroin conviction, trying to help him do something that wouldn't land him back in jail.

"Not here," I warned him, "next time it's a tougher joint, Breeze, higher level, more time."

We had discussed what he could do when he got out. "Shit, from what I learned here, mop floors somewhere, work in a car wash awhile. Then I see the brothers in their fly threads, man, fur coats, driving those Cadillacs and Lincolns (I don't like BMWs or Benzes), even watch TV, see people livin' good, eating in dark restaurants, drinkin' Dom P. Then I go right back to the same old thing. Only this time I know better. don't trust no one."

I thought a moment, of course he was right. What could I say that wasn't hypocritical, a complete lie? That washing cars for little money was fun? Working in a diner as a busboy was rewarding? Mopping floors eight hours a day was stimulating?

In truth, a black or white kid from a Philadelphia ghetto, a D.C. slum, a Cleveland renement has a good life here for six months or a year: three bland (if mildly unhealthy) meals a day, clean clothes, the same as everyone else's, fresh linens once a week, hot showers, free haircuts in whatever style and just about whenever he pleases, and, wonder of wonders, a gymnasium where he can work out, play basketball three hundred sixty five days a year, only two minutes from his room. In addition to free (although questionable) medical care, he sees, often for the first time in his life, a dentist.

He feels himself getting stronger, healthier, he makes "tight" friends here with so many others just like himself, waits (but doesn't ache) to get out, where the cachet of having done time will stand him in good stead on the very streets whence he came.

And so Cool Breeze cried and hugged me and I know I was powerless to help change the course of his life, rocketing so surely, so strongly in the wrong direction.

I write letters for some Hispanic inmates, for black inmates, for white inmates: to mothers, fathers, wives, girlfriends. The letters are all the same, all different, all empty.

"What," I ask Tito, "do you think you will be doing ten years from now?"

"Life, I guess."

I dream a great deal here at night. But in all this time, only once have I dreamed of events or people in prison. All the rest is of the *outside*, of my former life. The dreams are more vivid than my memories, indeed, they have become my memory.

I don't allow myself to nap during the day, when I awake from sleep, I want to have another day behind me.

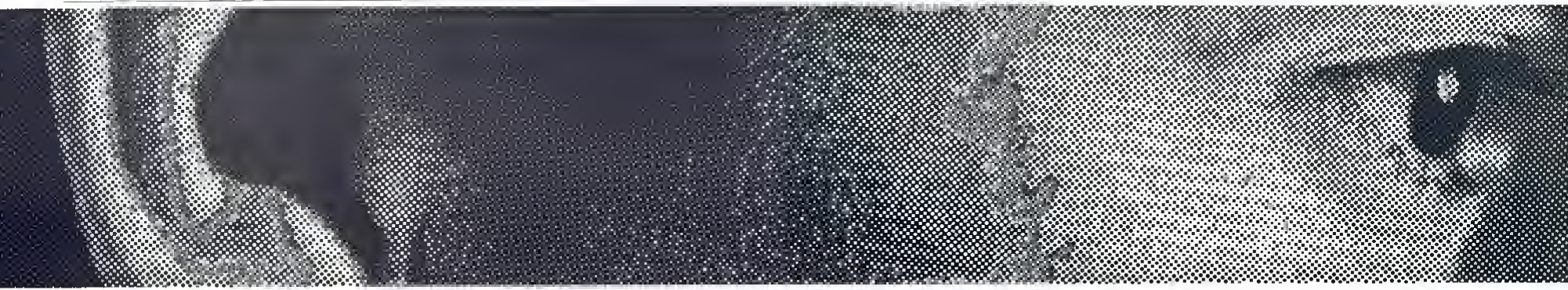
I have slept on floors. I have spent days in a cell where the ice was so thick on the *inside* of the window that you could not see out. I have lived in basement catacombs so hot that fellow inmates hung wet laundry to dry on pipes not two feet above my head.

I have lived with murderers, bank robbers, extortionists, cop killers, gun runners, arsonists, wife beaters, international smugglers, small-time drug dealers, tax evaders, mafiosi, inside traders, terrorists. I have seen men fight brutally over the use of the telephone, fights unlike anything you have ever watched in a movie.

I read the first entry in a notebook/diary I thought I would keep each day in prison and think of how far I have journeyed, how far I must yet go.

Day 1, 3/4/86—Lisa [my oldest daughter] accompanied me to the MCC for my "voluntary" surrender at 9:45 this morning. Bless her.

Marshals, guards, locks, doors clanging. It is now 1 AM p.m. Not a moment has gone by that I haven't





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thought of my little family. Lisa, Jenn fer, Anne, Catherine, and Granny Even Geraldine. So far I have made three and one half hours.

Will my mother live until I get out? What will the nights be like? Lights are on all the time, radios constant smoking. Fortunately, I am exhausted by the day's events. Finished crossword. Am very tired of the word motherfucker.

Day 2, 3/5/86—I want to be a "model" prisoner, trouble free, to get out as fast as I can. But I shouldn't be thinking of that yet. Feeling very low. Need fresh air desperately. Been only two days now.

I think of my past life with its betrayals, I think of what is left of my family, what tomorrow holds
And still I wan,
Alone

"The end is nothing, the road is all."
—*Epitaph for Nelson Algren*

FARBAR:

THE CRIME AND THE PUNISHMENT

America has a vast and ugly gulag. Most of its inhabitants are victims of social oppression rather than political oppression, but they are victims nonetheless. The prison system of the nation, state and federal, now contains a population exceeding 550,000. This is the number of people in a metropolis the size of Cleveland. The U.S. confines, proportionately and in fact, more of its citizens by far than any other Western nation, largely because it has been unable to cope with the social problems that breed crime. Drugs are now the most significant single factor in the crimes that lead to imprisonment. If drugs were to magically disappear from society, we would still have crime—our desperate slums would assure that, apart from normal human miscreancy—but the situation would likely be manageable, and the prisons might be relatively bearable microenvironments, like the sensible and humane prisons of Scandinavia, rather than the foul zoos they presently are.

Bernard Farbar, who committed a serious crime and was given a stiff sentence, is not a typical prisoner. He is not a victim of social oppression. He is not a young and poor black or Hispanic who perpetrated an assault or burglary or other felony, usually for the wherewithal to obtain or deal in drugs. He is white and middle-aged, far from poor (at least at the time of the crime), educated, a man of taste and sensibility, literary in his leanings with a relish for life's delicacies, unlike most of his cohorts in prison, he has had a civilized perception of the moral duties incumbent on an individual while in the pursuit of the good things we all deserve. What shocked and amazed his friends is how in Farbar that perception became dulled and then seemingly disappeared.

He was seduced by the drug culture and in a way became its victim. Several years ago he decided to go into smuggling for illegal profit on what has to be deemed a grandiose scale, and got caught up in a scheme whereby he participated in the importation of seven and a half tons of high-grade cannabis into the United States. The origin was Lebanon, the transportation was by ship, the hash having been secreted in container cargoes of Syrian dates, where it was cleverly dispersed in order to circumvent narcotics-sniffing dogs. He told some friends that he had done it for adventure, but one feels that they might be pardoned if, privately, they speculated that greed played a part. In truth, the sorrows of Farbar, rising from such self-serving depths, left many people unmoved.

But at any rate, his friends—who include Norman Mailer, George Plimpton, Gay Talese, and this writer—rallied round, offering testimony to Farbar's basically good character and to the virtues that they hoped might augment his previously unblemished record: his skill as a literary man, his loyalty, his industriousness, his devotion to his three daughters, the general rectitude that pervaded his life before this grievous lapse. He had not dealt in hard drugs, committed no violence, injured no one financially. It all went for naught, despite or perhaps partly because of this high-minded intercession. There was no question as to Farbar's guilt, and after a five-week trial, the New York judge threw him a haymaker: six years. The judge, Constance Baker Motley, had been appointed by Lyndon Johnson and was the first black woman to serve on the federal bench.

It would seem that all the testimonials backfired. The judge, sensitive to the millions of mean raps taken by the disadvantaged and bedeviled young people of her race for so many years, may have wondered why on earth she should be lenient with a grown white man who presumably had been educated to know better. And if this was the case, even his supporters might have conceded the harsh logic of such a view. Whatever, in March 1986, Farbar entered the Federal Correctional Institution at Loretto, Pennsylvania, a minimum-security facility, and he has been there ever since.

There the case might rest—another wrongo doing time he deserved—were it not for the fact that Farbar appears to have been broadsided. He has been passed over for parole, though his behavior has been exemplary, and will have to serve the maximum sentence under the guidelines, this means he is not due for release until January of 1990. As Farbar so desperately conveys in his writing, all that time—past, present, and future—drips away like eternity. No one disputes his guilt, but countless men have paid less for worse misdeeds, and he should have been let out by now. What is the reason for this apparent injustice?

It might not ever be determined. Friends of Farbar have claimed, in at least one public letter, that he may have been denied parole because he has been accused of withholding certain information from the authorities regarding his crime and the alleged crimes of others. If this is so, his plight demonstrates another truth about the American prison: it is a place without much mercy, and it is at its least merciful in its appalling inequity. From his experience as a walking dead man, Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote, over thirty years ago, his book of wretched memories, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. In his account, Bernard Farbar has captured some of the texture of the mother gulag's American counterpart—its solitude and pain, its invincible repulsiveness.

—William Styron

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ON THE ROAD TO FITNESS

A GUIDE TO KEEPING FIT WHILE TRAVELING



By Robert Brody

Sometimes it all starts going too fast. Too many wake up calls, business breakfasts, shuttles back and forth. You're not living your life, it's living you. You tell yourself you've got to cut back. The first thing to go? Your exercise routine—of course. It was doomed from the start. After all, it combines pleasure and discipline. So if guilt about pleasure doesn't get you, resentment about discipline will.

But the fact is, for a busy man with a demanding schedule, it's exactly the wrong decision. You pay for bolted breakfasts and shuttle sprints with poor digestion and sleepless nights, and tension leaking into everything you do. If you're smart, you quickly realize the pleasures of exercise are self protective—not self indulgent.

And what's all this about not being able to maintain an exercise routine on the road? Take another look. We did. To follow: a sampling from a frequent flyer's nightmare—but with a big difference. Three cities in two days could mean mile high tennis clubs, scenic exercycle tours, a pick up game of hoops with the pros, or an invigorating game of squash followed by a dip in a pool.

Best bet for frequent travelers: consider joining the International Racquet Sports Association for an IRSA 'passport' to the best clubs nationwide (617-236-1500).

And thanks to NIKE's new cross training shoe, the Air Trainer TW, you don't need an extra piece of luggage for your athletic footwear. The Air Trainer TW goes from the tennis court to the running track, from the aerobics studio to the weight room. Ideal for the traveling athlete, the Air Trainer TW is machine washable and manufactured in synthetic leather which does not retain odor. So if the shoe fits, wear it.

ATL

If Georgia's on your mind, a visit to Atlanta's wide assortment of fitness facilities will quickly bring you up against the city's dual personality: gracious civility on the one hand and all-out commerce on the other. As the city branches out toward the suburbs, spacious new hotels grow almost like Topsy, giving visitors more square footage for the dollar.



HOTELS

At the suburban *Hyatt Regency Ravinia* in Dunwoody, the health club blends the practical with the attractive. The fitness room, with freshly painted peach colored walls, has Universal stations and cardiovascular machines plus bodybuilding posters for inspiration. A heated indoor pool with skylight and suspended stereo speakers is kept at a tepid 82 degrees. Outside in an adjacent courtyard, a Jacuzzi—scrupulously drained and cleaned daily—is mounted on a raised tiled sun deck with railings and flowers. Guests are welcomed gratis and given free access to rooftop basketball (half-court, alas) and tennis courts as well. The one-third-mile running path in the backyard garden is a surprising extra. Fee: hotel guests, complimentary, nonguests, $5/day. 404-395-1234.

Over in East Cobb County about ten miles out of town, the *Stouffer Waverly Hotel* has a Health and Fitness Center whose friendly staff assesses your technique with both the Paramount stations and free weights. The exercise room overlooks a pool (sixty five laps to the mile) enhanced by palm trees. Two full-sized racquetball courts with clean walls and bright lights boast maple floors and small peek-a-boo observation windows for near total privacy. Directly across the street is a half-mile asphalt track winding through a mildly hilly park. Fee: hotel guests, $5 one time fee; nonguests, $10/day. 404-953-4500.

HEALTH CLUBS

At *Sportslife* in the Akers Mill shopping mall, cleanliness is all. Exercise mats are cleaned daily, every room gets a biweekly white-glove inspection and visitors are required to wear leg coverings to keep sweat off the machines. With racquetball courts, an indoor track and new machines—including a Swimaire, designed to simulate the American crawl—this 25,000 square-foot facility is nothing if not comprehensive. Management in its commitment to true health, will soon take out the fast tanning bed. Fee: nonmembers, $10/day. 404-955-2120.

Set in Executive Park, near a wooded residential neighborhood, the exclusive *Atlanta Sporting Club* features eight exquisitely maintained outdoor tennis courts, full basketball court (with scoreboard), six-lane indoor swimming pool, sand volleyball court, and a handsomely equipped four-level fitness facility. Left your racquet at home? The staff will furnish one. Guest pass from a member is necessary to enter. 404-325-2700.

Not far away, near the North-by-Northwest Office Park, the 130,000 square-foot *Atlanta Health & Racquet Club* has no less than twenty-five indoor and outdoor tennis courts, both indoor and outdoor swimming pools, racquetball and squash courts, and an aerobics studio with a closely supervised workout section. It's no surprise that local hotels advertise guest passes. (And the Atlanta Hawks practice on the NBA regulation b-ball court here.) Fee: nonmembers, $15/day. Tennis is additional. 404-952-3200.

ROUTES

Piedmont Park is only two miles from downtown Atlanta. Enter at the northeast end, bordering a residential neighborhood. Coast around Piedmont Lake with its short fishing pier and enjoy the spectacular landscaping. The concrete and asphalt trail—closed to vehicles—takes you around acres of greensward, tennis courts and the Atlanta Botanical Gardens. Pursue either the short or long circuit: two and three miles, respectively. For a truly rural outing, venture on to the well marked three mile path along the *Chattahoochee River*. The Stouffer Waverly Hotel across the street from the Cumberland Mall provides a free ride back and forth for guests. 404-953-4500.

CHI

Chicago's identity is decidedly masculine, matter-of-fact. "City of big shoulders," Carl Sandburg called it. The workout of choice? Weights. Tough guys don't fiddle with Dancercize. As a group, Chicagoans sweat, build muscle, towel off, and go home.

HOTELS

At the *Chicago Hilton and Towers* the eighth floor Fun and Fitness Center boasts a cushiony, banked four-lane indoor running track (eighteen laps to the mile). Within the oval, beneath recessed lighting, is all-new equipment: Universal stations, Aerobicycles, treadmills with digital flashes for speed, grade, distance, pace—everything short of a profit-and-loss statement. Overall, it's roomy, with giant windows and a splendid view of the Sears Tower. The somewhat humid ninety foot pool is surrounded by generously wide walkways with rough-grained tile to prevent slippage. Fee: hotel guests, complimentary; closed to nonguests. 312-922-4400.

The *Charlie Fitness Club & Hotel* clean and well kept with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking Lake Michigan, this vast six-story facility offers more than a human body can do in a twenty-four-hour day—but is kept open around the clock just in case. Racquetball. Squash. Foam rubber track. Aerobics studio. Weight training circuits. Two quibbles: the half-court for basketball is ill-lit and the pool is overly dank. Fee: hotel guests, complimentary, nonguests, $10/day. 312-726-0510.

The Executive Fitness Center at the *Palmer House Hilton Hotel* in the Loop puts a premium on personal professional attention. Manager Rich Markoff will expound on the difference between your rectus abdominis and your external obliques if that's your pleasure. The workout room has a heavily padded, extra-chrome Nautilus and Paramount lineup, plus a Concept II rower (used for training by the U.S. Olympic rowing team). A short but deep pool abuts an aerobics deck with suspended wood floor for maximum shock absorption. Fee: hotel guests, $7 for ten days, nonguests, $7/day. 312-726-7500.

HEALTH CLUBS

Popular among local advertising folks is the *Grand Ohio Athletic Club* in Streeterville, with its solariumlike glass-enclosed lap pool and sun deck, and southern exposure that catches rays all afternoon. Only three years old, this immaculate facility has two racquetball courts, an aerobics studio, and—are you ready?—ballet classes. Also available are free weights, a Universal lineup, rowers and cycles, and two rooftop tennis courts. You must show your hotel room key (any major hotel) at the front desk and pay the $10 fee. 312-661-0036.

At the *Downtown Sports Club*, between the Loop and the Gold Coast off Michigan Avenue, the pool conveniently features four designated lanes: Lesson, Average, Faster, Children. Upstairs, the Lifetime Fitness Center is situated in a big, busy room with loud music and is frequented by hard-core regulars (Chicago triathletes often train here). Despite a somewhat factorylike ambiance, the facility is well run and well equipped with running track, graduated resistance machines, half court basketball and tennis and squash courts. Guests at designated downtown hotels may participate by special arrangement. 312-644-4880.

Membership at the *Orterre Fitness Center*, in Streeterville, is still small enough to make waiting for your turn on the Nautilus equipment highly unlikely. The club lets natural light splash through its inventively angled floor-to-ceiling windows. Get going on the new Nautilus circuit, Lifepower Stairmasters or Aerobic cycles. Then refresh yourself with a plunge into the glassed-in pool (with air kept comfortably dry and cool) that overlooks the lakefront. Massage therapists remain on call, beepers at the ready. Fee: nonmembers, $10/day. 312-642-0031.

ROUTES

Your best bet is the wide asphalt path bordering *Lake Michigan*. It's about three miles from Adler Planetarium to Oak Street Beach, and about twice that from Fullerton to Bellmont avenues. The public water fountains are great for strategic pit stops. To the south, *Grant Park* (4.2 miles around) is another scenic lakefront location. And just north of the business district is *Lincoln Park* with pond, zoo, and bird sanctuary. The ten-mile path here—advertised as both cinder and soft gravel, but actually made of pulverized limestone—makes for easy running.





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LA



THEY INVENTED THE SUNTAN. THEY INVENTED surfing. they probably invented the out doors. Mecca for health and fitness concepts for more than eighty years. California has successfully exported a "lifestyle" of nutrition, sport and exer cise around the globe. Nowhere are these matters taken more seriously— or practiced with greater ease and reg ularity.

HOTELS

The centerpiece at the *Biltmore* health club in the downtown business district is the forty-foot pool—more of a Roman bath, really. With brass railing and hand painted Italian mosaic tiles, this sixty year old sanctum sanctorum affords a steady flow of splashing wa ter, soothing and hypnotic to the ear. Togalike terrycloth robes are available. Two glass-enclosed exercise rooms gleam with Nautilus stations. And once seated on the exercise bikes, you can watch a videotape of, say, a path through Yellowstone. No music bfares here. The regulars prefer silence. Fee: hotel guests, $8/day; nonguests, $10/ day. Massage extra. 213 624 1011.

The Ambassador. Tennis & Health Club on Wilshire Boulevard offers ten well-kept outdoor tennis courts and a fifty-meter outdoor pool, a putting green, and a short scrub-lined jogging track pleasantly set in a garden. Less attractive is the weight room, which has clearly seen better days. Fee: hotel guests and nonguests, $10/day. Pool free for guests. 213 385 6487.

The *Westwood Marquis Hotel and Gardens* in Westwood obviously ex ists to pamper. A spa offers beauty treatments for all. The sauna is scented with eucalyptus. And if you really want to relax, a Swedish masseuse is on hand. The exercise room is equipped with a Universal, Lifecycles, rowing machines, free weights, and slant boards. The hotel also houses two pools: one for doing serious laps and a smaller one set in a garden with chirp ing birds and cascading bougainvillea for your repose. For those who eschew self-indulgence, the UCLA jogging path is located only a quarter mile away. Fee: hotel guests, complimentary; non guests, must use services (such as fa cial or massage). 213 208 8765.

HEALTH CLUBS

Gold's Gym, two blocks from the Pa cific in Venice Beach, is Beefcake Cen tral—witness the steroid-induced basso profundos. Stiff, anyone—man or woman—is welcome here. All three gyms are clean, freshly painted, and airy with twenty-five foot ceilings and overhead fans. All equipment sys tems—Polaris, Nautilus, Icarian, and more—are color-coded by manufac turer for convenience. Fee for non members: $8/day. 213-392 6004.

Sports Connections in West Holly wood, has a twenty-meter pool with— here's a switch—a special lane for loaf ers. The 10,000 square-foot weight room with floor-to-ceiling windows for scop ing out the Hollywood Hills is equip ped with the following equipment: Stairmasters, Versa Climbers, Life rowers, and more as well as a sauna and steam room. No wonder the Hyatt and Hilton send guests here. Fee for nonmembers: $15/day. 213 652-7440.

The *Stuart M. Ketchum Downtown YMCA* challenges every cliche in the book about the Y. For starters, it's co-ed. It's new, all glass and steel and lo cated right in a downtown office plaza. State-of-the-art fitness hardware—cy cles, treadmills, Cam Star and Sprint— line the second floor windows. You can play racquetball, squash, basketball, or circle the third-floor running track. Check out the oceanic seventy-five by-thirty-four foot pool. Fee: $10/day. 213 624 2348.

ROUTES

Will Rogers Historic State Park in Pa cific Palisades offers four miles of bridle trails *cum* jogging paths encir cling this classic western ranch set high above the Pacific. *Griffith Park*, near downtown L.A., offers a 6.2 mile winding loop that cuts past bosky dells and waterfalls (parking prohibited after 6:00 PM). Best entrance to the park is on the far western side at Fern Dell Drive. Bicyclists will want to hit the twenty mile strand stretching from Santa Monica to Torrance Beach. *Ocean Front Walk* in Venice offers an aston ishing view of local flora and fauna, in cluding stately palms and plenty of out-of-work actors.

NYC



"GOT A MINUTE?" SOMEONE ONCE ASKED A *New Yorker*. Yeah, he answered, "but I'm using it. Experts at the daily tread mill and making every inch and minute count, New Yorkers exploit their tight little island for everything it's worth. Do as they do—try underground aerobics and high-altitude laps.

HOTELS

The Executive Fitness Center at the *Vista International Hotel*, next to the World Trade Center in the financial dis trict, caters largely to the Wall Street set. The facility has a fifty-foot lap pool (call ahead to reserve a lane), a running/ walking track with banked corners (thirteen turns to the mile), and exer cise equipment—all in one room, all with a twenty second-floor view of the Hudson River. Mayor Ed Koch trains here three to five days a week. Along with computerized treadmills and strength training machines are two rac quetball courts. Fee: hotel guests, com plimentary. Closed to nonguests. Weight equipment $10.50 extra. 212- 938-9100.

Even more elevated is the *United Na tions Plaza Hotel* fitness facility, a few blocks south of Sutton Place. The reg ulation size, thirty ninth-floor tennis court with full backcourts and air con ditioning, ranks among the loftiest set-ups in the world. The twenty seventh floor pool, under a pleated Arabian Nights canopy, overlooks the East River. A compact workout room offers Universal machines, free weights, and treadmills. Designed primarily for hotel guests, with limited year round mem berships, it offers a rare sense of pri vacy and privilege. Fee: hotel guests, complimentary. 212-355 3400.

Higher still is the penthouse pool at Club La Racquette, in the *Hotel Parker Meridien* at 119 West Fifty sixth Street. The health club itself is located below street level and provides squash and racquetball courts (call ahead to get the hoop lowered for half court basket ball). A Nautilus circuit, free weights, saunas, whirlpools, and massages are available too. Fee: hotel guests, com plimentary; nonguests, $20.80/day. 212 245 1144.

HEALTH CLUBS

For IRSA members, there's no excuse for not exercising in New York City. Town Squash Inc. has five IRSA-affili ated locations in Manhattan open from Monday through Friday from early in the morning to late in the evening. All facilities include most of the following: squash courts, aerobic classes, Nauti lus equipment, Stairmasters, Life cycles, rowing machines, and free weights. Locations are: Doral Inn Rac quet & Fitness, 541 Lexington Avenue, 212-838 2101; Fifth Avenue Racquet & Fitness, 404 Fifth Avenue, 212-594- 3120; Lincoln Racquet & Fitness, 61 West Sixty second Street, 212/265- 0995; TSI Fitness Training Center, 614 Second Avenue, 212 213 5999; Uptown Racquet & Fitness, 151 East Eighty sixth Street, 212-860 8630. Fee: IRSA membership card and $10/day.

The pool at the *Battery Park Swim & Fitness Center*, near Wall Street, stands only fifty yards from the Hudson River. Glass-enclosed and suffused with light on sunny days, the pool has retracting roof bays and sliding glass doors that open in spring and summer. You can make the rounds on the Eagle Cybex/ Nautilus circuit as yachts and barges cruise past. Where else can you row, cycle, run on a treadmill, perform aero bics, or pump weights with a full view of the Statue of Liberty? Available to IRSA members at discount guest rate. Fee: nonmembers, off peak, $15.60/ day; peak, $26/day. Available to IRSA members at discount guest rate, $10/ day.

ROUTES

Incomparable *Central Park*, historic birthplace of the American recreation movement, offers miles of varietal run ning terrain. Almost all roads in *Central Park* are closed to cars on weekends, holidays, and from 10 AM to 3 PM and 7 to 10 PM weekdays between May and mid-October. Enter at Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street; go north on East Drive, then turn left at Seventy second Street and loop around the Sheep Meadow (a 1.7 mile circuit). Or wait to turn left at Ninetieth Street and bound around the reservoir and the lake (a four mile job). Or—for the six mile special—head to the top of the park and return by West Drive: round North Meadow and Great Hill. Paths here are generally flat, alter nately dirt, tile, concrete, and asphalt. Feeling landlocked? Try the sidewalk stretch on the *FDR Drive*: right along the East River—it is strictly urban but no less scenic. Figure twenty blocks per mile—from Sixtieth to the Triborough Bridge is about a six-mile round trip. The *Battery Park* esplanade, at the southern tip of Manhattan, is the new est running attraction here. With cool ing breezes off the harbor and a view of luxury liners and freighters, a round trip covers about a half mile. For nov elty, some run the pedestrian lane on the *Brooklyn Bridge*. Wherever you go, daylight hours are best.

SF

San Franciscans true to type, take a more serious and bearded view of running than Angelinos. Much accustomed to things being uphill, they are undaunted by marathons and triathlons, and small talk often runs to asides about lactic acid and Achilles tendons.

HOTELS

At *Hotel Nikko* in Union Square West, the pool maintains a wombfike warmth and the sun beams all day through the soaring cathedral like skylight. The Fitness Center has a fully equipped workout room with plenty of elbow room. Decor is pastel pink with silver accents, very serene, very Japanese. The staff attends to your every move, and guests may even select music for the stereo. A tip for the terminally stressed-out: let Masako Takahashi give you a Shiatsu massage. She'll expertly manipulate virtually every square inch of your musculature, leaving you rag doll relaxed. Fee: hotel guests, $5/day; nonguests, $15/day. 415 394 1111.

Many local hotels relish fitness-minded guests to the *Nob Hill Club* at the Fairmont Hotel and Tower. Spotless and well-lit, it's a full service facility with a year-round elite clientele. Even George Bush has broken a sweat here. A trainer remains on duty to lend advice if called for, as you manfully negotiate the Nautilus circuit, lift free weights, or peddle away on a Lifecycle. And, of course, classical music plays in the locker room. Only drawback: no pool. Fee: guests and nonguests, $15/day. 415 397 2770.

The Clark Hatch Physical Fitness Center, at the downtown *Ramada Renaissance Hotel*, is a bit snug, but compensates with a friendly atmosphere. Fitness center manager Robin Bell, with a freshly minted degree in exercise physiology, can field any fitness questions you throw her way. Standard equipment includes Lifecycles, Stairmasters, and treadmills. And, for a change of pace, try the Keiser equipment operated by air pressure. For diversion, you can always put on the overhead TV. Fee: hotel guests, $8/day; nonguests, $10/day. 415 392-8000.

HEALTH CLUBS

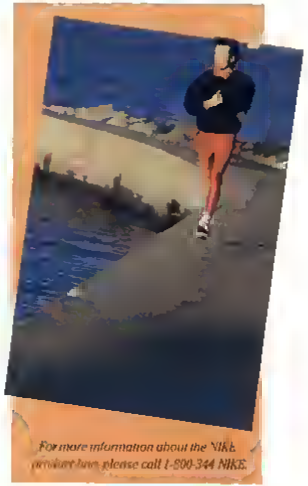
The *San Francisco Bay Club*, under Coit Tower, six blocks from Fisherman's Wharf, is replete with old money and open only to IRSA members and Diners Club cardholders. With a full court basketball facility, two rooftop tennis courts with simulated grass surface, a five-lane pool, complete fitness installations, see-through racquetball courts, and a sun deck with a full view of Bay Bridge, this comes as close as you can get to a city country club. Fee: IRSA members, $6/day (not prime time). Diners Club cardholders, $10/day (not prime time). 415-433 2200.

At the nearby *Telegraph Hill Club* (also for IRSA and Diners Club members only), the walls of the squash and racquetball courts are immaculately maintained. The workout room, with the latest equipment, is faintly reminiscent of a video arcade. Stairmasters, Lifecycles, and rowing machines monitor your progress. Cross-country skiers will quickly gravitate to the Nordic Track. To relieve your aggressions, you can whale away at a heavy punching bag—or slip away and visit the staff hypnotists, sauna, or Jacuzzi. Free shuttle service into financial district from 7:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. Monday through Friday. Fee: IRSA members, $6/day (not prime time). Diners Club cardholders, $10/day (not prime time). 415 982-4700.

Bert's Conditioning Clinic, two blocks from Union Square, owes more to tradition than innovation. Equipment consists mainly of wall pulleys and free weights. Even though the seventy five-foot pool room gets pretty humid, nobody really cares. It's a straight from the shoulder, straight from the past kind of place. Former NBA center Nate Thurmond, who once pushed around Wilt Chamberlain at will, has exercised here for years. Fee: nonmembers, $6/day. 415-885-2918.

ROUTES

If you are truly stout of heart—not to mention firm of calf—try scaling any of the forty odd major hills. Or follow John F. Kennedy Drive in *Golden Gate Park* for access to the wide three-mile trail that runs from McLaren Lodge to the Pacific. Alternately, rent a bike on Stanyan Street and coast it along the gently rolling terrain surrounding *Lake Merced*. To stay closer to downtown, cruise due west on the *Embarcadero*, bordering the financial district. Take the breezy asphalt path on the waterfront but make a shortcut on Bay Street to bypass the tourist jammed Wharf. Beyond Ghirardelli Square and Fort Mason, you come to the Great Meadow at lovely Marina Green. With a cinder path, this loop alone runs two miles. Further along, you'll spot kamikaze wind surfers at Crissy Field. Head to the Presidio under the Golden Gate Bridge, stepping gingerly over the fault zones where possible. If you've gone this far—about five miles—congratulations. You've reached your heart rate target zone and earned a cab back to your hotel.



Photographs by Gary Nolton and Jim Cummins



LIVE FROM BALTIMORE, THE CRUSTACEANS!

How to have your crab cakes and make them too

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SEWERS for the city of Baltimore had a simple goal: to supplement his income by quenching the considerable thirst of the blue-collar workers who lived in the South Baltimore neighborhood called Brooklyn. To that end, when Andrew E. Gunning opened a hole-in-the-wall stag bar on South Hanover Street on June 19, 1969, he offered no food, no music, no nonsense, just plenty of beer to back the shots of rye whiskey favored by his patrons.

The plan worked well enough until one fateful day in 1970 when Gunning's son, Edward, a Baltimore policeman, decided it might be nice to offer a little something for the regulars to munch on while they drank. So, with a tip of the hat to an ancient Baltimore eating tradition, Edward brought in five bushels of steamed Chesapeake Bay blue crabs, laid them out on butcher paper, and sold them for nine dollars a dozen. And so it came to pass that Gunning's Bar became Gunning's Crab House.

The rest is crustacean history.

In due course, first Edward, then his father, and finally his son-in-law, Calvin Etheridge (then a brickmaker, now Gunning's manager), quit their day jobs to work full time, and then some, at the crab business. Crablike, the bar moved right, left, then right again, until it reached its present sprawl, three quarters of a block long.

On a hot, humid Saturday in August, from 11:00 A.M. when the doors open, until around midnight, when the last crab claw is cracked, upwards of eight hundred people pass through the dark, cool bar, filling two dining rooms up front and the garden room out back (actually a former used-car lot). They come from all over Baltimore, from Washington, and occasionally from Hollywood (Danny DeVito and Richard Dreyfuss were regulars while filming *Tin Men*). Casually dressed, they sit at Formica tables covered with butcher paper. They bide time while world-class onion rings. They quaff three hundred gallons of draft beer and fifty cases of canned brew. And they eat crabs.

A lot of them. Nine thousand on a busy Saturday. Crabs covered with a mixture of pepper and spices and steamed until their shells are a deep reddish orange. Crabs that yield, ever so grudgingly, a meaty payoff so subtly sweet it makes lobster seem coarse by comparison.

Eating crabs at Gunning's is a boisterous, communal, and utterly messy business. A dozen jumbos and a pitcher of beer are not a great choice for a first date, unless you're hell-bent to find out immediately whether she's Ms. Right. Go with a crowd. Wear old clothes. And don't worry if you splash a neighbor when you crack a claw with your wooden mallet.

But there will be times when you don't feel like having to outwrestle your food merely to eat it. That's why God invented the crab cake. For all its worst—meat from claws and backfins, too much breading, a pair of harsh spices, deep-fried—the crab cake is very good. At its best—lump meat only, just enough breading to hold it together, easy on the spices, *broiled*—it is breathtaking. And, as you might have guessed, what gives Gunning's its edge, what sets it apart from all other crab houses, is its supernal crab cake. At first reluctant to divulge the master recipe, Andrew Gunning, now retired, finally agreed to share the secret formula for crab bliss. Just turn the page.

Ed Gunning and Calvin Etheridge, crab kingpins



BRIAN LEATART





IT'LL HAVE YOU BELIEVING THE WORLD IS FLAT.

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In selected markets see Dealer Directory after page 190

SPIRE

Women We Love

ANNE ARCHER

Photography by Phillip Dixon



The year is 1979, or thereabouts. A weekday night at, say, 3:00 in the morning. I am on location as an extra in the major motion picture *Hero at Large*. It's cold, and there's no place for us to sit, we the nameless, dressed, weirdly, in rented formals. So we stomp and flap our arms, huddled together outside Sardi's, clutching cardboard cups of coffee.

Down the block a heated Winnebago stands resolute, impenetrable, issuing steam into the deep night like a dragon sleeping in a rest stop just this side of hell.

"Here she comes," says a tiny frozen voice behind me, and from the Winnebago, trailing a veil of klieg light and assorted production flunkies, comes Anne Archer. Her hair is iridescent, golden, I remember, her mouth ample and inviting, laughing at some joke that I will never hear. She turns her body in reply, and her coat falls open, and she is there, lithe and sequined, just a few long inches from me. It is all I can do to suppress a moan of admiration.

Ten years later, we've both gone a few miles. I didn't see *Raise the Titanic!*, *Green Ice*, or *Lifeguard*, but I don't hold them against her. Being a resident of the planet earth, I did see *Fatal Attraction*, of course. It was okay. As far as I'm concerned, though, there was only one truly sexy scene in it, for all the running water and grunting coupling: Anne Archer, the good wife, at the bathroom sink of her family home, in T-shirt and panties, putting on her makeup. Heart-stopping.

They tell me she's forty now, and I find that encouraging. If today's Anne Archer is what it means to be forty, then send all the little girls home.

—Stanley Bing

Design

TARZAN'S ROOM

There is more here than meets the eye, and that's saying a lot. Granted, it may not be the look you want in the bedroom you're doing over for when your mother-in-law comes to stay a couple of months. But in the supple vision and limitless energy of artist-designer Alex Locadia, this room manifests an exhilarating encounter of technology and nature, with due regard for the integrity of both.

Three years ago Locadia opened eyes by embedding a digital watch in concrete. Looked solid, kept time. Since then, his exhibitions in New York, Paris, and Brussels have placed him firmly at the *avant* of the design *garde*. Last year one of his works, a toaster surrounded by etched glass and mounted on twisted metal legs, was acquired by the Louvre—a fact that in no way signifies that Locadia has gone establishment.

Now, the former student of the Parsons School of Design in New York wants to show how traditional African tribal art can inspire contemporary artifacts of everyday life.

Take the leather covered chairs that look like warriors' shields. They're actually comfortable, which is more than you can say about a lot of high-design furniture. Or the compact-disc system sprouting from what appears to be an upended half-open umbrella: its sound fills the room, and then some.

The point is this: the things that are supposed to work, work. That's because Locadia, son of a Haitian sample maker and a Venezuelan electrician, is a true believer in Function. It's just that he sees no reason why it must necessarily suffocate, dominate, or inhibit Form.

Less is more? Sure, but so is more, at least when Alex Locadia's imagination and intelligence are in sync. ◘



Yohji Yamamoto

Yohji Yamamoto
New York, 103 Grand Street, NY10013 New York, 19–16 West 57th Street NY10019
Los Angeles, 8625 Melrose Avenue, CA90069 Paris 47 rue Etienne Marcel, 75001
Paris, 69 rue des Saints-Pères, 75006 London, 165 Sloane Street, SW1X 9QE
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THE NEW YORK LOOK

You can always spot the New Yorker on a Manhattan street corner: he's the one who crosses against the light. Knowing the rules and knowing when to break them—that's rule number one of the New York Look.

Once upon a time, you could look around you at an airport and peg the travelers from New York. These days, you run into the New York Look just about everywhere, even in Topeka, because the Look has nothing to do with geography.

It has *everything* to do with attitude. Toward quality. Toward style. Toward detail. Sure, New York is noisy, aggressive, intimidating, pushy, abrasive, hectic, expensive, smug, dirty, tense, and too damned crowded. But it's also the place to turn if you're looking for the best. The best bagels, theater, opera, Chinese takeout, street drama, modern art, corned beef, ballet, first basemen, four-star restaurants, views of New Jersey. The best men's clothes.

The New York Look is for the man who knows from schlock. Who selects each addition to his wardrobe with care. Who appreciates quality. Who knows the difference between standing out in a crowd and looking out of place. Who trusts his own judgment. Whose confidence in himself is reflected in the clothes he wears.

In the following pages, Esquire tips its hat to new clothes for the fall. Suits, sport jackets, and outerwear cut generously to drape better, and with a fuller silhouette for greater comfort. An international feel, but not restricted to a single design vision. In the richest earth tones, from the finest natural fabrics, made with painstaking attention to detail. Plus accessories that know their place, which is to enhance and elevate, not to dominate.

The New York Look. Unmistakable—and the great thing is, you can take it with you anywhere.



The fur felt fedora is the season's finishing touch by Jaylord Hatters. Slate-gray wool gabardine trench coat by Andrew Fezza. Cotton dress shirt by Burberrys. Silk tie by Savoy. Watch by Timex.

BERTSTERN



THE NEW YORK LOOK

Chocolate-brown single-breasted topcoat with notch collar by Jhane Barnes

BERT STERN

THE NEW YORK LOOK

Who says the power suit has to be gray? Brown flannel suit by Valentino Couture. Striped cotton jacquard dress shirt by Lazo. Silk brocade tie by Louis, Boston. Cotton pocket square by Imperial Handkerchief





BERT STERN

THE NEW YORK LOOK

At the lighter end of the brown spectrum is the trans-seasonal olive suit, here in wool covert twill, by Ermenegildo Zegna. Tattersall cotton shirt by Mariano Rubinacci. Silk brocade tie by Louis, Boston. Cotton pocket square by Ashear Brothers. Quartz-movement watch on leather strap by Breil.

THE NEW YORK LOOK

Consider plush layers of autumn-toned cashmere teamed with an upbeat falling-leaf-motif tie. Cashmere and wool single-breasted sport jacket, cashmere and wool cardigan, and wool flecked trousers by Alexander Julian. Striped cotton shirt and leaf-print tie by Bill Robinson



For prices and store information see page 236.

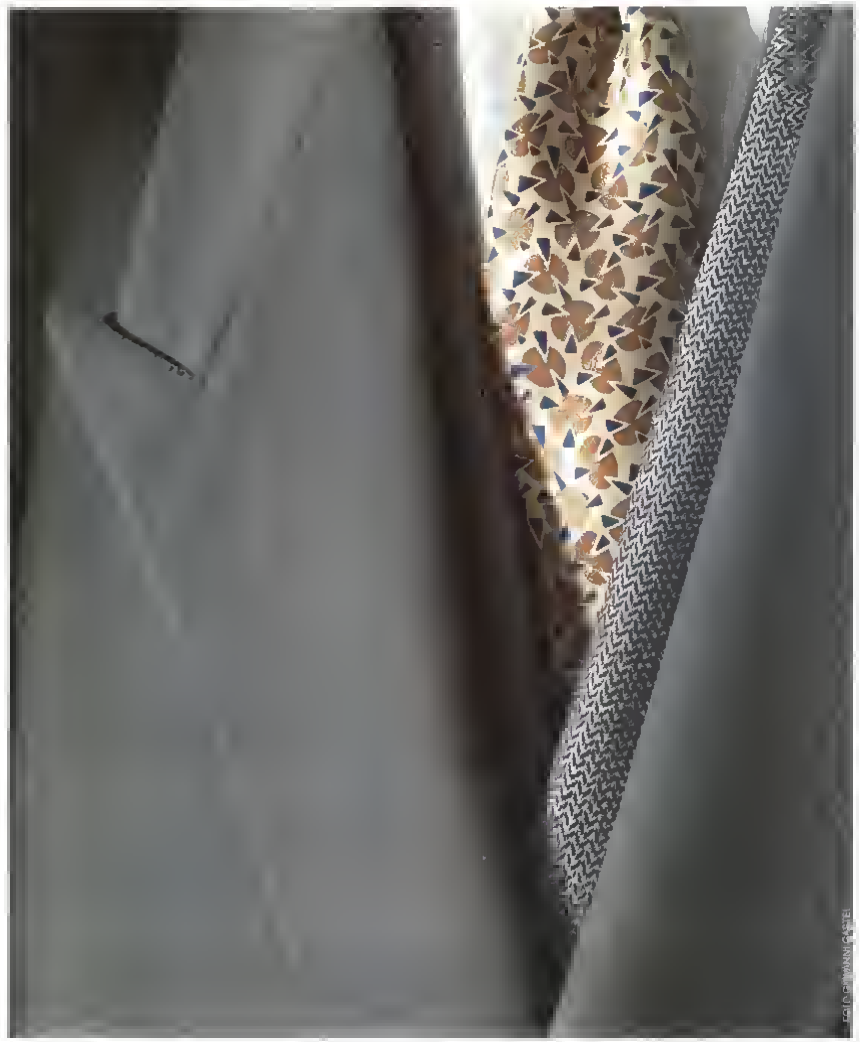
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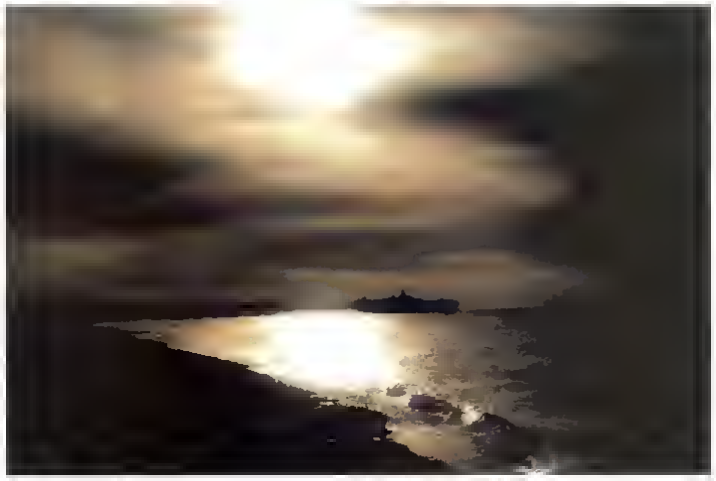
Below Silk scarf by Drake's Tweed cap by Harrison's Deerskin gloves by Gates Gloves Cotton braces by Pierre Cardin for Swank Sterling-silver belt buckle by Tiffany & Co Silver-plate pen by Alfred Dunhill Watch by Citizen Watch Suede shoes by Maraolo Socks by Polo by Ralph Lauren Leather looseleaf by Coach Leatherware



At right Suede lace-up shoes by Giorgio Armani Diamond-motif socks by Polo by Ralph Lauren Cotton shirt and silk tie by Polo by Ralph Lauren Suede short boots by Ralph Lauren Footwear Houndstooth socks by Perry Ellis for Trimfit Fourteen-karat-gold-filled cuff links with sapphires by L'Aiglon Leather belt by Cole Haan Accessories Leather box, stainless-steel cigar cutter, and pocketknife by Marconi Designs Eighteen-karat-gold watch chain by Tiffany & Co Silk tie by XMI Gold tone tie clip by Pierre Cardin for Swank Striped cotton-blend dress shirt by Van Heusen Silver-tone collar bar by L'Aiglon *For store information and prices see page 236*

BRIAN LEATHERS

The camer a never lies.



Taken with a $1,080* SLR/50mm lens, 81A filter using 50 ASA film at 1/250 sec at F8.

Photographed by John Claridge



Taken with a $627* Ricoh XR-M SLR/50mm lens, 81A filter using 50 ASA film at 1/250 sec at F8.

Photographed by John Claridge

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JEFF BRIDGES AT HOME ON THE RANGE

By GLEN WAGGONER

Photography by Phillip Dixon

"What say we go for a little walk?" Sitting on a porch swing on a warm afternoon in late spring, with background music from a rushing creek barely visible through the dogwoods, is clearly not Jeff Bridges's idea of relaxation. Time to move. On cue, a young deer steps gingerly out of the trees, tests the air, and begins nibbling on tender shoots of grass about fifty yards away, only to bolt back to cover as we stand.

Up we go, past a small log cabin—"That's my studio"—and along a narrow trail into a pasture, through a sturdy gate, and into another pasture, this one studded with rocks the size of park benches. The rocks come in handy because, at 5,800 feet and climbing, a flatlander has to stop frequently to fill screaming lungs with thin Montana air.

I gasp. Jeff wants. We talk.

Remember *Shane*? Well, Montana's aptly named Paradise Valley, formed by the Yellowstone River as it runs north out of the park on its way to join the Missouri, is just that beautiful, just that dramatic, just that—God!—*big*. This is where Bridges's nine-hundred-acre ranch is, in a setting so spectacular that a first-time visitor can focus on little else.

"Pretty great, isn't it?" Bridges says at one of our rest stops, looking down below to the river and beyond to the snowcapped peaks on the other side of the valley. He lets go one of his signature guns, his whole face turning into an irregular sequence of curves and dips, cheeks ballooning, eyes shining with anticipation, mouth bending into a wide arc. The grin that says, "C'mon, let's party!" He's in his element.

L.A.-born, Beverly Hills–raised, a son of Tinseltown through and through, Bridges has put down roots in Montana. He first came here in 1973 to costar with Clint Eastwood in Michael Cimino's directorial debut, *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, for which he received an Oscar nomination for best supporting actor. He returned in 1974 to make *Rancho Deluxe*, a weird, funny neowestern directed by novelist Thomas McGuane. That time he fell in love.

Not only with Montana, but with Susan Geston. A daughter of the middle border (born in Iowa, lived in North Dakota, went to college in Minnesota and Montana), she is a warm, engaging woman who is also utterly beautiful. The summer they met she was working as a waitress at the Chico Hot Springs hotel and resort, a funky eighty-eight year old inn that was (and is) a watering hole much favored by locals and fishermen as well as by visiting movie people. Love at first sight led to marriage in 1977 and three children, all girls.

Family is important. Bridges is close to his older brother, Beau, and to his younger sister, Lucinda. Collectively, they are close to their parents, Lloyd and Dorothy, who this year celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary—enough, in Hollywood, to warrant some sort of special Oscar.

The strong sense of family is one reason Bridges has such warm feelings for the ill-fated *Heaven's Gate*, in which his character, John Houston Bridges, was modeled after his own great-great grandfather. But it's not the only reason. While he's appropriately diplomatic about which of his movies he liked best ("I learned something from each of them"), it's clear he thinks Cimino and *Heaven's Gate* got a raw deal.

"People just didn't understand that movie," he says. "They listened too much to what they read and didn't give it a chance. Americans are accustomed to short scenes, quick cuts, a lot of close ups, anything to move the story along. Michael wanted to establish a sense of time and place, a mood, so he slowed everything down. There's something very European about it. Hey, they went crazy about it in Paris."

If you saw *Heaven's Gate*, you've seen Bridges's Montana ranch house. In the movie it was the log-cabin whorehouse, where he was gunned down in a blaze of bullets. He had it disassembled, the logs numbered, and then reassembled at his ranch. It looks different now, what with the new deck and picture window out front and the porch facing the creek out back, but look closely and you'll see bullet holes in the logs.

THE SUBJECT SHIFTS to work. Bridges is in Montana to open up the ranch, where he and Susan and the kids spend at least three months a year, and to settle in for a time of easy indulgence: long walks and horseback riding, trout fishing ("I'm no expert, but I can put the fly where I want to most of the time"), eating a pint of ice cream every night before bed, playing with the kids, playing music, painting, hanging out, not thinking about movies. But a body can stand only so much torture, a new project is on the horizon.

"After I finish a movie, I just shut down for a while, emotionally and physically," he says. "But relaxing is hard for me. I'm much more relaxed when I'm working. My energy is more focused. Not working is tougher."

He works a lot. Beginning with *The Last Picture Show* in 1971, Bridges, now thirty-eight, has been in more than two dozen movies. Two more come out this year: *Tucker*, directed by Francis Coppola, and Alan J. Pakula's *See You in the Morning*. No other actor of his generation—Hurt, Quaid, Gere, Kline, Cosmet—has been so active. None has worked with better directors: Bogdanovich (*The Last Picture Show*, 1971), Huston (*Fat City*, 1972), Cimino (*Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* 1974, and *Heaven's Gate*, 1980), Passer (*Cutter's Way*, 1981), Carpenter (*Starman*, 1984), Marquand (*Jagged Edge*, 1985), Lumet (*The Morning After*, 1986), Benton (*Bad Company*, 1972, and *Nadine*, 1987), Coppola, and Pakula, among others.

Naturally enough, considering how much he works, Bridges has been in his share of turkeys. In *King Kong* (1976) the monkey had all the good lines, and in *Tron* (1982) not even the special effects were all that special. But critics have almost invariably given his performances high marks, even while panning some of his films.

'Look, I'm satisfied with the work I've done," he says. It's a statement of fact, not a brag. "I consider myself lucky and blessed. I get a kick out of working, and I'm respected by my peers."

Melting snows from the peaks higher up have turned the stream beside us into a roaring torrent. Another month, Bridges explains, and it will slow to a trickle.

"Success opens up a lot of opportunities, sometimes too many," he says. "I don't want to go as fast as I'm capable of going, so I have these anchors I throw out from time to time to slow things down. I don't need more opportunity. I have too much right now, too many choices to make. But even in that I'm lucky, because the big problem in the world is that too many people have no opportunity, no choices."

He could choose to write music: he's already written upwards of a hundred songs. The log cabin studio is loaded with Roland and Yamaha electronic gear, a keyboard, a couple of guitars. Serious about music long before he thought about acting for a living, Bridges still jams regularly with a bunch of guys he's known since high school. ("We have one rule: no songs, just play.")

"The weird thing about the music," Bridges says, "is that most of my ideas come when I'm working on a film. The creative juices or whatever just seem to start flowing then, and I find myself wanting to get something down on paper. A couple of years ago, when I was in Austin making *Nadine*, I just got crazy with this idea, so I got together with some guys and went over to Willie Nelson's recording studio at his Opera House and worked my ass off every spare minute. When I have a lot of free time, it doesn't seem to come as easily."

From music ("I just don't know whether it will ever go beyond the serious hobby stage") the talk shifts to global hunger. Since the late Seventies, Bridges has devoted a lot of time to assorted spin-offs of Werner Erhard's Hunger Project, the est guru's plan for ending world hunger by galvanizing world consciousness. A plan for which millions have been raised. A plan dismissed by Erhard's army of critics as transparently self-aggrandizing.

When Bridges talks about his work in this area, there is no trace of the zealotry characteristic of early Hunger Project acolytes. He speaks quietly, and with evident authority, about the successes of direct-action programs that deliver food and medical services. Even so, anyone who believes Erhard is a major league humbug will naturally raise an eyebrow over the specific focus of Bridges's efforts. It is impossible, however, to hear Bridges on the subject and doubt the strength of his convictions. No one is that good an actor.



THE BASEBALL CAP with the fishing outfitter's logo makes him look like one of the affable southerners he's capable of perfection. Or the one he most *wants* to play—Duane, grown older and richer since *The Last Picture Show*, in Larry McMurtry's 1987 novel, *Texasville*. But he speaks with the precision and insight of a man who understands himself and why he does what he does.

"I've always liked the safety of being an actor and having a producer and director who are responsible for everything," he explains. "That lets me open up and be a willing tool. A good director can get me to do things I never even knew I was capable of doing."

All that will change soon. Nudged on by *Morning After* producer and costar Jane Fonda and others, Bridges has finally formed his own production company. The surprising thing is that it took him so long. Most movie actors do it before the reviews are in on their first starring role. But as Bridges has admitted, he's thrown out an anchor or two along the way.

What's next on the agenda—logically enough, for someone with his particular mix of talent, experience, and sense of self-exploration—is to produce his own films. To take on the responsibility, in other words, that until now he has been perfectly happy for others to bear.

His first venture should be a doozy: with Peter Bogdanovich, Bridges is acquiring the screen rights to *Texasville*. Bridges will be Duane, of course. Bogdanovich will direct. And Bridges will produce—as in, "be the guy responsible for."

The prospect has him more than a little apprehensive. "It's like taking out your balls and putting them on the table"—always a physical actor, he echoes his words in mime—"and saying, 'Say, everybody, look. I made these myself. What do you think of them? Here's a sledgehammer. Do I want to do that? It's scary as shit. But, yes, something in me really wants to do it."

He flashes another world-class grin. "You know that Army recruiting commercial, the one with the jingle? 'Be—all that you can be.' That's what I want."

And he follows the grin with a world-class laugh at himself.

ACROSS THE STREAM tall pines climb up the mountainside. We are standing at the very edge of 1,400 square miles of wilderness. "Someday," Bridges says, gesturing into the woods, "I'm going to go back in there by myself for three or four days. It's something I'm working on in my mind. It's a little scary. There are bears up there, and the terrain is really rough. I probably should carry some kind of gun, but I don't know much about them. Probably shoot myself in the foot. I'm not ready for it yet. But it's something I know I'll do someday."

The trail widens a bit and then ends abruptly, blocked by a ridge that runs right to the stream's edge. The water descends rapidly here in a series of short falls. Giant boulders have partially dammed the stream, creating a pool. Behind us, a single snowcapped peak is framed on the far horizon against a clear blue sky.

"You know," Bridges says, his eyes squinting in the afternoon sunlight, "at this stage in my life, I want to take everything I've been given, all this good luck, and everything I've learned, really worked for, and go out there and just kick ass!" ◻

Glen Waggoner, *senior writer at Esquire, would not have walked up the mountain if he had known how to ride a horse.*

JEFF BRIDGES IN STYLE IN L.A.



Above: Camel's hair single breasted sport jacket and fern green lamb's-wool zip turtleneck by Giorgio Armani
Right: Moss-green wool single breasted sport jacket, wool gabardine shirt, and mustard wool gabardine trousers by Matsuda. Woven leather belt by Campagn-



PHILIP DIXON

JEFF BRIDGES IN STYLE IN L.A.



Copper wool gabardine trench coat and rust button-front wool polo by Issey Miyake. Right: Camel's hair cable-knit turtleneck and matching sweater blazer by Perry Ellis. Moss green wool gabardine trousers by Matsuda. On page 193: Brown suede hacking jacket by Perry Ellis. Indigo washed-silk shirt with flap pockets by Men Go Silk for L'Zinger International



THE OCCIDENTAL TOURIST

Ever wonder what really happens on a Japanese tour bus? What do they see? What do they say? Here, one intrepid reporter joins twelve happy couples as they visit the land of the photo op

By ANN BEATTIE
Photography by Bob Adelman







What does Mr. Iida find most surprising about the United States? That he is the only person on the tour who is not a honeymooner. It was a mistake. This happened, somehow. Twenty-four young Japanese honeymooners, and Mr. Iida. For two days he said nothing. Not a flicker of an expression crossed his face. From scenic overlook to group luncheons (where the Japanese were given the same sort of food Americans are served when they are recovering from an appendectomy), Mr. Iida looked, but he did not react.

On the third day of the tour (ours was called Mach, and I soon wondered if the Japanese realized that it was Mach as in Mach number—a reference, of course, to speed), after we had flown from San Francisco to Los Angeles, I finally got up the courage to approach Mr. Iida as we were led through a patch of grass in Santa Monica. I hoped that he might understand my good intentions, if not the words I was speaking. I began to talk about Santa Monica. It was a fairly liberal place, I told him. *Tom Hayden* and *rent control*, I found myself saying. I pointed to the Shangri-La, identifying it as the hotel where people connected with the movie industry often stay—a hotel so chic that it has a Power Gazebo in the courtyard instead of a pool. As we continued our walk, I pointed in the

direction of the Santa Monica piet, giving an impasstoned description of it pre- and post-storm. Keeping my finger pointed in the same direction, I tried to characterize Venice beach: the skaters, musicians, body builders, and dealers in used Hawaiian shirts (the bus had not stopped there, but on Wilshire Boulevard a block past the Shangri La, where there was nothing to see but grass and palm trees and some people eating lunch at a picnic table). By this time I figured what the hell: two days of asking diplomatic questions and being fed white food—go ahead and talk bodies.

This worked, but not right away. Certainly Mr. Iida could have no idea why the tour guide was matching him in one direction, down a sidewalk winding through a completely inconspicuous park, while another person was gesturing to the distance and talking about muscles. Not could he know why any of this was of interest to a magazine photographer whose activity would make Mick Jagger in performance seem comatose. I had to sympathize. The group had been in almost constant motion from the time it had left Tokyo two days before. For most, the thirteen hour flight had been their honeymoon night. In San Francisco, they had cleared customs and joined up with a guide who boarded them onto a bus that immediately began crisscrossing the city. They had arrived on a beautiful day in San Francisco, and there had been a lot to see.

The terms of the trip were clearly set—complied with, if not desired, by the honeymooners: whatever was seen (a conservatory vaguely resembling Kew Gardens, a statue of Joseph B. Strauss, the chief engineer of the Golden Gate Bridge) would only be seen briefly. And it would be seen through a camera lens. Most often, the husband or wife stood alongside whatever was being photographed. One man had brought a tripod and stood beside his wife as the camera's auto timer did its trick. Many of the women wore lace stockings and pretty patent-leather shoes. None of them wore running shoes. There was certainly no occasion to run: the group sat on the bus, gathering information from the tour guide between stops about everything from the price of California real estate to how much it was customary to tip, while Greg Fetherolf, our bus driver the first two days, chatted with us about where Houdini lived, where Clint Eastwood filmed a famous car chase, where Joe DiMaggio and O. J. Simpson went to high school. It was a San Francisco I'd never seen before—or at least not this way. We either looked at things, or at the land, and when the bus stopped, the Japanese looked at each other through their cameras.





It was possible to see the cameras as having a life of their own, with hands controlling them that happened to be attached to people.

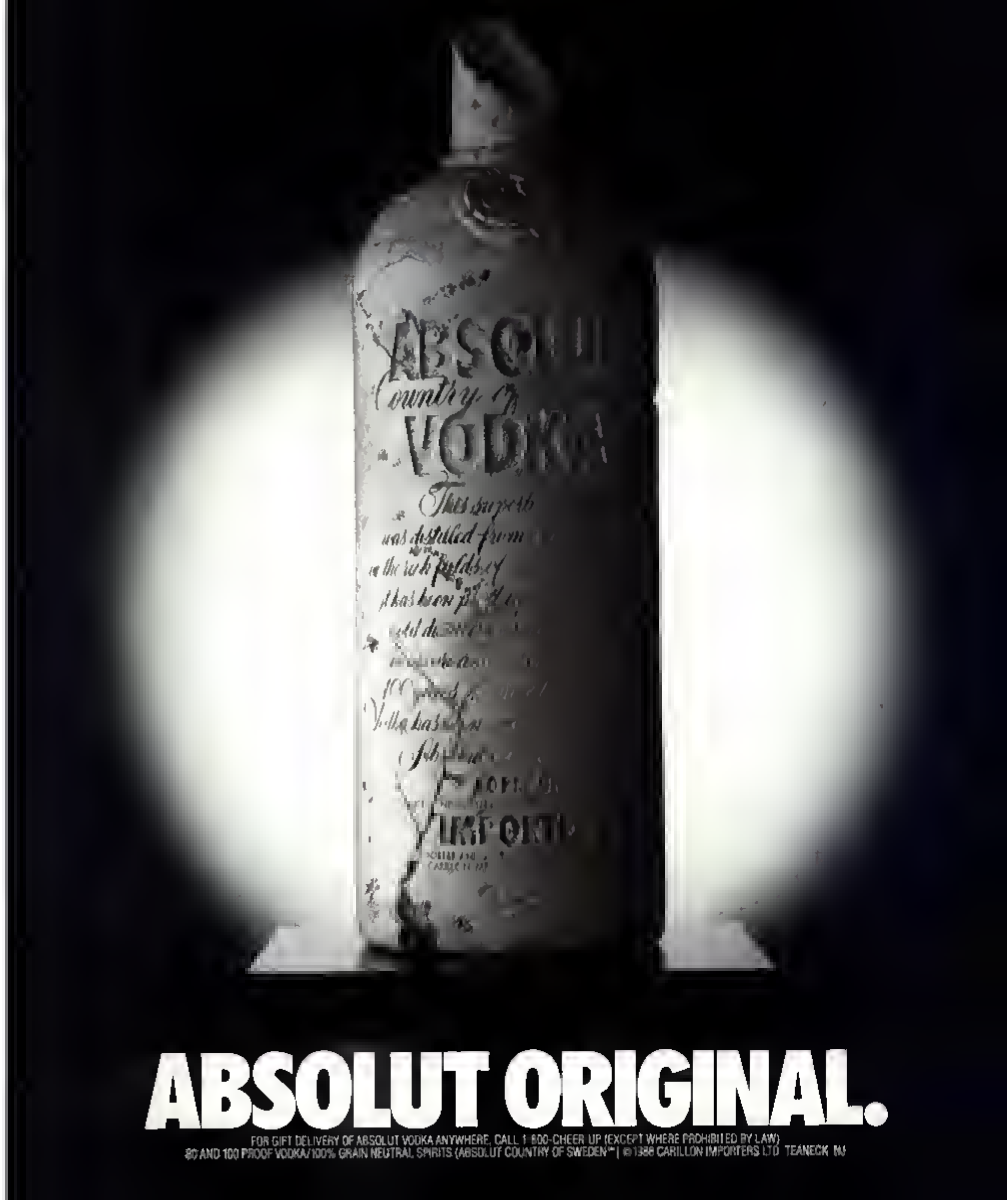
On the second day, I asked Greg whether he had any curiosity about going to Japan, after working nearly one hundred hour weeks during the busy season. "Sure, that might be interesting," he said. "I'd like to spend a little more time in places than they do, though." (By the second day, some of the Japanese had gotten up the courage to ask him to step into the picture, all over Japan, there are sure to be pictures of Greg Fetherolf, standing at an overlook or smiling with his arm around somebody's wife while seagulls swirl.) Driving past Silicon Valley, past the redwoods (but not the biggest redwoods), past farm stands advertising FARM FRESH PRODUCE/COLD BEER, Greg pointed out Fort Ord (it wasn't night, so the war games weren't going on), supplied the name of the plants glowing along the highway (*ice plants*—to a Californian, this is like finding out that someone doesn't know what a Christmas tree is), predicted that because the water was still so choppy the seals would not be on the rocks (correct), and slowed down so we could peer at the roof of Clint Eastwood's house.

Wherever we went, there were other buses filled with Japanese tourists. Cameras seemed to be clicking everywhere. Whether it was a valley or a park, Pebble Beach or the shopping mall in Carmel, all of America was a photo opportunity, with bridges as backdrop and seagulls as special effects. It was quite possible to see the cameras as having a life of their own, with hands controlling them that happened to be attached to the arms of people. Soon I began to feel frustrated about missed photo opportunities: no one got to stand below Arnold Schwarzenegger, running for his life on a billboard above Sunset Boulevard. As we sped on, Tower Records was pointed out, but Spago was not. Perhaps they were not the best photo opportunities, but I began to feel that the places didn't really exist if we didn't stop. Why were we passing Famous Amos without a cookie for everyone? Why were we just looking out the bus window at Ted Lapidus and Hermes and Gucci on Rodeo Drive? There were Christmas decorations in Beverly Hills we went by too fast to study, billboards of John Wayne's orange tinted face rising above us, and surely the seagulls from Seal Rock were still swirling, and here we were on the bus, with every other car that cut in front of us a Nissan or a Subaru.

Signs of home were everywhere for the Japanese. The Bank of Tokyo rose high up to the sky. Restaurant after restaurant offered sushi, every chance for *anago* and Sapporo if only we weren't hurtling past—slightly behind schedule but we'd make up the time—to Mann's Chinese Theatre, where patent-leather shoes could settle into the indentations made by Eddie Murphy's shoes (BE FREE!) where John Travolta's square of cement got quite a lot of attention and George Jessel's drew none. And look: when Burt Reynolds drew in the

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Ann Beattie's *most recent collection of stories is* Where You'll Find Me. *She is currently working on her fourth novel.*



wet cement, he wrote PUDLIC instead of PUBLIC the first time around, and changed the D to a B. That near mistake wasn't going to draw anyone's attention when there was the gaudy theater itself in the background, when the photograph of the loved one's hand had to be taken next to the imprint made by Elizabeth Taylor. The area around Mann's Chinese looks like Center City Anywhere. Boring backdrop material. But earlier in the day it had been glorious at Marina del Rey—so much blue sky and blue water were sure to look vibrant surrounding everyone's beloved—and then there had been lunch at Benihana (America's concept of what a Japanese restaurant is), where shrimp were deveined, detailed, and set sputtering on the plates faster than you could say Where's-the-camera?



They were young and on an adventure in a land that they could afford. "Cheap," we kept hearing. No one ever seemed to run out of film.

Duty free! It was a chance to buy gifts for friends and relatives in Japan (it is a custom to return the favor when the recently gifted newlyweds return home). Golf balls were a big favorite. Also cigarettes and liquor. In the outer store, the shelves of merchandise were identified by markers at the top that read: SALMON NUTS, TOP GUN, PEBBLE BEACH, TEAM SPORTS, MICKEY MOUSE CLUB. Giddy with living in a cornucopia, the yellow Big Buds had toppled in the corner.

Out of duty free and on to Olvera Street. Pigeons on the roof of La Luz del Dia, musicians playing to customers eating outside, and sombreros that appeared from nowhere to help the honeymooners look even more fetching as they sat on top of a stuffed mule to have their pictures taken. Back in San Francisco, the guide's English translation of dinner instructions to the honeymooners had read: "You will have honeymoon steak dinners at the 'One Up' restaurant at Hyatt on Union Square. Please dress up and go to the restaurant [illegible]." The honeymooners may not have been sure about correct dinner attire without being told, but they did pack everyday clothes that were preppy conservative. They already seemed to know that everything would be a potential prop.

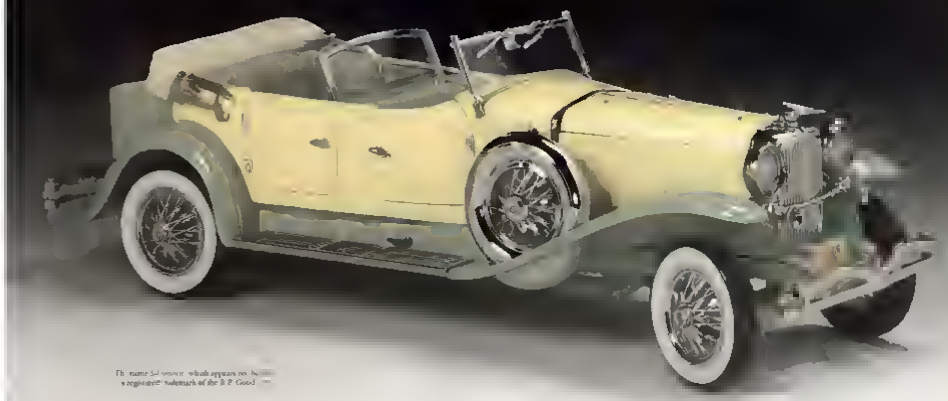
On the fourth day of the tour we went to Disneyland. By the time the honeymooners saw Michael Jackson looking earnest in his bejeweled white suit as Captain EO in 3-D, it probably made as much sense as anything else. Michael's spaceship whirled through the galaxy much the way our tour bus hit the highways. Shy about talking, most of the people on the tour were reluctant to speak English but could understand quite well what was being said. I can only imagine that there was a moment of empathy with Michael, whose problem in the movie was that he had lost the map. What if the tour guide disappeared? If there were no instructions about how to dress for dinner? If somehow things went out of control?

When I had this thought (while shaking hands with Mickey Mouse, I believe), I began to think of the cameras as mechanical pieces of luck, worry beads that might be held to the eye. If one person looked through the camera and located the other person, then the experience was real—there was documentation—even if nothing was felt or really experienced. And for all I know, many things may have been deeply felt. Standing alongside the statues may have seemed like being part of an important tribute. Seen in context, the Golden Gate Bridge may have changed the whole world around it. It was quite apparent that some smiles were triggered by happiness, others as automatic a reflex as a camera lens clicking. The honeymooners said that they were interested in seeing how much the United States was like the movies and the TV shows they had seen. They were looking for similarities instead of differences. They were in the mood to appreciate what they saw because they had just gone through exhausting wedding ceremonies and celebrations, and they had time off (long vacations—with the exception of a honeymoon—are unusual in Japan), and they were young and on an adventure in a land that they could afford. "Cheap," we kept hearing over and over. No one ever seemed to run out of film.

In Tomorrowland, Mr. Iida and I climbed into a car together to ride on Space Mountain. I tried to make sure that he knew what he was letting himself in for. By this time it was apparent to me that Mr. Iida spoke English very well and understood almost everything. This was not his first trip to the United States. He had come before (though not on his honeymoon then either), and back home in Japan he was trying to teach his eldest son English. Mr. Iida understood that I both loved and feared Space Mountain and that I thought riding on it was like being *in* 3-D. Waiting in line, he asked how so many children could be at Disneyland on a school day. I had no idea. He made the observation that the children seemed always to be laughing. I pointed out that kids of a certain age either slugged each other or fussed with each other's jewelry. "Very physical. Very good," Mr. Iida said. As we were whirled around the dark interior of Space Mountain, Mr. Iida made a few slight sounds, but my own screams drowned him out. "Very much scary fun," he said when we got off. I staggered out the exit, tears shaken from my eyes.

After this, while the group scattered in all directions, I had coffee and tried to observe, without being observed, a trembling mother, picking through a roast beef sandwich for the second time to make sure that all fat was removed before she handed it back to her son. Her other son wouldn't eat anything. Her husband made eye contact with no one. The mother kept saying to the son who had nothing in front of him, "Tell me what you want." He squirmed and wanted to know what the restaurant had. "Tell me what you want," the mother

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hissed. I thought it was going to turn violent any second. The Royal Street Bachelors sang merrily and played their instruments. "Tell me what you want," the mother hissed again, her hands trembling over a pile of meat.

That night we were at the observatory, looking at the night lights of Los Angeles, then off to the show at Louis Paciocco's "La Cage aux Folles" on La Cienega. Here, as the honeymooners stepped over pink feathers, a transvestite barked orders about where they were to sit. We were given roast beef dinners, which were actually quite good. The white food (ice cream) didn't come until later. The Fabulous Gypsy (sic introduced) presided over the show. Gypsy had his hair cropped short and looked quite sedate compared with Captain EO. Soon men in drag began doing impersonations of everyone from Julie Andrews to Tina Turner (seeing such a show without a Tina Turner imitation would be like omitting the turkey from Thanksgiving dinner). In the audience, sitting with a group of women called "The Forty Karats Club," was a columnist who, sniffed, dressed, and decolletaged, was a dead ringer for Joan Collins. On the walls were soft sculptures—at least, I think that's what they were—of women's torsos, horizontal to the floor, legs kicking out from under ruffly skirts. A round of applause was asked for the visiting Japanese ("They won't understand what's going on," the Fabulous Gypsy said). Wrong. They had it figured in two seconds. But what I was thinking was that after a day at Disneyland filled with illusion and confusion, this sort of parody and hype was like a chaser of grain alcohol after a shot of 100 proof tequila. Fiddling while Rome burns has become commonplace to us, but what could the performers have felt camping it up like this in the midst of the AIDS epidemic? I admit it: at this point in the trip I had begun to feel not so much worn out as worn down, as if I had convincingly been made to see that the world I lived in was so vast and so complicated that it was *properly* experienced in grabbed moments and that the jumble of Disneyland and La Cage aux Folles did indeed make some peculiar, if not cosmic, sense. For days and days I had boarded planes and hopped on and off buses and onto and off rides, looked down at cities from on high when that was where the bus stopped at



I had begun to see that the world I lived in was so complicated that the jumble of Disneyland did make some peculiar, if not cosmic, sense.

scenic overlooks or when the plane descended. I had appeared as the person tagging along in my sensible shoes asking questions, while moments later the tables would be turned and I'd be the one being scrutinized ("My boyfriend," I said, pointing to the smiling face of the man I lived with—a picture taken in a friend's pool in the Hollywood Hills the summer before, when we were in particularly good spirits. Heaven knows why I had that picture, and only that picture, with me. At the mere sight of it, one honeymooner dove into his carrying bag and produced a faded picture of his new wife as a five-year-old, in a kimono with a big bow in her hair, and another honeymooner announced that she would send me her wedding picture. Milda had the best reaction, however. "California wine?" he asked, pointing to the glasses of red wine at the rim of the pool.)

What the Japanese honeymooners and Milda were seeing was California as an Impressionist painting. Considering how quickly we moved through every day, I can only assume that the presumption about tours is that by having the tourists essentially removed from the action, it is possible to get the whole picture, while close involvement and examination would only reveal the chaotic bits and pieces that make up the whole. I found myself backing up, squinting, half mesmerized by the light show of the world that California can appear to be, half on simple sensory overload. It seemed sometimes maddening that wherever we looked, there was an illusion. The huge pastel-lit waterfall outside the Sheraton Grande, where we stayed in Los Angeles, was a perfect example. Water bubbles up through the clear vertical tubes, while at the same time a thin stream of water washes down from above so that the waterfall appears to be rising and falling at the same time.

When you take in a vast amount—when there are strong visual stimuli and when the world is full of strange sounds and when context isn't clear—it's very disorienting, to say the least. But while the things I saw often might have seemed, on the surface, like other things (the aerial view of nighttime L.A. was similar to the interior of Space Mountain, for example), there was, finally, no common denominator. Visually they had something in common, but experientially, nothing. There seems every possibility that the Japanese honeymooners will go home and say that California is a vast carnival. I'd like to see the odd game of solitaire that the laying out of the pictures will be when, inevitably, the album is opened and things are put in place. Al Mann's Chinese, Burt Reynolds gave his thanks TO THE PUBLIC WHO MADE THIS ALL POSSIBLE. That's it, all right: the land of possibility. And as long as the tourists are willing to come to us, California will never have to take its act on the road. The Japanese—in fact, all tourists—validate us and endorse us by their presence. Every click of the camera is analogous to applause. And we return the favor. With film in the camera and the right moment presenting itself (more helpful), still, if those right moments are declared as such, and the tour bus stops), anyone can be a part of the show. It may not be true, except for the particularly lucky, that the world is your oyster, but this was an experience that certainly proved it can be your backdrop. Against it, you can be a star.



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▶ 2nd Escort	Bel Escort	Fox	Gal	Gal	Whistler	Whistler	▶ 2nd Escort	(Escort not tested)	▶ 2nd Escort	▶ 2nd Passport
Bel Escort	Whistler	Whistler	Whistler	Bel	Fox	Bel	Whistler	Cobra	Bel	Gal
Fox	Fox	Radva Interrupt	Fox	440	Radva Shark	Fox	440	Uniden	Whistler	Snooper
Whistler	Radva Interrupt	Fox	Radva Interrupt	Radva Interrupt		Gal	Fox	Radva Radva	Maxon	Uniden
Radva Radva	Fox	Radva Interrupt	Snooper	Whistler		Cobra	Bel	Bel	Radva Radva	Whistler
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Whistler	Snooper			Fox		440	Whistler	Sportsmaster	Fox	Radva Radva
Fox				Phantom		Gal	Bel	Fox	Cobra	Cobra
Super Uniden						Radva Interrupt	Fox	Gal	Bel	Gal
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Profile

ADVENTURES IN THE DEMME MONDE

How a modest cultural hero turned the spotlight on his mom and me. Gently

By ROY BLOUNT JR.

IF YOU KEEP UP with the uncategorizable-movie scene at all, you probably know that Jonathan Demme is the director of a heartwarming comedy (*Citizens Band*) that leads us to believe, for several delicious moments, that the hero has unwittingly been eating his dog, and another comedy about ordinary life (*Melvin and Howard*) in which two men called the Bait Brothers sing and dance in a single suit of clothes, and so on. But did you know that Demme is named for his lineal ancestor Jonathan Edwards, the great eighteenth-century American theologian who wrote *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*? Or that a pivotal role in Demme's development was played by greyhound blood?

Demme is a chunky, eager-faced, affably new-wavish, very young-looking forty-four. He sits there in his athletic jacket with Japanese English embroidery (EXCITING LEAGUE UNITY LEAGUE CONQUEST TEAM 74-75 NORTH SHORE MAPLE VALLEY HIGHWAY) and a Jesse Jackson button on it, and tells me that he doesn't like being focused on, because a movie involves many people working together. And I take his point. So let's focus on me.

I am a cameo. My twelve-second appearance (part of which time I am behind someone's head) in Demme's latest movie, *Married to the Mob*, places me in a long tradition that seems to include every nonactor Demme has ever known: his mother, his father, one of his brothers, his wife, two of his sisters-in-law, his father-in-law, himself, some of his high school buddies, most of his production staff, and David Byrne's mother, to name a few. What is it like to direct your own mother? "On the first take I looked at her and thought, 'This is over the top,' and then I thought, 'This is *really* over the top,' and I said, 'Mom, just be yourself,' and she said [he does his mother waving her arms and shouting], "I *am* being myself." Her name is Dodie. But enough about her.

Here I am in a corridor of the state courts building on Centre Street in New York, dressed more or less as myself, jostling and straining, trying to get the ear of a Mafia don, and an armed guard is shoving me, and I feel—oh, perhaps *radiant* isn't the word, but let's say *enhanced* because I am part of this strange comedy whose director has been called the Preston Sturges of our time. Sturges may be my favorite director, but he is dead. Whereas Demme—

Sorry. Back to me. I play, as far as I am concerned, a pivotal role in *Married to the Mob*. In the credits I am identified as "the Humane Reporter, as opposed to the Pushy Reporter and the Zany Reporter. I have a line.

"How are the feds treating you, Tony?"

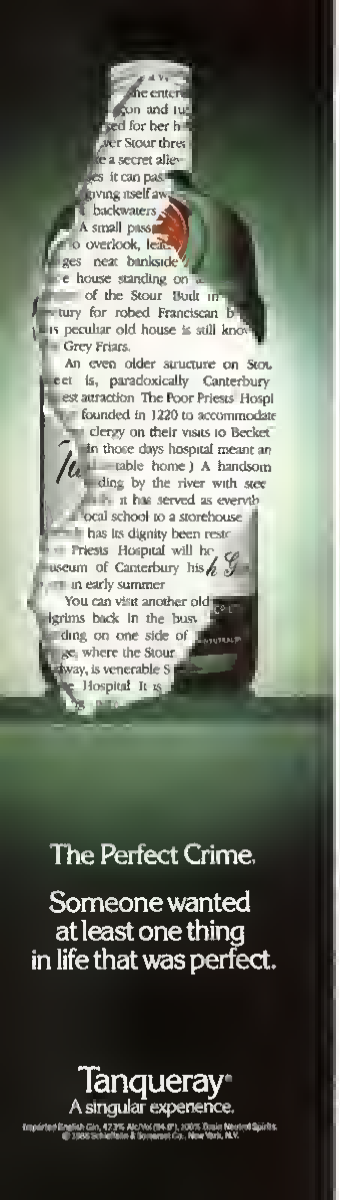
Hostile and strain with real conviction, because my motivation is to stay on-camera as long as possible, and that means struggling as hard as I can to interview in a crowd. I shout my question at Dean Stockwell, who plays Tony "the Tiger" Russo, a kind of sympathetic murdering bastard. Then, if you look as closely as I can assume you have, you can see me in the background smiling broadly at Tony's quips, which are not actually very funny except on a certain level. In fact there is an eerie, dreamlike quality to this scene I'm in, as far as I am concerned. Here is why I call my role pivotal: my entire reaction to this movie turns on the thought, "How can this be a real movie if I'm in it?"

So let us, with real reluctance on my part, focus on someone else: Michelle Pfeiffer. In *Married to the Mob* she plays the central character, Angela DeMarco. Angela has been suffering role strain as the wife of a mobster, and now that her husband has been rubbed out she tries to escape the clutches of the "family," particularly Godfather Tony.

One of the great things about Demme's movies is how the women in them glow. Mary Steenburgen in *Melvin and Howard*, Melanie Griffith in *Something Wild*, Candy Clark in *Citizens Band* (just to mention principals) have a redoubtable, quirky-to-kinky, inner-directed dewiness that to be

Roy Blount Jr.'s book Crackers is *being reissued in paperback this month by Ballantine.*

TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS



sure derives from themselves but is also distinctively Demmean

How can I justify that adjective, *Demmean*? Without focusing on Demme. Well, I sat in a booth at Sigma Sound in New York and watched as composer David Byrne, music supervisor Gary Goetzman, and sound mixer Chris Newman laid music under a scene in which Pfeiffer says to Matthew Modine:

"My husband useta work for Tony Russo. And he was iced. And ever since, Tony's been tryna screw me."

On the page, not so luminous. But I viewed that scene eight or ten times on a monitor, back and forth, and every time it was savory. It was like reading over and over a particularly decorous and sensuous passage from 'The Eve of St. Agnes" by Keats. Angela's declaration causes Modine to fall in love—which is understandable but awkward, because what she doesn't realize is that he is an FBI agent out to get Tony through her. ("I've misjudged you," he says, and that means one poignant thing to him but quite another to her—Demme's movies are full of people leading incongruous double lives yet fruitfully coexisting.) Modine's partner (played by Oliver Platt, who looks a little like Demme to me, but Demme doesn't see it) looks bemusedly semismitten himself, although he is only eavesdropping on their conversation electronically and can't see her lips. Never before on screen, I venture to state, has a woman looked and sounded so undesignedly exquisite saying "iced," as in offed, in a Long Island Italian accent. Demme's movies are full of moments that lift me slightly off the ground.

So where does that leave us? Except for what I've read here and there, I don't know what a director does. I've watched John Huston, Robert Altman, Mike Nichols, and Demme direct, and they all seemed interchangeably unobtrusive. The only direction Demme gave me personally, aside from encouragement to be loud, was after the run-through, in which I got shoved out of the shot. "If you want to fall back like that again," he said, "it might be good." I nodded but was not about to comply.

Mark Burns and Barry Strugatz wrote Pfeiffer's lines, and she delivered them, and Modine reacted to them winningly, and Richard Ericson was her dialect coach, and Tak Fujimoto lit and shot her, and Craig McKay was the editor, and Ed Saxon and Kenneth Utt produced, and Orion came up with the project to begin with, and there are so many others I could name. All I can tell you about the Demme touch, as such, is that his demeanor, on and off the set, is cheerfully invigorating. I've spent time with him at infrequent intervals over the last eight or ten years, and the only time I've seen him looking anxious was when I laid on him my theory of him as culture hero.

So I withdraw my theory. Here it is.

In Demme's four most Demmean features—*Citizens Band*, *Melvin and Howard*, *Something Wild*, and now *Married to the Mob*—a fresh-faced, apparently too-nice-for-his-own-good young man (played by Paul LeMat, Paul LeMat, Jeff Daniels, and Modine) runs up against various corrupting aspects of American life and manages courageously (in three of the four cases, by kicking ass) to justify his essential sweetness. I put it to Demme that this was also the story of Demme as filmmaker—except that the jury is still out on his justification, because (the curse of low tastes and capitalism) none of his features has been a big commercial success. As I say, he didn't go for the concept. "All those movies—I get hired to make them," he said.

But we have got to have some kind of theme here. Demme's movies do. "Can't face your own brother? You got something to say to me, say it to my face," says Paul LeMat to his brother in *Citizens Band*. Not so heavy, or else too heavy, on the page, but in the movie it nicely plants various plot and subplot strands along with the obvious one that LeMat has just caught his brother out as the ominous CB voice, handle "Blood," that has been threatening him.

You may be wondering about the greyhound blood.

First, a little exposition. Demme and his wife, partner Joanne Howard, and their baby daughter, Ramona, live in a sun-drenched NoHo loft decorated with dozens of Haitian and Latin American folk paintings and some of Joanne's: a sinuous dark suggestion of landscape that is actually more of an *S* with a real snakeskin impasted in, an airliner with dreams of wings and angels arising from it. In moviemaking, Demme says, "different levels of attention come into play. One of them is the adolescent who enjoys a good gunfight and wants to go for popcorn if the kiss goes on too long—I feel my heart sink if the characters settle into a conversation." So it is not entirely my fault if this article jumps around. While laying our bagels and lox, playing with the baby, using the phone, taking a snapshot of the baby and me, showing off paintings, and setting off to see a friend's sculpture, Demme reveals that he grew up on Long Island and in Miami loving movies but never expecting to make them.

"I don't know what it is, about the family structure or what, that makes a kid get so hooked on movies. When I was twelve or thirteen I'd go alone on the bus or train to see movies all over Long Island. I'd cut out



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ads—I had stacks of movie ads. Go down in the basement of apartment buildings to cut out ads from great stacks of newspapers with that awful smell they have when they've been down in the cellar too long.

"The first time I saw a TV, I remember standing there, a six year old in a cowboy hat, watching a shoot-out with Hopalong Cassidy—one of those fights in the rocks. Then the cute older girl next door took me to see *Treasure Island* with Robert Newton—*arrrh*, me hearty.' There were these great pictures—*Mighty Joe Young*, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*—on television, the Million Dollar Movie, the same movie repeated all week. But it never crossed my mind that you could *do* that. I wanted to *watch* movies. Never thought I'd be involved in the process. Why would I want to be? Just go see 'em is the best!"

When the family moved to Miami, his parents would take him to an art theater—*Black Orpheus* stands out—and he enjoyed that fare as well as the popular. 'Me and my friends used to drink a lot of beer and go to the drive-in. Sometimes with dates, sometimes without 'em. My friend Buzz Kilman—he's the Ruthless Sniper in *Married to the Mob*—he's now a radio personality in Chicago. He and I were in the same high school fraternity, Deucalion. He was president and I was vice-president. We were both going steady, with Linda and Becky. New Year's Eve we took them to the Miracle Theatre on the Miracle Mile at 10:45 to see *Father Goose* because that way we could stay for the midnight premiere of *Goodbye Charlie*. Our girlfriends were pissed, and they let us know it, and we didn't give a shit. They had their little dresses that everybody gets for New Year's Eve—had their hair done, these incredible triple bubble flips [illegible]."

"And they weren't even at a theater they could make out in," says Joanne.

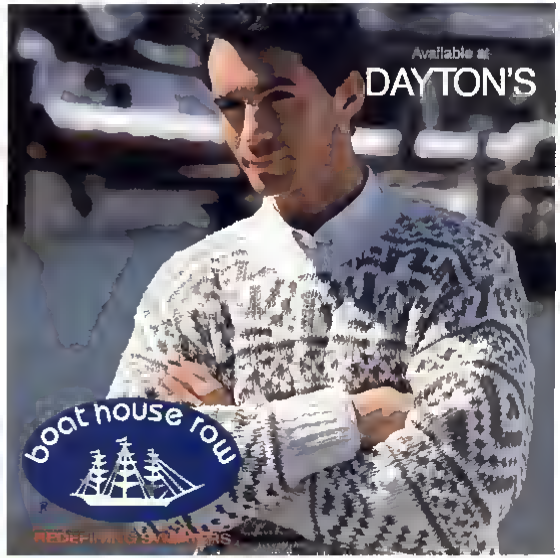
"Right. It wasn't a drive-in' Buzz and I thought we were making a sacrifice because we couldn't bring any beer in."

Still, movies weren't a *career* obsession. Demme intended to be a veterinarian. He had a job as a vet's assistant. And he found out why this vet charged nothing for putting greyhounds to sleep—greyhounds who didn't pan out as racers or breeders.

Greyhound blood is the richest of dog bloods. Only greyhound blood suits any breed of dog in transfusion. So greyhound blood was worth seventy-five dollars a pint. Before destroying an unwanted greyhound this vet would bleed him for a few days.

And Demme thought, "Well, gosh, I want to be a vet. Maybe I'm not cut out for it. But these dogs are going to die anyway, and the blood will help other dogs [illegible]." So





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he would grit his teeth and bring the doomed greyhounds up from the kennels to be bled.

Then little Jojo arrived. The prettiest, wiggliest little greyhound Demme had ever seen—a point he made to the vet.

A gleam came into the vet's eye. "You're not supposed to get emotionally involved with the animals," the vet said. "Goooo get lit-tle Jojo."

And Demme did. And watched little Jojo be bled. And decided he couldn't let it happen again. "I called up a guy who lived on a farm and said, 'Do you want the best dog you'll ever have?' and he said, 'Sure,' and I got little Jojo and took her to him.

"And the next day the vet looked at me and said, 'Goooo get lit-tle Jojo.' He was such a prick. I mean, he was a nice guy, but he was being such a prick. And I said, 'I can't get little Jojo.'

"And he said, 'You have to get little Jojo. You'll never be a vet if you don't.'

"And I said, 'No, you don't understand, I can't get little Jojo because she's gone. I took her somewhere where you'll never find her.'

"And he said, 'Not only are you fired, right now, and you'll never be a vet, but if you don't get that dog back to me tomorrow I'll have you attested.'

"And I walked out saying, bleeding heart, 'Well fugyoo then, just call the cops, then,' and went home.

"After a few days he called up and said I could forget about being taken into his practice, but he'd give me my job back. 'You'll never be a vet,' he said, 'but you can be a damn good kennel man.'

"That had a great effect, seeing what a business veterinary medicine was. It wasn't about saving little animals, it was about making a lot of money."

Let's face it. People have said the same thing about the movie industry. But Demme says, "I still feel on a certain level how amazing it is to me to be a moviemaker."

It came about in this way. He couldn't learn chemistry at the University of Florida. "Did you ever just block on a subject, and not get it?" My theory is that every time he looked at a beaker he thought of little Jojo, but at any rate he washed out of pre-vet. He had been reviewing movies for the campus paper and the *Coral Gables Times Guide*. Through his father, who was in hotel and airline publicity, he met the mogul Joseph E. Levine, who gave him a job in movie publicity. Pauline Kael met him during this stage of his career. "Neither of us had any idea I was meeting a budding filmmaker," she says. But within a few years he had met the eminent B-movie producer-director Roger Corman, who has a history of helping young filmmakers bud before they ex-



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pect it. By 1974 Demme was the auteur of *Caged Heat*.

After that things got rockier. His first effort after he outgrew the Corman stable was *Citizens Band*, which got great reviews but made no money under that title or when it was re-released as *Handle with Care*. *Melvin and Howard* came out in 1980. It was chosen as the year's best film by the National Society of Film Critics, and Demme was named best director by the New York Film Critics. The movie didn't make money.

I got to know Demme around this time. He wanted me to do a script with him, and I was eager, and I did learn about one thing a not yet bankable director spends a lot of time doing: trying to get something going. Here was a guy who had twice found indigenous magic in small-time America, and many were the sluggish, oft-passed-on scripts and weird novels that he hustled to dredge a project out of. But the star or the producer or some other element always fell through, which is to say the money was never there—until *Swing Shift* came along. I had a chance to do the third or fourth rewrite of that script. "I think we're going to fall in love and get married," the producer said. "We're going to kick ass!" said Demme. But then somebody offered me a chance to write an original script, and Demme unselfishly advised me to do that instead.

Swing Shift was to be Demme's commercial breakthrough. Goldie Hawn, the first big name he'd worked with, was the star and executive producer. Pauline Kael, who has seen the print that Demme and editor McKay put together, says it is terrific and that it also makes Hawn look much better than the version that was released, which was reworked by other hands because Demme refused to go along with the changes Hawn demanded. *Swing Shift* did not advance anyone's career.

Demme doesn't like to talk about the *Swing Shift* struggle. "It was emotionally and psychologically very exhausting—but that wasn't about the horror of what can happen to you in the movie business, or the horror of a director having his movie taken away from him, though that was horrible. It was about being in sustained conflict with essentially decent people. Nobody giving in. It didn't soul me in anything except conflict. It didn't soul me on Hollywood, which is a state of mind anyway. It just kicked the shit out of me for a while."

He kept control of his next feature, *Something Wild*, which is rife with surprise. I'm not going to spoil it for you, except to say that Demme recalls realizing what a director could do when, in college, he saw *Shoot the Piano Player*, "and gangsters are interrogating Charles Aznavour, and he says, 'If I'm lying, may my mother drop dead.' And Truffaut cuts to a shot of an old lady collapsing! Such a rule break, such a preposterous thing in the middle! I thought, 'That's a real director!' That's a crazy director!" *Something Wild* is much more surprising than that. It is as funny and Americana-packed as Demme's other features and is also scarier than *Fatal Attraction*, without being sleazily manipulative like *Fatal Attraction*. Large audiences went for *Fatal Attraction* but not for *Something Wild*.

Here is why I call my role pivotal: my entire reaction to this movie turns on the thought, "How can this be a real movie if I'm in it?"

There have been many neoattempts at screwball comedy and film noir in the Eighties, and some of them have been popular successes. Demme managed to get both genres dead on and enriching each other in the same movie, and people hung back. *Offbeat* is a word that is often applied to his movies. Offbeat in the Eighties means being serious about more things than business.

Demme is cochairman of Filmmakers United Against Apartheid. His Americana scrapbook makes a demographically apt, cinematically overdue point of including numbers of friendly, self-sufficient nonwhite persons. He plans to revisit Haiti soon to make a second political documentary-you-can-dance-to (the first, *Haiti Dreams of Democracy*, appeared on cable this year), in which folk musicians deride the thugs who run their country. He is earnest about social fabrics and about how movies affect them.

"I think it's obscene to show death as an orgiastic moment in life," Demme says. "Surely this must be one of the things that make kids pick up a real gun to capture the thrilling moment. *Something Wild* disturbed people because it tried to be loyal to the idea of showing how terrifying it is to get in a long fight. People get emotionally disturbed. That disturbed me. I don't want to upset people in their life.

"I never wanted *Married to the Mob* to cross the line into being a disheartening circumstance for anybody. So its violence is stylized, bloodless, zany.

Demme calls it "escapist" and "commercial," but he is taking the risk again that audiences will say, "What kind of movie is this, anyway? A kind of postfeminist bedroom farce in which eleven people are shot to death?"

One of the reasons Preston Sturges died a flop is that his movies became more interesting and Sturgesean than immediate mass audiences wanted them to be. But Sturges also made a self-destructive point of defying the soulless moneymen, and he wasted his capital. "I'd love to have made some of Preston Sturges's movies, but I don't want to *be* Preston Sturges," Demme says with feeling.

"Did you ever see *The Legend of Lylah Clare*? Peter Finch plays a caricature of a serious director, and Ernest Borgnine is a caricature of a studio head. There's this great scene, where Borgnine says to Finch, 'If it wasn't for guys like me, guys like you would be making home movies for an audience of one.' And that's true.

"The hardest thing about making a movie is getting a good script. It's hard to write a good script. I have tried and failed. *Something Wild* is all in Max Frye's script. Getting a good script that looks like a worthy investment for executives of corporations who in order to remain in their jobs have to realize a significant profit. You can always make the really cheap offbeat thing, get your offbeat fun in. On the other hand, if you find a commercial script like *Married to the Mob*—jump in with full fuel."

But how long can his fuel last if he doesn't produce a major hit?

It seems plain to me, as Humane Reporter, that Demme is up to higher comedy than people are prepared for nowadays—and yet it's comedy that has the straightforward common touch of a small-town newspaper column.

"Jonathan Demme is our most direct contact to the avant-garde," said *The New York Times* after his full-bodied, no-dialogue Talking Heads concert film, *Stop Making Sense*. But I can't imagine *anyone*, however hip or unhip, not responding to the climactic scene of *Citizens Band*, in which all the characters, hitherto alienated one from the other, are brought into heterogeneous concord in the woods, in a secular heaven of no-fault bigamy (you have to be there), found cattle, and misty end of the rain light.

I always thought of Jonathan Edwards as a fire and brimstone Calvinist, but after



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■ *Thursday, September 8, 1988*

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12:00-2:00 p.m.—Meet Krizia's design team, Aldo Pinto and Maricca Mandelli, along with ESQUIRE's editorial and marketing fashion directors, Bob Beauchamp and Kim Johnson Gross

For more information call (312) 642-5900, The Man's Store at Neiman Marcus

■ *Saturday, September 10, 1988*

NEIMAN MARCUS SAN FRANCISCO and ESQUIRE present Gianfranco Ferre for Fall 1988.

12:00-2:00 p.m.—Meet Gianfranco Ferre along with ESQUIRE's editorial and marketing fashion directors, Bob Beauchamp and Kim Johnson Gross

For more information call (415) 362-3900, The Man's Store at Neiman Marcus

■ *Wednesday, September 14, 1988*

NEIMAN MARCUS HOUSTON GALLERIA and ESQUIRE present Missoni for Fall 1988

12:00-2:00 p.m.—Meet Vittorio Missoni along with ESQUIRE's editorial and marketing fashion directors Bob Beauchamp and Kim Johnson Gross

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■ *Monday, September 26, 1988*

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/New York City

5:30-7:00 p.m. (6th Floor)—Meet designer Bill Robinson along with ESQUIRE's Marketing Fashion Director, Kim Johnson Gross, who will preview the Bill Robinson Fall Collection at the SAKS FIFTH AVENUE Men's Store. Informal modeling.

R.S.V.P. (212) 940-4686

■ *Friday, September 30, 1988*

NEIMAN MARCUS BEVERLY HILLS and ESQUIRE present Hugo Boss for Fall 1988.

12:00-2:00 p.m.—Meet Hugo Boss president, Barry Wishnow along with ESQUIRE's editorial and marketing fashion directors, Bob Beauchamp and Kim Johnson Gross

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I learned that Demme was Edwards's descendant. I looked him up and found that he often spoke of sweetness (an "inward sweetness," an "awful sweetness") and light. Here's a passage with a moviemaking application: "What an infinite number of beauties is there in that one thing, the light, and how complicated a harmony and proportion is it probable belongs to it." And here's something that fits Demme's movies in particular: "The beauty of the world consists wholly of sweet mutual consents."

Nothing is forced in Demme's movies, and yet points are made. There's a moment in *Married to the Mob* when the Pfeiffer character's little boy, whom she's been trying to raise decently in murderous circles, shoots at his happy dog with a laser tag gun the godfather gave him, causing a laser tag target on the dog's head to beep. The dog whimpers and runs. Pfeiffer and the viewer cringe, and perspective is lent to all the bizarrely affectless real-bullet mayhem in this and other movies.

("You mean I have to kill them?" Matthew Modine asked Demme before his big shoot-out scene, and Demme said, "You didn't read the script?" But Demme says he's "nervous that that scene might've pussyfooted its way into 'It's easy and fun to shoot mobsters.'" He says he wanted us to feel sorry that all those characters die.)

But even humane people got to pay the rent. Pfeiffer holds her own because she doesn't care about luxury and is a good worker. Demme believes he can hold his "as long as I do real professional work, and it shows on the screen—it doesn't look like a lazy person's done it." And he eschews heroics. He says he's happy in his working arrangement with Orion. "I have as much control as anybody who's been around as long as I have. Creative control through two cuts and two previews. After that, if a studio wants changes, you have to find a way to make what you want to do *work*. You have to make a *case* for it."

In *Something Wild* a Florida artist named Jim Roche had a cameo role, dispensing Pepto-Bismol to the Jeff Daniels character. (Demme became friendly with Roche after mistaking his studio for a first-state junk shop.) Roche came up with an ad lib. "I'm a *writer*, and I didn't try to ad-lib in my cameo, but never mind. This ad lib worked so well that Daniels decided to repeat it toward the end of the movie—after, as Demme says, "he's seen violence in an intense form and walked away from it."

The ad lib is, "Remember, it's better to be a live dog than a dead lion."

Hey, my man saved little Jojo, didn't he?

"I'm never sure what people make of these thematic lines," Demme says. ◘



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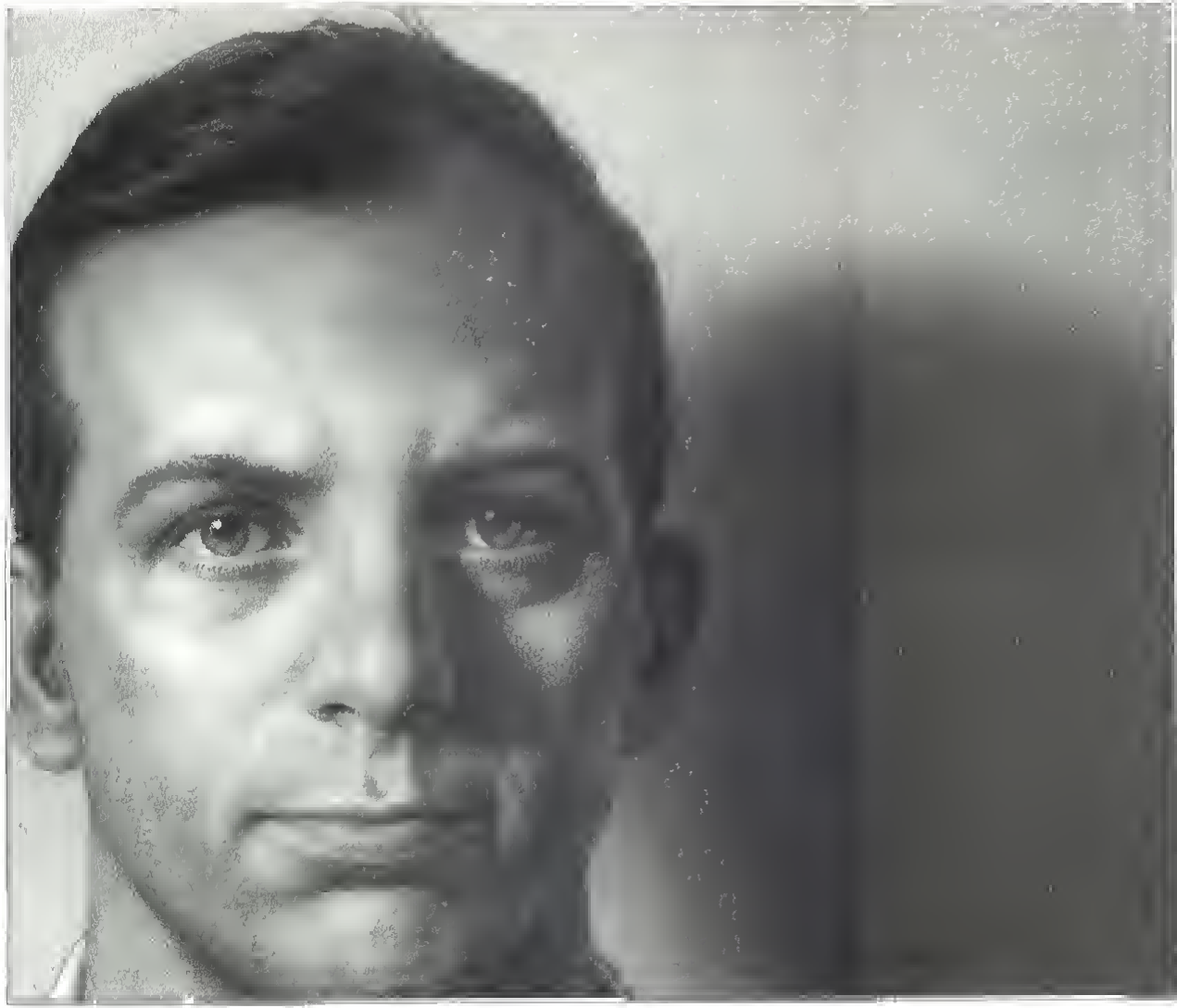


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THE LONE GUNMAN THEORY

If Kennedy wouldn't get back Cuba, then someone in the CIA would. In the spring of '63, the agents gathered in Texas to construct the perfect conspiracy

By DON DELILLO

Illustration by Bill Vuskanovitch

NICHOLAS BRANCH SITS in the book-filled room, the room of documents, the room of theories and dreams. He is in the fifteenth year of his labor and sometimes wonders if he is becoming bodiless. He knows he is getting old. There are times when he can't concentrate on the facts at hand and has to come back again and again to the page, the line, the fine grained detail of a particular afternoon. He wanders in and out of these afternoons, the bright hot skies that give tone and depth to narrow data. He falls asleep sometimes, slumped in the chair, a hand curled on the broadloom rug. This is the room of growing old, the fireproof room, paper everywhere.

But he knows where everything is. From a stack of folders that reaches halfway up a wall, he smartly plucks the one he wants. The stacks are everywhere. The legal pads and cassette tapes are everywhere. The books fill tall shelves along three walls and cover the desk, a table, and much of the floor. There is a massive file cabinet stuffed with documents so old and densely packed they may be ready to ignite spontaneously. Heat and light. There is no formal system to help him track the material in the room. He uses hand and eye, color and shape and memory, the configuration of suggestive things that link an object to its contents. He wakes up suddenly, wondering where he is.

Sometimes he looks around him, horrified by the weight of it all, the career of paper. He sits in the data spew of hundreds of lives. There's no end in sight. When he needs something, a report or transcript, anything, any level of difficulty, he simply has to ask. The Curator is quick to respond, firm in his insistence on forwarding precisely the right document in an area of research marked by ambiguity and error, by

Don DeLillo's Libra *will be published this month by Viking*

political bias, systematic fantasy. But not just the right document, not just an obscure footnote from an open source. The Curator sends him material not seen by anyone outside the headquarters complex at Langley, material that includes the results of internal investigations, confidential files from the Agency's own Office of Security. Branch hasn't met the current Curator and doubts that he ever will. They talk on the telephone, terse as snowbirds but unfailingly polite, fellow bookmen after all.

Nicholas Branch in his glove leather armchair is a retired senior analyst of the Central Intelligence Agency, hired on contract to write the secret history of the assassination of President Kennedy. Six point nine seconds of heat and light. Let's call a meeting to analyze the blur. Let's devote our lives to understanding this moment, separating the elements of each crowded second. We will build theories that gleam like jade idols, intriguing systems of assumption, four faced, graceful. We will follow the bullet trajectories backward to the lives that occupy the shadows, actual men who moan in their dreams. Elm Street. A woman wonders why she is sitting on the grass, blood spray all around. Tenth Street. A witness leaves her shoes on the hood of a bleeding policeman's car. A strangeness, Branch feels, that is almost holy. There is much here that is holy, an aberration in the heartland of the real. Let's regain our grip on things.

He enters a date on the home computer the Agency has provided for the sake of convenient tracking: April 17, 1963. The names appear at once, with backgrounds, connections, locations. The bright hot skies. The shady street of handsome old homes framed in native oak.

AMERICAN KITCHENS. This one has a breakfast nook, where a man named Walter Everett Jr.—was sitting, thinking—Win, as he was called—lost to the morning noises collecting around him, a stir of the all-familiar, the heartbeat mosaic of every happy home, toast springing up, radio voices with their intimate and busy timbre, an optimistic buzz living in the eat. The *Record-Chronicle* was at his elbow, still fresh in its newsboy fold. Images wavered in the sunlit trim of appliances, something always moving, a brightness flying, so much to know in the world. He stirred the coffee, thought, stirred, sat in the wide light, spoon dangling now, a gentle and tentative man, it would be fair to say, based solely on appearance.

He was thinking about secrets. Why do we need them and what do they mean? His wife was reaching for the sugar.

He had important thoughts at breakfast. He had thoughts at lunch in his office in the Old Main Building. In the evening he sat on the porch, thinking. He believed it was a natural law that men with secrets tend to be drawn to one another, not because they want to share what they know but because they need the company of the like-minded, the fellow-afflicted—a respite from the other life, from the eerie realness of living with people who do not keep secrets as a profession or duty, or a business fixed to one's existence.

Let's devote our lives to understanding this moment.... We will follow the bullet trajectories backward to the lives that occupy the shadows, actual men who moan in their dreams.

Mary Frances watched him butter the toast. He held the edges of the slice in his left hand, moved the knife in systematic strokes, over and over. Was he trying to distribute the butter evenly? Or were there other, deeper requirements? It was sad to see him lost in small business, eternally buttering, turning routine into empty compulsion, without meaning or need.

She knew how to worry reasonably. She knew how to use the sound of her own voice to bring him back to what was safe and plain, among the breakfast dishes, on the tenth straight sunny day.

"One of the nicest things to watch? And I've never really noticed till we moved here? People coming out of church. Just gathering near the steps and talking. Isn't it one of the best things to watch?"

"You thought you'd find outlaws down here."

"I like it here. You're the one."

"Men swaggering into saloons. Thirsty from cattle drives."

"I mean churches anywhere. I just never paid attention before."

"I like to watch people come out of motels."

"No, but I'm serious. There's something lovely about a church lawn or church steps with the service just ended and people slowly coming out and forming little groups. They look so nice."

"That's what I didn't like about Sundays when I was growing up. All the frumpy people in their starchy clothes. Depressed the hell out of me."

"What's wrong with frumpy? I like being a middle aged frump."

"I didn't mean you."

He reached across the table and touched her arm as he always did when he thought he might have said something wrong or cut her off. "Don't listen to what I say. Trust my hands, my touch. 'It's so comfortable,' she said.

We tend to draw together to seek mutual solace for our disease. This is what he thought at the breakfast table in the sweet old house, turn-of-the-century, with the curved porch, the oak posts furled in trumpet vines. He had time to think, time to become an old man in aspic, in sculptured soap, quaint and white. It was not unusual for men in the clandestine service to retire at age fifty-one. A pension plan had been approved by some committee and a statement had been issued about the onerous and dangerous lives led by such people, the family problems, the transient nature of assignments. But Win Everett's retirement wasn't exactly voluntary. There was the business in Coral Gables. There were visits to the polygraph machine. And from three levels of specialists he heard the term "motivational exhaustion." Two were CIA psychiatrists, the other a cleared contact in the outside world, the place he found so eerie and real.

They called it semiretirement. A semantic kindness. They set him up in a teaching post here and paid him a retainer to recruit likely students as junior officer trainees. In a college for women, this was a broad comic thrust even Win could appreciate in a bitter and self-punishing way, as if he were still on their side, watching himself from a distance.

This is what we end up doing, he thought. Spying on ourselves. We are at the mercy of our own detachment. A thought for breakfast.

He folded the lightly toasted slice, ready at last to eat. In his ordinary body she saw the power of conviction. A lean and easy



frame. A mild face, clear eyes, high and sad and mottled forehead. There was a burning faith in this man, a sense of cause. Mary Frances saw this more clearly than ever now that he'd been sent away from the councils and planning groups, the task forces, the secret training sites. Deprived of real duties, of contact with the men and events that informed his zeal, he was becoming all principle, all zeal. She was afraid he would turn into one of those men who make a saintliness of their resentment, shining through the years with a pure and tortured light. The radio said high 70s. God is alive and well in Texas.

Suzanne came in, hungry all over again, their six-year-old. She stood with her head propped against her daddy's arm, feet crossed in a certain way, half-sullen, a routine bid for attention. She had her mother's matter-of-fact blondness, hair thick and wiry, her face paler than Mary Frances's, without the wind-roughened texture. Because they had wanted a child but had given up hope, she was a sign of something unselfish in the world, some great-hearted force that could turn their smallness into admiring awe. Win gathered her in, allowing her to collapse dramatically. He fed her the rest of his roast and made slobbering sounds while she chewed, his gray eyes excited. Mary Frances listened to *Life Line* on KDNT, a commentary on the need for parents to be more vigilant in checking what their children read and watch and listen to.

"Danger everywhere," said the grim voice.

Win tapped his breast pocket for a cigarette. Suzanne hurried out, hearing the school bus. A silence fell, the first of the day's pauses, the first small exhansion. Then Mary Frances in her Viyella robe began to remove things from the table, a series of light clear sounds hanging in the air, discreet as handbells.

THE TWO MEN SAT in Win Everett's temporary office in the basement of the Old Main, under a weak and twitchy fluorescent light. Win was in shirt-sleeves, smoking, eager to talk, surprised and a little dismayed at the high anticipation he felt, sharing news with a former colleague face-to-face.

Carpenters worked in the hallway, men with close cropped hair and poky drawls, calling to each other under the steam ducts.

Laurence Parmenter leaned forward in his chair, a tall broad man in a blue oxford shirt and dark suit. He showed a vigor even in repose, his blond hair touched with silver at the sideburns, and he had the air of a man who wishes to conduct business, affably, over jokes and drinks. Win thought he was an impressive sort of fellow, self-assured, well-connected, one of the men behind the crisp and scintillating coup in Guaremala in 1954, a collector of vintage wines, friend and fellow veteran of the Bay of Pigs.

"My God, they buried you."

"Texas Woman's University. Savor the name."

"What do you teach?"

"History and economics. Somebody in the DDP asked me to check our promising students for them. Foreign girls in particular. If there's a future prime minister here, the idea is we recruit her now while she's still a virgin."

She was afraid he'd turn into one of those men who make a saintliness of their resentment, shining through the years with a pure and tortured light. Mary Frances saw this.

"Christamighty."

"First they hand me over to the psychiatrists," Win said. "Then they send me into exile. What country is this anyway?"

They both laughed.

"I say the name to myself all the time. I let it flow over me. I linger in its aura."

"Texas Woman's University," Parmenter whispered almost reverently.

Win sat nodding. He and Larry Parmenter had belonged to a group called SE Detailed, six military analysts and intelligence men. The group was one element in a four-stage committee set up to confront the problem of Castro's Cuba. The first stage, the Senior Study Effort, consisted of four men high officials, including presidential advisers, ranking military men, special assistants, undersecretaries, heads of intelligence. They met for an hour and a half. Then eleven men left the room, six men entered. The resulting group, called SE Augmented, met for two hours. Then seven men left, four men entered, including Everett and Parmenter. This was SE Detailed, a group that developed specific covert operations and then decided which members of SE Augmented ought to know about these plans. Those members in turn wondered whether the Senior Study Effort wanted to know what was going on in stage three. Chances are they didn't. When the meeting in stage three was over, five men left the room and three paramilitary officers entered to form Leader 4. Win Everett was the only man present at both the third and fourth stages.

"Could actually be worse," Parmenter said. "At least you're still in."

"I'd love to be out, completely, once and for all."

"And do what?"

"Start my own firm. Consult."

"On what, secret invasions?"

"That's one problem. I'm something of a tainted commodity. The other difficulty is I have precious little instinct for business ventures. I know how to teach. CIA has a picture of my prelapsarian soul in their files. They looked at it and sent me here."

"They kept you on. That's the point. They understand more deeply than you think they do."

"I'd love to be out forever. As long as I'm here, I still work for them, even though it's all a poor sick joke."

"They'll bring you back, Win."

"Do I want to be brought back? I don't like the kind of double-minded feeling I have about this thing. Despise them on the one hand, crave their love and understanding on the other."

Knowledge was a danger, ignorance a cherished asset. In many cases the DCI, the Director of Central Intelligence, was not to know important things. The less he knew, the more decisively he could function. It would impair his ability to tell the truth at an inquiry or hearing, or in an Oval Office chat with the President, if he knew what they were doing in Leader 4, or even what they were talking about, or muttering in their sleep. The Joint Chiefs were not to know. The operational horrors were not for their ears. Details were a form of contamination. The Secretaries were to be insulated from knowing. They were happier not knowing, or knowing too late. The Deputy Secretaries were interested in drifts and tendencies. They expected to be misled. They counted on it. The Attorney General wasn't to know the queasy details. Just



get results. Each level of the committee was designed to protect a higher level. There were complexities of speech. A man needed special experience and insight to work true meanings out of certain murky remarks. There were pauses and blank looks. Brilliant riddles floated up and down the echelons, to be pondered, solved, ignored. It had to be this way, Win admitted to himself. The men at his level were spawning secrets that quivered like reptile eggs. They were planning to poison Castro's cigars. They were designing cigars equipped with microexplosives. They had a poison pen in the works. They were conspiring with organized crime figures to send assassins to Havana, poisoners, snipers, saboteurs. They were testing a botulin toxin on monkeys. Fidel would be seized by cramps, vomiting, and fits of coughing, just like the long-tailed primates, and horribly die. Have you ever seen a monkey coughing uncontrollably? Gruesome. They wanted to put fungus spores in his scuba suit. They were devising a seashell that would explode when he went swimming.

They were planning to poison Castro's cigars. They had a poison pen in the works. They wanted to put fungus spores in his scuba suit. They were devising a seashell to explode.

The members of the committee would allow only generalities to carry upward. It was the President, of course, who was the final object of their protective instincts. They all knew that JFK wanted Castro cooling on a slab, but they weren't allowed to let on to him that his guilty yearning was the business they'd changed themselves to carry out. The White House was to be the summit of unknowing. It was as if an unsullied leader redeemed some ancient truth that the others were forced to admire only in the abstract, owing to their mission in the convoluted world.

But there were even deeper shadows, strange and grave silences surrounding plans to invade the island. The President knew about this, of course—knew the broad contours, had a sense of the promised outcome. But the system still operated as an insulating muse. Let him see the softer tones. Shield him from responsibility. Secrets build their own networks, Win believed. The system would perpetuate itself in all its curious and obsessive webbings, its equivocations and patient riddles and levels of delusional thought, at least until the men were on the beach.

After the Bay of Pigs, nothing was the same. Win spent the spring of '61 traveling between Miami, Washington, and Guatemala City to close out different segments of the operation, get drunk with station chiefs and advisers, try to explain to exile leaders what went wrong. It was the unraveling of the plot, the first weeks of a wreckage whose life span he seemed determined to prolong at the risk of his own well-being, as if he wanted to compensate for the half measures that had brought about defeat. A new committee replaced the old, structured less cleverly, although many of the same men, to no one's shocked surprise, took chairs in the paneled room. The death of Fidel Castro was the small talk once more. But SE Detailed and Leader 4 would not take part. The groups were disbanded, their members marked not as failed plotters and operatives but as the Americans in the invasion army who had the deepest personal involvement in the exiles' cause. It was precisely the true believers who must be removed. Their contact with the exile leaders, their work in assembling and training the assault brigade, had made these men overresponsive to policy shifts, light sensitive, unpredictable. All this was unspoken, of course. The groups simply disappeared and the members were given scattered duties unrelated to Castro's Cuba, the moon lit fixation in the emerald sea.

Interestingly, some of the men continued to meet.

"Will he find us?"

"I have a feeling he's already here," Win said.

"My plane leaves at 5:25."

"He'll find us."

They sat at the lunch counter in Shraders Pharmacy on the courthouse square. Win stirred his coffee, thought, sat, stirred. Larry kept ducking in his seat to get a better look at the Denton County courthouse, a limestone building of mixed and vigorous character, with turrets, pediments, pink granite columns, pointed domes, roof balustrades, Second Empire pavilions.

"I look at these ornate old buildings in bustling town squares and I find them full of a hopefulness I think I cherish. Look at the thing. It's so imposing. Imagine a man at the turn of the century coming to a small southwestern town and seeing a building like this. What stability and civic pride. It's an optimistic architecture. It expects the future to make as much sense as the past."

Win said nothing.

"I'm talking about the American past," Larry said, "as we naively think of it, which is the one kind of innocence I endorse."

The subject ostensibly was Cuba. They met several times in an apartment in Coral Gables, a place Parmenter had used to brief Cuban pilots on their way to Nicaragua. They talked about maintaining contacts in the exile community, setting up a network in the Castro government. They were five men who could not let go of Cuba. But they were also an outlawed group. This gave their meetings a self-referring character. Things turned inward. There was only one secret that mattered now and that was the group itself.

"Only be a minute," Win said.

They walked under a canopy and went into the long dark interior of the hardware store, a place of lost and reproachful beauty, with displays of frontier tools and ancient weighing machines, where Win often came to walk the two aisles like a tourist in waist high ruins, expanded and sad. He had to remind himself it was only hardware. He bought a paint scraper, and when they got back to Larry's rented car, parked off the square, they saw a figure in the front seat, passenger side, a broad-shouldered man in a loud sport shirt. This was T. J. Mackey, a cowboy type to Win's mind but probably the most adept of the men in Leader 4, a veteran field officer who'd trained exiles in assault weapons and supervised early phases of the landings.

Parmenter got behind the wheel, humming something that amused him. Win sat in the middle of the rear seat, giving directions. With Mackey here, the day took on purpose. T. J. did not bring news of hirings and firings, the births of babies. He was one of the men the Cubans would follow without question. He was also the only man who refused to sign a letter of reprimand when the secret meetings in Coral Gables were monitored by the Office of Security. If a monumental canvas existed of the five grouped conspirators, a painting that showed them with knit brows and twisted

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1950s, darkly scheming men being confronted by crew cut security agents in khaki suits with natural shoulders, it might be titled *Light Entering the Cave of the Ungodly* Parmenter and two others signed letters of reprimand that were placed in their personnel files Win signed a letter and also agreed to a technical interview, or polygraph exam He signed a quitclaim, stating that he was taking the test voluntarily He signed a secrecy agreement, stating that he would talk to no one about the test When he failed the polygraph, security men sealed his office, a small room with a blue door on the fourth floor of the Agency's new headquarters at Langley In the office they found telephone notes and documents that seemed to indicate, amid the usual ambiguities, that Win Everett was putting people of his own into Zenith Technical Enterprises, the burgeoning Miami firm that provided cover for the CIA's new wave of operations against Cuba It was a little too much First he heads a group that ignores orders to disband Then he runs a private operation inside the Agency's own vast and layered industry of anti Castro activities When Win took a second polygraph he sat at the desk apparatus sobbing, after three questions, the electrodes planted in his palm, the cuff around his bicep, the rubber tube traversing his chest It was such an effort not to lie

They drove south out of Denton into deep green country There were pastures abandoned to mesquite and junipers, places of sudden starkness, a burning glare, a single squat tree, buried and grim The sky towered unbearably here

Mackey sat with his right arm out the window, hanging down along the door He showed no interest in the scenic details of the ride They passed a Baptist church set on cinder blocks He responded to remarks with a faint tilt of the head, a raised jaw, to show agreement or amusement

Parmenter said, 'There must be people in these old graveyards who came out on the wagon trains Circuit riders, Indian fighters It's pretty country, Win What the hell Why don't you settle in, raise your little girl, sign up for the concert and drama series The school is bound to have one No, I mean it."

Eyes in the rearview mirror

The psychiatrists were not unkind But they made him aware of illness and disease They carried disease with them They were ill themselves There were areas of their faces they'd neglected to shave carefully He didn't have the heart to tell them They were nice men but incomplete, or too complete He saw the meticuscopic hairs so clearly Motivational fatigue The Agency was tolerant of such problems The Agency understood The truth was he hadn't placed agents in Zenith Technical Enterprises His old team was already there, working with new case officers, prepared to run sea raids from secret bases in the Keys But the evidence, thin, sketchy, incidental, was too far reaching in principle to be convincingly denied by a man in his condition It was easier to believe than deny They'd deciphered his notes, read his typewriter ribbons Could he tell them he loved Cuba, knew the language and the literature? They had the contents of his burn bags How could he make them see there was nothing to his scheme but the marginal notes of a diehard and fool?

When he failed the polygraph, security men sealed his office. They found telephone notes and documents indicating that Win Everett was putting people of his own into Zenith.

He took off his jacket, folded it lengthwise and then top to bottom and dropped it on the seat next to him He tapped his shirt pocket for a cigarette

They went along a farm-to market road and crossed the Old Alton Bridge, over Hickory Creek Win indicated a right turn They went down a red dirt road that ran a quarter of a mile under a thick canopy of post oaks and hickories Woods on one side, pasture on the other Larry eased the car to a stop alongside the rail fence Win lit a cigarette, leaning forward from the middle of the seat The two men up front sat with their heads tilted slightly toward him, although neither turned at any time to look back

"When my daughter tells me a secret," Win said, "her hands get very busy She takes my arm, grabs me by the shirt collar, pulls me close, pulls me into her life She knows how intimate secrets are She likes to tell me things before she goes to sleep Secrets are an exalted state, almost a dream state They're a way of arresting motion, stopping the world so we can see ourselves in it This is why you're here All I had to do was provide a place and time. You came without asking why You didn't consider the risks to your careers, associating with Walter Everett Jr after what's happened You're here because there's something vitalizing in a secret My little girl is generous with secrets I wish she weren't, frankly. Don't secrets sustain her, keep her separate, make her self aware? How can she know who she is if she gives away her secrets?"

The two men waited

"The invasion failed because high officials didn't examine the basic assumptions They got caught up in a spirit of compelling action They were eager to accept other men's perceptions There was safety in this The plan was never clear No one was ever responsible Some of them knew a disaster was in the works They let it ride They put themselves out of reach They wanted it over and done There was pressure to get all those armed exiles out of Florida into goddamn Cuba I'm not sure anybody thought about what happens to them after we drop them off at the beach That's where we came in We were on the airfields or the ships or we were locked in barracks with the exile leaders They had brothers and sons among the dead and there were armed American soldiers keeping them from leaving the barracks at Opa Locka What could I tell those men? I felt like a messenger of plague and death Then the long slow fall I wanted to sanctify the failure, make it everlasting If we couldn't have success, let's make the most of our failure That's what we were doing at the end when we tried to keep things going Just an empty exercise."

They waited They were patient and attentive

"The movement needs to be brought back to life These operations the Agency is running out of the Keys are strictly pinpricks We need an electrifying event JFK is moving toward a settling of differences with Castro On the one hand he believes the revolution is a disease that could spread through Latin America On the other hand he's denouncing guerrilla raids and trying to get brigade members to join the U S Army, where someone can keep an eye on them If we want a second invasion, a full bore attempt this time, without restrictions



or conditions, we have to do something soon. We have to move the Cuban matter past the edge of all these sweet maneuverings. We need an event that will excite and shock the exile community, the whole country. We know Cuban intelligence has people in Miami. We want to set up an event that will make it appear they have struck at the heart of our government. This is a time for high risks. I'm saying be done with half measures, be done with evasion and delay."

A pickup came down the road and they rolled up their windows to keep the dust out. The driver gave a half wave without taking his hand off the wheel. They waited for the dust to settle, then rolled down the windows. Win paused a moment before beginning to speak again.

"Some things we wait for all our lives without knowing it. Then it happens and we recognize at once who we are and how we are meant to proceed. This is the idea I've always wanted. I believe you'll sense it is right. It's the high risk we need. We need an electrifying event. You've been waiting for this every bit as much as I have. I believe that, or I wouldn't have asked you to come here. We want to set up an attempt on the life of the President. We plan every step, design every incident leading up to the event. We put together a team, leave a dim trail. The evidence is ambiguous. But it points to the Cuban Intelligence Directorate. Inherent in the plan is a second set of clues, even more unclear, more intriguing. These point to the Agency's attempts to assassinate Castro. I am designing a plan that includes elements of both the American provocation and the Cuban reply. We do the whole thing with paper. Passports, driver's licenses, address books. Shots ring out. The country is shocked, aroused. Our shooters disappear, but the police find a trail. It leads to a single individual. We script him out of ordinary pocket litter. Mail order forms, change-of-address cards. He is a man with a history of leftist involvement. I am convinced this is what we have to do to get Cuba back. The plan has levels and variations I've only begun to explore, but it is already, essentially, right. I feel its rightness. I know what scientists mean when they talk about elegant solutions. This plan speaks to something very deep inside me. It has a powerful logic. I've felt it unfolding for weeks, like a dream whose meaning slowly becomes apparent. This is the condition we have always wanted to reach. It's the life insight, the life secret, and we have to extend it, guard it carefully, right up to the time when we have shooters stationed on a rooftop or railroad bridge."

There was a silence. Then Parmenter said dryly, "We couldn't hit Castro. So let's hit Kennedy. I wonder if that's the hidden motive here."

"But we don't hit Kennedy. We miss him," Win said.

"We do it with paper," he said. "Passports, driver's licenses, address books. Shots ring out. The country is aroused. Our shooters disappear, but the police find a trail."

AFTER DARK THE STILLNESS FALLS, the hour of withdrawal, houses in shadow, the street a private place, a set of mysteries. Whatever we know about our neighbors is hushed and lulled by the deep repose. It becomes a form of intimacy, jasmine-scented, that deceives us into trustfulness.

Win was in the living room turning the pages of a book. This is what he did, according to his wife, instead of reading. Turned pages until there were no more. He wondered whether the two men realized he'd called them here specifically for April 17, the second anniversary of the Bay of Pigs. A thought for bedtime. He turned another page.

Upstairs Mary Frances was in bed. She worried about the worn out rug, thought about breakfast, thought about lunch, tried not to be too foolishly proud of the renovated kitchen, large, handsome, efficient, with its frostless freezer and color matched appliances, on the quiet street of oak and pecan trees, forty miles north of Dallas.

NICHOLAS BRANCH SITS looking at the paper hills around him. Paper is beginning to slide out of the room and across the doorway to the house proper. The floor is covered with books and folders. The closet is stuffed with material he has yet to read. He has to wedge new books into the shelves, force them in, squeeze everything, keep everything. There is nothing in the room he can discard as irrelevant or out-of-date. It all matters on one level or another. This is the room of lonely facts. The stuff keeps coming.

The Curator sends thirty more volumes from the CIA's 144-volume file on Lee H. Oswald. He sends cartons of investigative reports and trial transcripts. He sends documents withheld from ordinary investigators or heavily censored. He sends new books all the time, each with a gleaming theory, supportable, assured.

The FBI's papers on the assassination are here, 125,000 pages, no end of dread and woe.

The Curator sends FBI surveillance logs. He sends feature films and documentaries, transcripts of panel discussions and radio debates. Branch has no choice but to study this material. He is in too deep to be selective.

The documents are stacked everywhere. He has homicide reports and autopsy diagrams. He has the results of spectrographic tests on bullet fragments. He has reports by acoustical consultants and experts in blur analysis. He studies blurs himself, stooped over photos taken in Dealey Plaza by people who thought they were there to see the Head of State come riding nicely by. He has a magnifier. He has maps of photographers' lines of sight.

The Curator sends a special FBI report that includes detailed descriptions of *dreams*—dreams reported by eyewitnesses following the assassination of Kennedy and the murder of Oswald.

Branch sits under a lap robe and worries. The truth is he hasn't written all that much. He has extensive and overlapping notes—notes in three foot drifts, all these years of notes. But of actual finished prose, there is precious little. It is impossible to stop assembling data. There are lives he must examine, theories to evaluate. The lone gunman theory, the second Oswald theory, the organized crime theory. He reads into the night. He sleeps in the arm chair. There are times when he thinks he can't go on. He feels disheartened, almost immobilized by the constant flow of data. But he persists, he works on, he jots his notes. He knows he can't get out. The case will haunt him to the end. Of course they've known it all along. That's why they built this room for him, the room of growing old, the room of theories and dreams. ◘

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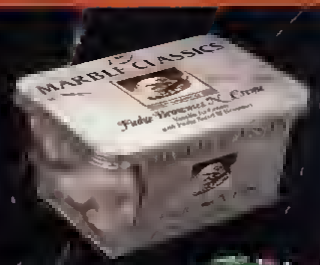
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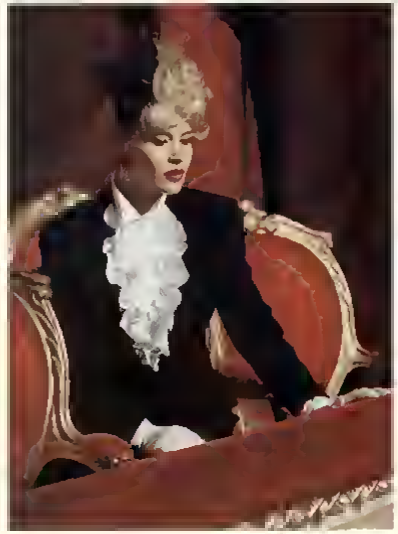
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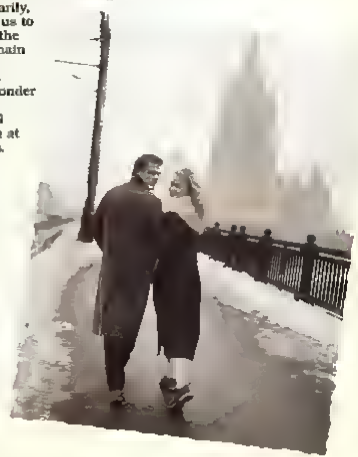
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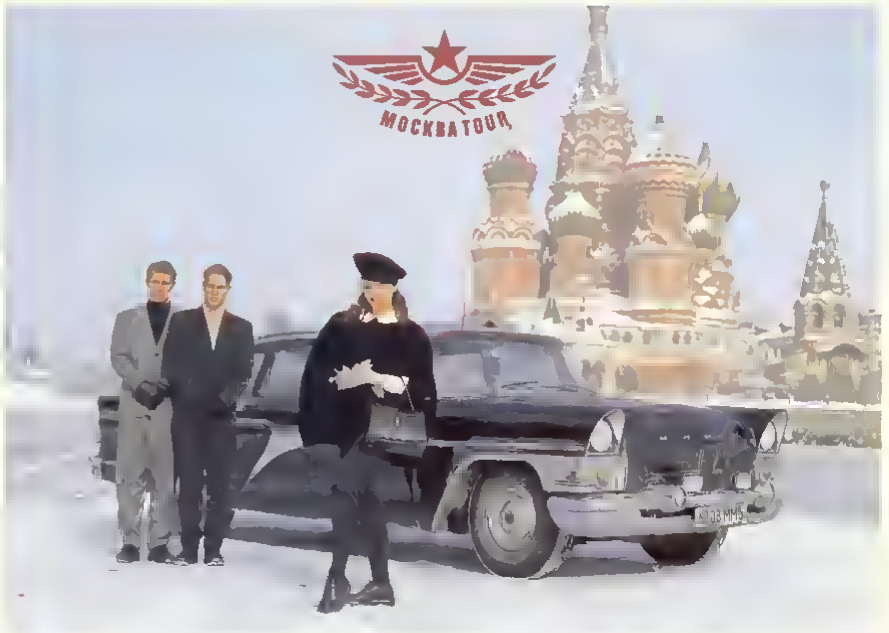


The man driving the black *Chaika* slipped us a couple of tickets to the *Bolshoi*. «It's cause I work here.» He must be a *big shotsky* in the theater's *Nomenklatura* to have managed it. We met him there, proudly checking tickets in his very *krasivii* uniform. He smiled as only Russians can, let a colleague take over for him momentarily, and escorted us to the buffet to the right of the main entrance. The food was superb. No wonder it's packed with the local *Intellighensia* at intermissions.





To work off our dinner of caviar and vodka, we went skating at *Gorky Park*–otherwise known as the *Park of Culture and Rest*. It's eight in the morning and minus 15 degrees centigrade, and hordes of schoolboys head here as they do to every other park in Moscow. Saturday morning is when outdoor sports classes are held. You've got to get an early start to grab Olympic golds. Unlike us, Russian kids don't need hockey sticks to stand up with.

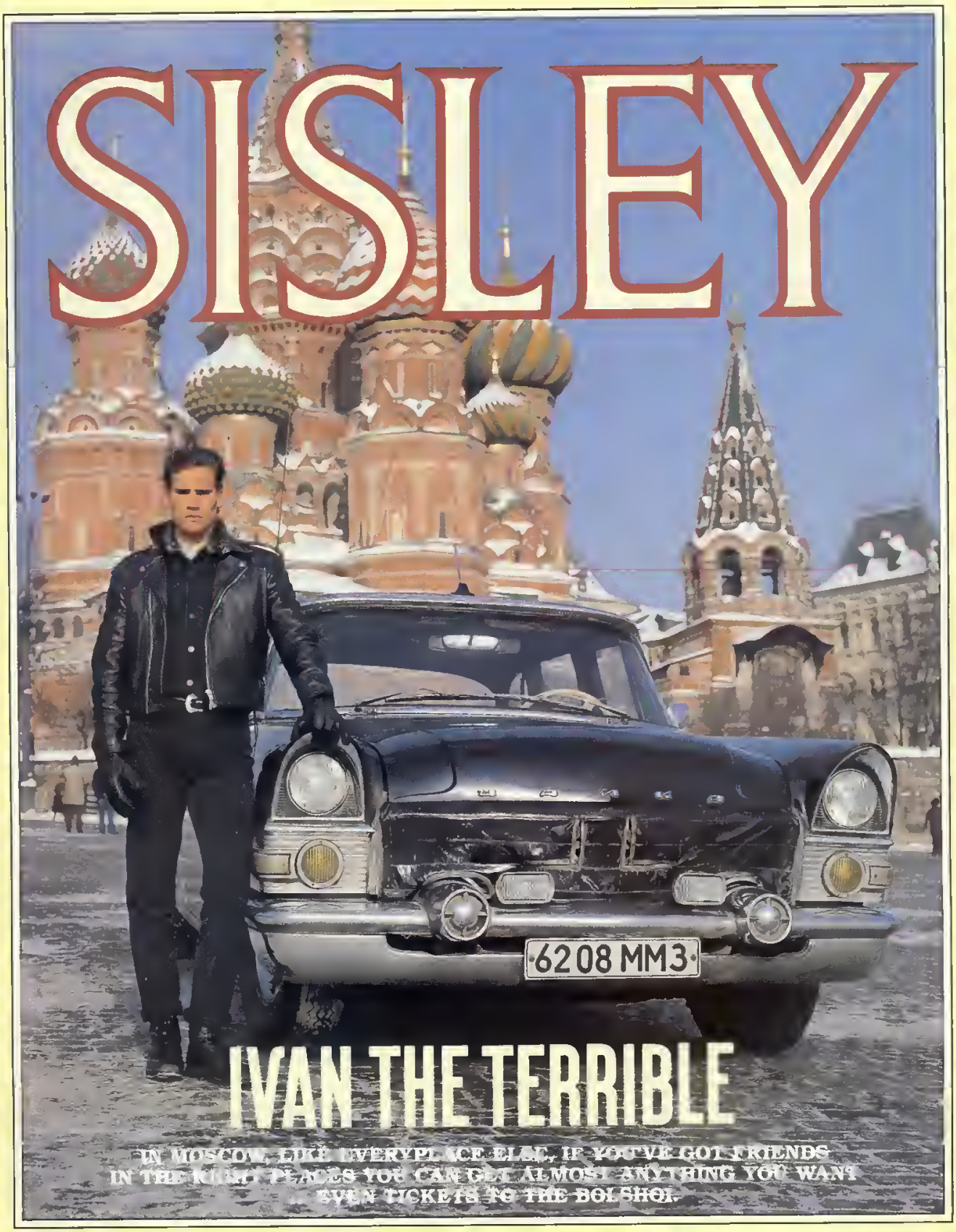


СТРАНА МОЯ МОСКВА МОЯ ТЫ САМАЯ ЛЮБИМАЯ



To get a parking permit for the Red Square you've got to be a somebody. To go speeding down *Marx Avenue* on a *Dniepr* bike you must be an idiotsky. The blonde laughing in the side-car is me, about half a bottle of pink sparkling wine after. I'd met him. I'm not a Chaika kind of girl. The real reason we're here is to try and make it in *Soviet Movie-Land*.




SISLEY
6208 MM3
IVAN THE TERRIBLE
IN MOSCOW, LIKE EVERYPLACE ELSE, IF YOU'VE GOT FRIENDS
IN THE RIGHT PLACES YOU CAN GET ALMOST ANYTHING YOU WANT
EVEN TICKETS TO THE BOLSHOI.